FROM

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

FOR

DECEMBER, 1899.

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.,

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

In this number of the Magazine we begin the publication of "The Life of the Master," by the Reverend John Watson. The decision to undertake such a work was made soon after McClure's Magazine became an assured success. The editors, feeling that they had a great and intelligent constituency looking to them for the best thought on all subjects, realized that they could not neglect the domain of religion. They realized, further, that the time was ripe for a life of Christ that should combine high scholarship with profound faith; that should present the divine story so vividly that its holy characters would live and move before the minds of the readers.

The undertaking was entered upon with a reverent determination to spare neither themselves nor their resources. Their first endeavor was to find a writer for the life they had in mind. It was a long and serious search. It ended in the selection of the Reverend John Watson, familiar to every household in two continents as "Ian Maclaren." Although Dr. Watson is known to many Americans simply as the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and other exquisite tales of Scottish life and character, the great work of his life has been that of a Christian clergyman. In a time when religious books no longer occupy the attention of readers as formerly, Dr. Watson's "Mind of the Master," "The Cure of Souls," and "The Upper Room" have been widely read. Over twenty years of experience in this work of the ministry have demonstrated to him the full sufficiency of the Christian scheme in satisfying the needs of the human life. So that it seemed to the editors of McClure's Magazine that Dr. Watson combined in an almost ideal way the spiritual insight, experience, literary ability, and scholarship which the work demanded. When they approached him on the subject, they found that for many years he had cherished the desire to write just such a life of the Master as they had in mind; so it was not difficult to persuade him to undertake the work for McClure's Magazine.

The text of the full "Life" is now in hand. It is a work deeply reverential in feeling, noble in sympathy, and pregnant in meaning. It has been prepared with the full knowledge of a scholar, but its scholarship is never obtrusive. Dr. Watson's method is to take the vital and human results of learning and to use them in enriching and illuminating the narrative. Thus the holy story remains simple indeed under Dr. Watson's treatment, though it is enhanced by the new light of scholarship. He enters into no controversy over questions of dogma, but dwells instead upon the great ethical teachings which Christ gave to the world and by which human society and governments have been changed. Dr. Watson's "Life of the Master" is a work which will help men; it will show them anew what that life has done for the world; it will help them to realize, if they have never realized

Editor's Note.—The picture on the opposite page represents The Vision of the Shepherds. "The glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid."—Luke ii. 9.

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it before, that the best in their lives, and in the lives of the men and women whom they know, has its origin in the teachings of the Gentle Galilean ; it will show them with clearer vision that no philosophy, no religion, no science has offered the world anything that will replace the teachings of that life.

After Dr. Watson had been engaged to write "The Life of the Master," the next important problem for the editors of the Magazine was to find a scheme of illustration worthy of the work—a series of beautiful pictures, reverent and yet full of the reality of life in the Palestine of to-day, which is scarcely changed from that of the time of Christ: pictures which would impart the feeling of intimacy that comes to one when gazing upon the scenes of the Gospel story. It will be readily understood that the artist who proposed to recall and revive these scenes with this degree of faithfulness, had, not only a difficult task before him, but one that called for more diverse faculties than the merely artistic. To give pictures that had artistic and ideal beauty, truth of color, reason, and sentiment, as well as of environment; that kept close to the facts of the narrative, only avoiding too evidently realistic details that might mar the romantic interpretation; and to give historical and picturesque unity to the whole series of pictures, a man was needed who was at once a great artist and a thorough Bible scholar. With Corwin Knapp Linson the editors felt that here was a case where the circumstances and the man fitted in an extraordinary manner. Of wholesome, sturdy mind and imagination, added to a singularly rare artistic feeling, Mr. Linson worked his way up alone and unaided till he saved enough money to spend some years in that center of art, Paris, whence he had come back to America a thoroughly trained artist, having lost in France none of his own particular home inspiration and feeling. He was at the age when a man puts into his work the best of himself, all his youthful enthusiasm and the first bloom of strenuous virility. He felt the poetical charm as well as the moral beauty of the New Testament; he had been brought up on the Bible, and knew it intimately. He threw himself heart and soul into the work, spending the major part of the last three years in Palestine.

All of Mr. Linson's compositions were thought out and many were painted on the ground itself ; the framework of and the studies for the others were made there. The compositions were reasoned out fully, viewed from every point, before the real work was begun. Often they were made over again, changed in detail, or altogether rejected, and the pictures themselves were sometimes painted two or three times over. There are reasons for every manner of arrangement, for every character of treatment of tone and color. There is nothing done thoughtlessly, nothing at haphazard.

The greatest charm of Palestine and its people is the charm of color. The editors felt that such a scheme of illustration should be presented in all its beauty as well as in all its completeness, although this involved the extremely difficult problem of using colored pictures in a magazine for the first time on a large scale. After a thorough study of all processes of color reproduction and their results, the one known as the three-color process was selected. Some of its results in the past have been extraordinarily fine, but until now it has never been attempted on a large scale. Pioneers in this field, as in others, the editors determined, if possible, to reproduce these pictures of the life of Christ so that they would give absolutely the charm, brilliancy, softness, and variety of color that Mr. Linson's originals have. To carry out the plan which, they felt, must, whatever their efforts, be an experiment, they went to the house that stands to-day in a class apart and at the head of all firms that do color reproductions. This is the house of Angerer and Göschl of Vienna. The question of additional expense entailed by the plates being made abroad and by a house maintaining a staff of the most skilful and best trained, and, therefore, highest paid artist workmen in their line in the world, was never considered. The results will speak for themselves in the pages of the Magazine. Besides the pictures reproduced in color, there will be many black-and-white reproductions, making in all upward of 200 pictures, presented in chronological order. Along with portrayals of incidents in the life of Christ, there will be pictures of the most important places, scenes, and types of people in the Palestine of to-day. In addition, there will be a series of maps, based on the latest knowledge, and showing the localities mentioned in the Gospels, and many of them giving in a pictorial way the appearance and character of the country.

THE EDITOR.

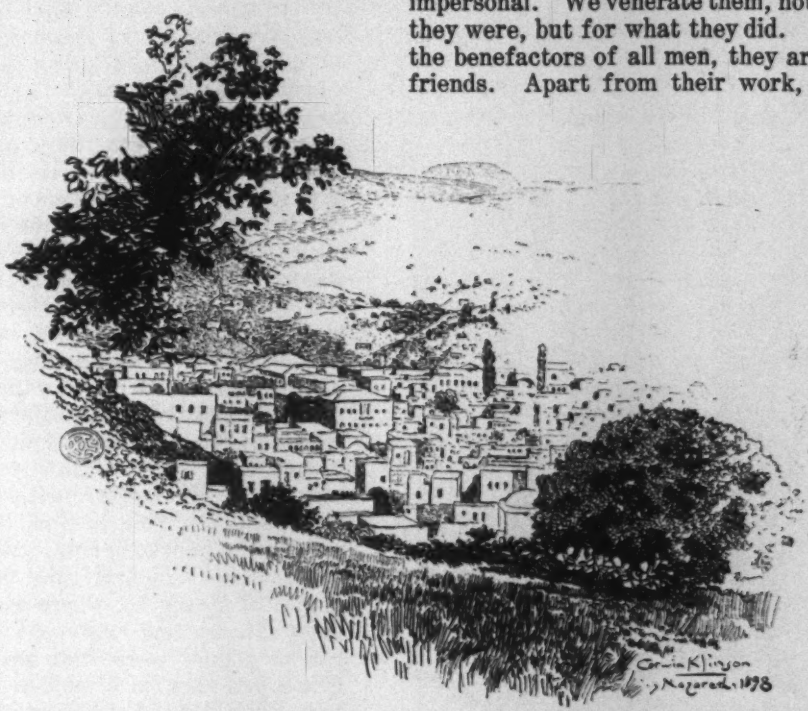
THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.

PROLOGUE.—THE INEVITABLE CHRIST.

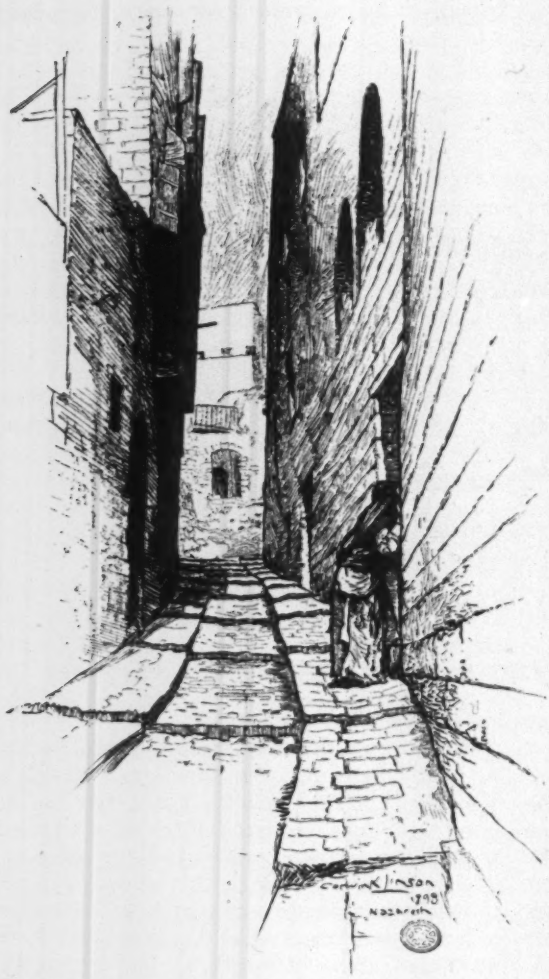
AMONG the countless millions of the race a few there are who have defied the law of oblivion ; whose leaf has not faded, and whose names cannot be forgotten. Their achievements rise like Alps above the plain of human labor; their services remain the permanent heritage of the race. We are wiser and stronger and holier and gladder because such men have lived and worked. One opened the kingdom of letters with his poems; another asked for us the deepest questions of the soul in his dialogues; a third discovered a new world, and doubled our dwelling-place; a fourth expounded the secret of the physical universe, and arranged the stars on a map; a fifth cleansed away the corruption of the church, and restored her strength; and a sixth, the greatest of all, showed unto the world righteousness, and wrote the Ten Words on our conscience. The names of Homer and Socrates, of Columbus and Copernicus, of Luther and Moses, can never be blotted from the pages of human history. In their lives the sap of the race flowered and bore fruit, which has been gathered and stored for all generations. These mighties belong to no country or century; they are citizens of the world, and their fame is ageless.

Their immortality is undeniable and honorable, but yet it is, after all, secondary and impersonal. We venerate them, not for what they were, but for what they did. They are the benefactors of all men, they are not the friends. Apart from their work, they had not passed the frontiers of their town; and if the work be divorced from the man, in him we would have but the slenderest interest. We have not spoken with them, nor looked into their faces, nor had fellowship with them as with our nearest, and so to deny their existence or assert their unworthiness were not to rifle the treasures of our soul. We bow before these great ones because they have lived, and are a strength to our humanity, but we do not love them.



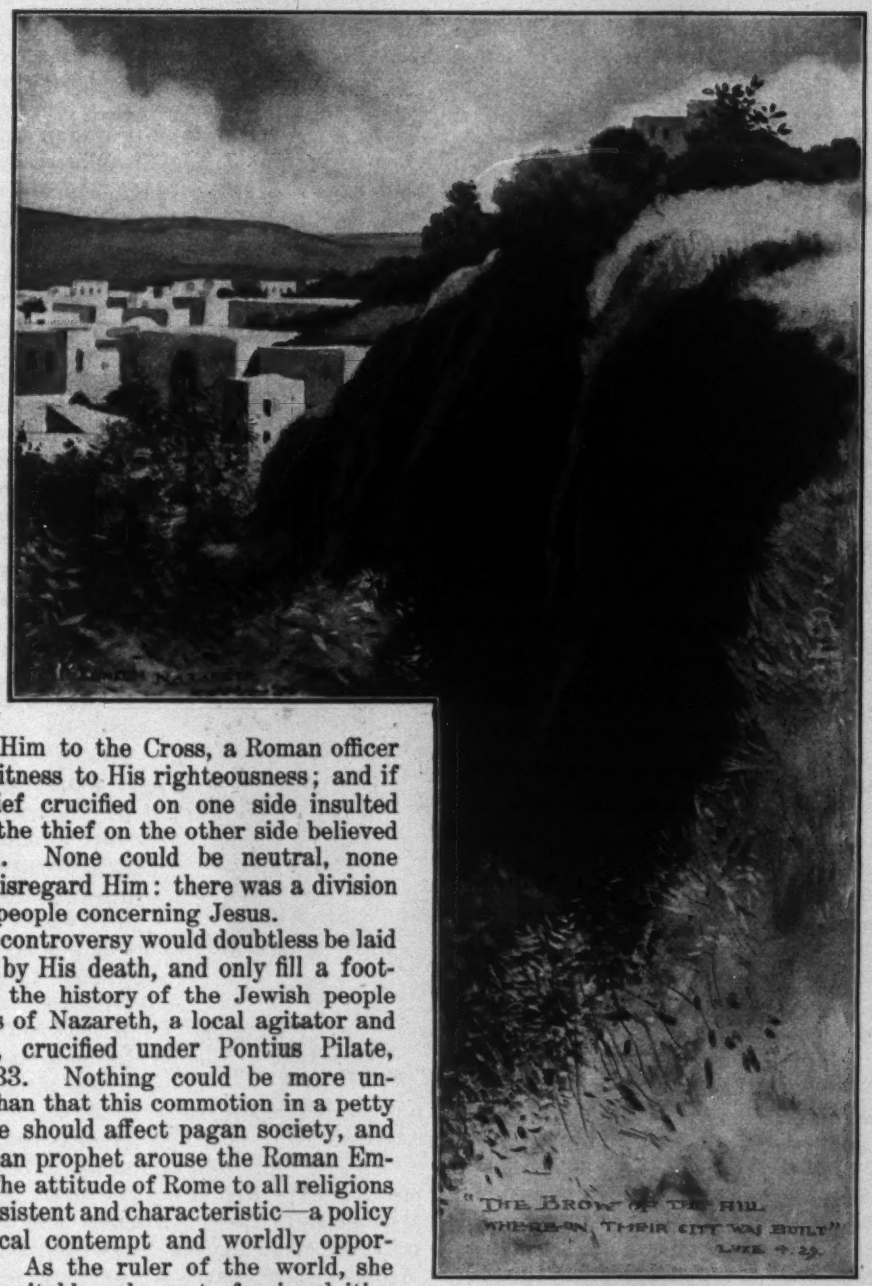
NAZARETH—A VIEW FROM THE WEST, HIGH UP ON THE HILL, LOOKING EASTWARD.

One Man has immortality of the first order, who does not live in books or works, but has His eternal home in the heart of His disciples. It was fitting that a monument in stone should be raised to Columbus to remind his fellow-countrymen of his genius, his perseverance, his courage, his triumph, but no one as yet has been capable of proposing a statue to Jesus Christ. It were an impossible stupidity, it were an actual blasphemy. And why? Because He is not distant, but present, more real than those we see and touch, to whom an innumerable multitude bow their souls morning and evening every day. If they could be convinced, which is impossible, that Jesus had never lived according to the Gospels, or that if we blew aside the imagination of His friends, He was a self-deceived enthusiast, then the faith and hope of millions would be eclipsed, and they would fall into despair. Without Jesus risen from the dead and stainless in His perfection, some would hardly care to live; and for Jesus, who left this world almost nineteen centuries ago, more men and women would die than for any other cause on earth, and they would be the best blood of the race.



A narrow street in Nazareth.

What circumstances lent their help to this Man? What part did He take in face of the world? What means did He use to win this authority? Three years or less was the measure of Jesus' public career from the day the Baptist declared Him the Lamb of God spoken of by ancient prophecy to the day when He was offered on the Cross as the Passover according to the prophets. He was born of a nation which had been scattered and peeled—without a king, without liberty, without a voice; a nation suspected, discredited, hated. The son of a peasant mother, He was a carpenter by trade, and a poor man all His days: as soon as He became known to His people He was persecuted, and in the end condemned to death as a blasphemer. He lived all His days in an obscure province of the Roman Empire, about the size of the Principality of Wales or the State of New Jersey, and was careful not to pass beyond its borders. During His ministry He never wrote a word, and He left no book behind Him: He had no office, no standing, no sword. Yet no sooner was He born than wise men from the East came to worship Him, and Herod at His own door sent soldiers to murder Him. His own family was divided over Him—His mother, with some fears and doubts, clinging to Him, His brothers refusing to believe in Him. When he had preached for the first time in the synagogue of Nazareth, where He had lived from infancy and every one knew Him, His neighbors were first amazed at His grace, and then in a sudden fury would have flung Him down a precipice. The Council of the nation was divided about Him, certain leaning to His side, and others declaring that no prophet could come out of Galilee; and the people were torn in twain, so many holding that Jesus was a good man, so many that He was a deceiver. If a family was divided in those days, you might be sure Jesus was the cause; and if two people argued in a heat at the corner of a street, the contention would be Jesus. A Roman judge condemned Him, but not before his own wife had interceded for Him; if Roman soldiers



nailed Him to the Cross, a Roman officer bore witness to His righteousness; and if the thief crucified on one side insulted Jesus, the thief on the other side believed in Him. None could be neutral, none could disregard Him: there was a division of the people concerning Jesus.

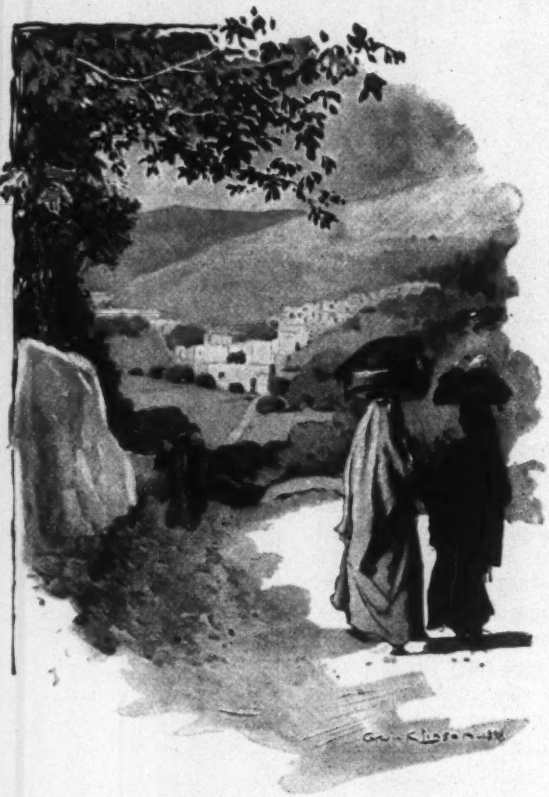
This controversy would doubtless be laid to rest by His death, and only fill a footnote in the history of the Jewish people —Jesus of Nazareth, a local agitator and heretic, crucified under Pontius Pilate, about 33. Nothing could be more unlikely than that this commotion in a petty province should affect pagan society, and a Galilean prophet arouse the Roman Empire. The attitude of Rome to all religions was consistent and characteristic—a policy of cynical contempt and worldly opportunism. As the ruler of the world, she gave hospitable welcome to foreign deities in the capital, and honored them in a Pantheon. The most opposite cults flourished side by side in one family, and we would have said that one religion more would have made little difference. As it happened, however, the faith of Jesus was so virile and assured, so insistent and aggressive, that it came as a living torch into society, and set every man on fire as friend or foe. Roman magistrates, accustomed to compromise, and anxious at any cost to keep good order, were reduced to despair, and were compelled to persecute Jesus in the person of His apostles. Within a century the Nazarene had rent the Empire in twain, and put all the gods to open shame.

Nor was it enough for this exacting personality that His presence threw the multitude into confusion and changed the marketplace into a battle-ground. He invaded the schools, and gave a new task to philosophy. For a while it was enough for the disciples

of Jesus to believe in Him; by and by they began to speculate about Him. It was a matter of intellectual necessity to ask who He was, and with that question was added a new science, the most subtle, the most majestic, the most daring of all the departments of ordered knowledge. Theology began her work when the ancient learning was dying; she opened a new means of culture when the former was exhausted. Never had the human intellect faced so mysterious a problem as the Person of Christ, never has there been a controversy so keen and so absorbing.

Once this Man had established Himself in history, He became a permanent factor—a disturbing force never to be evaded, ever to be reckoned with. As a rock standing out from the midst of a stream, so upon Jesus has the current of human life and thought beat and been broken from the first centuries to the nineteenth. The great movement of the Middle Ages was the Crusades, and there the chivalry of the West flung itself on the East, for the most romantic end — to recover the tomb of Jesus from the Saracen. The Reformation opened the modern age, and while many causes fed its strength, the deepest was the relation of the human soul to Jesus. No wars have been so fierce or relentless as the wars of religion, which have drenched so many lands in blood, and without Jesus of Nazareth they had never been known. As He moves down the paths of the West, kings and peoples seize their swords; Jesus confounds politics and commerce; He lights the fires of persecution and fierce debate; He makes inquisitors and martyrs; no ruler could make a plan without counting in Jesus; no treaty could stand unless it had Jesus' name; no peace could last a month unless it had His blessing.

It may seem that in our century we have thrown off this dominion of Jesus and are able to forget Him, but it is only an affectation of indifference. Never were there so many lives of Jesus written; never so much attention given to His actual words; never such anxiety to send forth His Gospel. Were a parchment discovered in an Egyptian mound six inches square containing fifty words which were certainly spoken by Jesus, this utterance would count more than all the books which had been published since the first century. If a veritable picture of the Lord could be unearthed from a catacomb, and the world could see with its own eyes what like He was, it would not matter that its colors were faded and that it was roughly drawn; that picture would have at once a solitary place amid the treasures of art. A vast number of persons are interested in the question of evolution, simply because it may affect the position of Jesus, and they would accept it at once were they convinced that the new principle had a rightful place for the Master. While we are silent we are also nervously conscious of Jesus; at a hint of His appearance we do Him homage.



LOOKING TOWARD AIN KARIM, THE REPUTED BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

If one desired to realize how this Jew—His words, His life, His spirit—has been woven into the warp and woof of life, let him imagine the effect of Jesus' influence removed as by a stroke and the pattern which remains. One would then see a city dotted with empty places, which are covered neither by grass nor flowers, where once had stood churches, orphanages, asylums, and hospitals. The whole machinery of charity and

philanthropy would have disappeared together with every monument to pity. Libraries would remain, but they would be robbed of those noble classics of many tongues which owe their genius and charm to the Master. There might still be galleries, but without Raphael, Michelangelo, Fra Angelico, Da Vinci, from whom their subjects and their inspiration had been taken. Music, in her most searching and solemn notes, would be no longer heard in that place; and if law be administered, it would be stripped of its majesty and life. Exchanges would be open, but the Sermon on the Mount would no longer restrain the madness of competition and the injustice of the strong; and there would be prisons, as in the pagan days, places now for punishment only, not for remedy. The city would still be there, with only a few buildings wanting, but they would be the monuments to kindness, to mercy, to hope, to God. It would be a city despiritualized, from which the visible glory of religion had departed.

THE BOY JOHN.

"He would have a look of wondering thought, a little wild, it may be, a little scornful, the instinctive premonition of a future great mission."

And still one has not appreciated the continual and pervasive influence of Jesus in present-day life. It is more subtle and convincing than can be proved by any building or book: it is an atmosphere into which we have been born and which we breathe—of which we are unconscious, and which we may allow ourselves sometimes to deny. The home of which we are part has been created by Christ, and its arrangements are instinct with His Spirit. Whatever is pure and merciful and spiritual and unselfish in social life, flows from His influence, and the very motives which regulate our best deeds, and to which we appeal in another man, have been implanted by the unseen hand of the Master. The most beautiful type of character, that of humility and tenderness, has been reared in the school of Jesus, although in many a case the pupil does not know his Teacher; and the most violent attacks on Christianity have only been possible because they have been made under the toleration of Jesus. There is no place where one could live with his family in peace and pursue the highest ends of life unless Jesus had been there before; and if the spirit of Jesus were withdrawn, modern civilization would in three generations return to the morality of paganism. If any one should have the heart to criticise the Gospel of Jesus, he will find that the best person he knows is pursuing Jesus' ideal; and if any one had the audacity to deny that Jesus ever lived, he would next moment touch the Master, living now, in one of His disciples.

It is the life of this Man we shall now study, and after a plan which will not compete with biographies which have been written by learned persons and are in our hands. We shall not endeavor to compass every detail of the Master's life from Bethlehem to Calvary, nor shall we weary any reader with questions of order—for indeed the chronology and harmony of the Gospels are past finding out by ordinary folk. It will be assumed that in the four Gospels we have sufficiently accurate accounts of how Jesus carried Himself to His fellow-men, and what He did on certain occasions before their eyes, and what befell Him at their hands. And various incidents will be selected and grouped into chapters, each complete in itself, and each affording a facet of the whole. We do not dare to promise that after he has read the last page of the "Life of the Master" the reader will be wiser on a site or a date, but we dare to hope that he will have a clearer vision of the august Figure who invites the judgment of each man's conscience, who lays His hand on each man's heart.

(To be continued.)

THE VISIT OF MARY TO ELISABETH.

AND Mary arose in those days, and went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Juda;

And entered into the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elisabeth.

And it came to pass, that, when Elisabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb; and Elisabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost:

And she spake out with a loud voice, and said, Blessed *art* thou among women, and blessed *is* the fruit of thy womb.

And whence *is* this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?

For, lo, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy.

And blessed *is* she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord.

And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord,

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy *is* his name.

And his mercy *is* on them that fear him from generation to generation.

He hath showed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from *their* seats, and exalted them of low degree.

He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

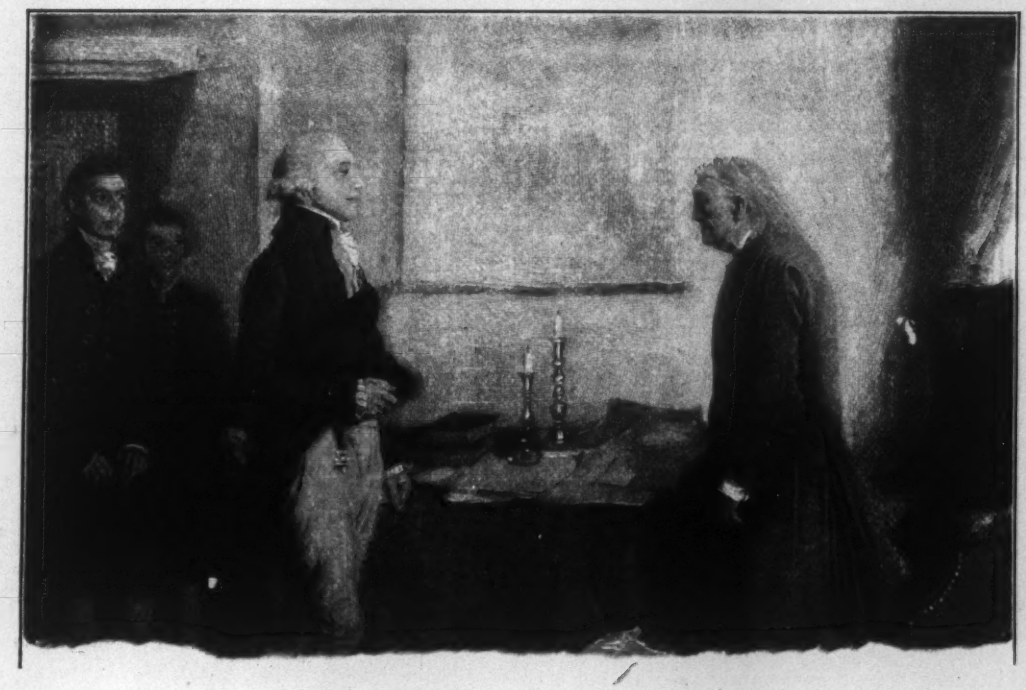
He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of *his* mercy;

As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.

LUKE I: 39-55.

As in so many other instances, the identity of "a city of Juda" cannot be fixed; but the identification is of no consequence in this case, for "the hill country," being all of similar character, the details would have been the same. The text says "entered into the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elisabeth." I have not literally rendered "into the house" as being inside the door, since in the East one is in the house if inside the portal of the outer court; and both for the verisimilitude and the beauty of the picture, I have placed the meeting in one of those gardens peculiar to the Jewish householder, just at the threshold of the house itself. Zacharias, still dumb, is not less in complete understanding of the significance of the visit.—Note of the Artist.

"HE CALLED ON FRANKLIN, AND RECEIVED THE NECESSARY RECOGNITION."



THE MAN FOR THE HOUR.

By James Barnes,

Author of "Naval Actions of the War of 1812," "Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors," etc.

THE DEVOTED AND HEROIC PATRIOTISM OF COLONEL JOHN LAURENS.

Illustrated by Howard Pyle.

THE darkest period of the American Revolution, not even excepting the disastrous days that followed the hasty retreat from Long Island, the withdrawal of the American army from New York, and the cruel winter marching through New Jersey, was that which followed the sixth year of the war. The bravest hearts and the strongest minds were wavering, dissatisfaction and mutiny were in the ranks, disappointment oppressed many of the leaders, and chaos ruled in the departments that had to do the financiering of the nation. There was no money to meet the pay-rolls, and no credit upon which to purchase supplies; the citizens were tiring of the war, and the preaching of the Tories was listened to in many places without remonstrance.

Above this sea of trouble rose supreme the figure of the great Commander-in-Chief. Undeterred by obstacles, he refused to be cast down by the seeming hopelessness of situations. But Washington at last saw that matters had reached a crisis, and perceived but one way out of the difficulty, but one hope for the continuing of the struggle. It is a strange thing to relate—but we know it now—to those about him he felt that he could not disclose all his plans. Trusted generals had failed and betrayed him. His suspicion of Charles Lee, who then found plenty of defenders, has since proved to have been well founded, and even men whose names may be found writ on the scroll of patriots were wavering. It is not the set purpose of

the historian to be an iconoclast and to destroy the popular idols. At the same time it is but truth to tell that not a few even of the well-beloved, honest, and trustworthy hard old fighters now regarded further fighting as useless. In some cases they had kept their opinions to themselves, and we have but discovered their wavering from the fact that they had begun already to seek positions with the British, whose power they felt must inevitably supersede the apparently hopeless government of Congress. Just as the year 1780 ended, Washington wrote as follows:

> Disappointed of the second division of French troops, but more especially in the expected naval superiority, which was the pivot upon which everything turned, we have been compelled to spend an inactive campaign, after the flattering prospect at the opening of it, and vigorous struggles to make it a decisive one on our part.

In January, 1781, he wrote the following letter to Meshech Ware, President of New Hampshire:

> The aggravated calamities and distresses that have resulted (to the soldiers) from the total want of pay for nearly twelve months, the want of clothing at a severe season, and not unfrequently the want of provisions, are beyond description. . . . I give it decidedly as my opinion, that it is vain to think an army can be kept together much longer under such a variety of sufferings as ours has experienced, and that unless some immediate and spirited measures are adopted to furnish at least three months' pay to the troops in money, which will be of some value to them, and at the same time ways and means are devised to clothe and feed them better (more regularly, I mean), than they have been, the worst that can befall us may be expected.

The heart of the nation was not beating at full tide; it needed an infusion of new blood to fill its arteries and make the movement potent. General Lincoln, who had been in command in the South, had made a brave defense of the important city of Charleston. For months he had combated the efforts of Sir Henry Clinton and Admiral Arbuthnot to dislodge him or force him to surrender; but hemmed in at all points, and having been for weeks without resources, his discouraged rank and file depleted by constant fighting and disease, he was compelled at last to sue for capitulation; and out of the trenches his ragged, hungry soldiers marched, laid down their arms, and gave themselves up as prisoners of war. General Gates had been defeated at Camden. Recruiting had ceased entirely, and it was becoming difficult to hold the remnants of the army together. Throughout the Southern States the bands of Tories almost equalled those of the patriots, and the latter were compelled to fight their own countrymen almost as often as they faced the red-coated British. Almost everywhere the invading arms had gained. But one town of importance on the sea-coast remained to the Americans—Boston: that the English had evacuated long before. A writer who dwelt in the middle of things, who was in touch with all sides of the question, and who was also an eye-witness and a recorder of the story that is to follow, writes thus: "The main army under General Washington, reduced by detachments to the Southern States, was badly clothed, irregularly provisioned, and without pay; the magazines were empty, the treasury exhausted, and the public credit of no avail."

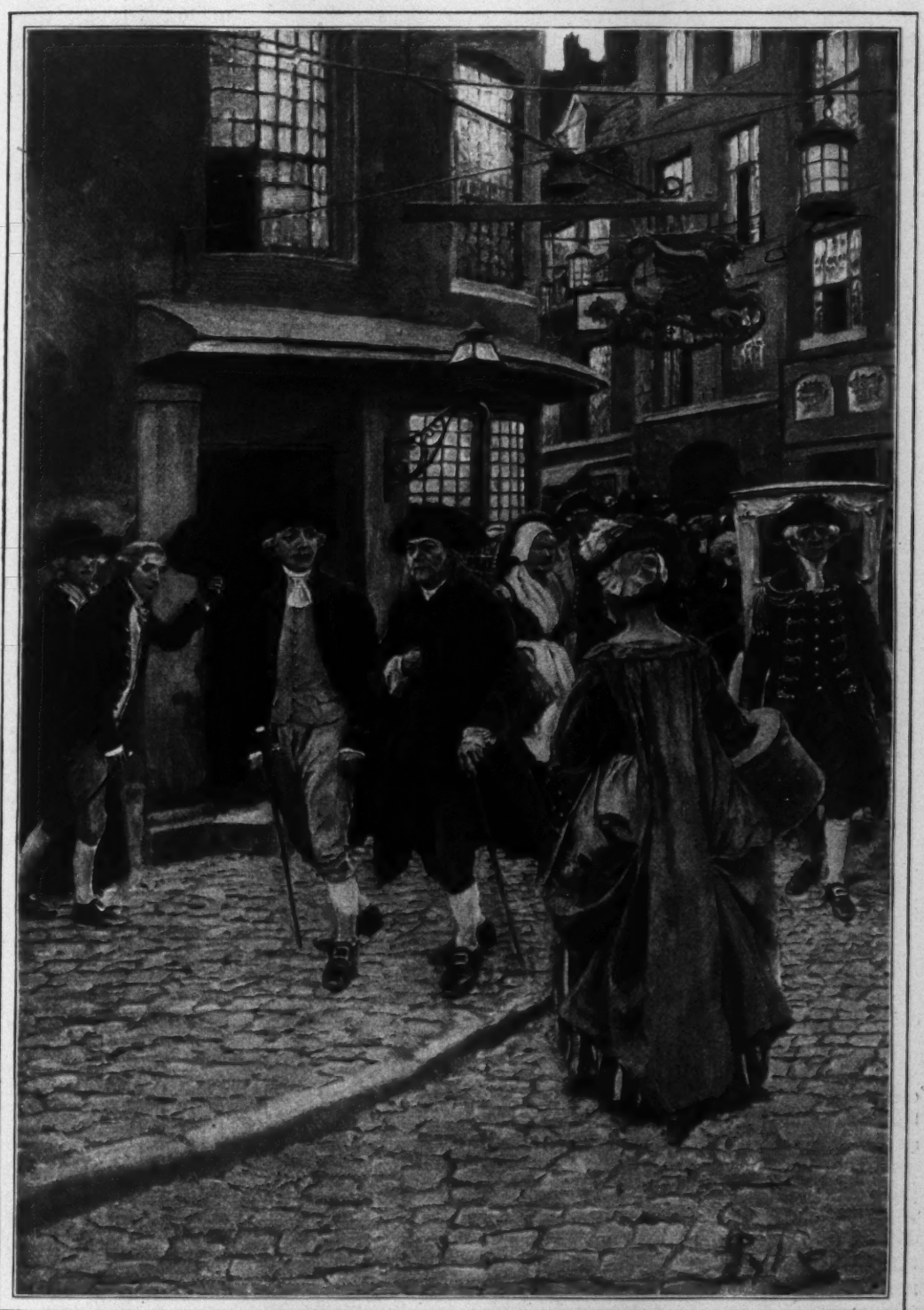
Calling a convention of the officers he most trusted, Washington drew up a memorial, a faithful and minute representation of the extremity and need, and placed it before Congress. Congress had listened before, but had done nothing. Now Washington had his last suggestion to make.

Benjamin Franklin was then representing the United States at the French court. His humble, plebeian figure, his kindly manner, and his democratic bearing had endeared him to the hearts of the French people, then eager for revolution, mad with the words Fraternity and Equality, and waiting for a chance to prove that under popular phrases and patriotic catch-words may lurk disorder and destruction. But Benjamin Franklin, although he had accomplished much, was not a courtier; nor, with all his wisdom and firmness, was he a clever politician. France, since her first expedition of the previous year, had been doing little or nothing to help the country that he represented.

Now, Washington saw that help in this crisis could come from France alone. Not only her continued good will, but more of her ships and men were needed; and let us be fair and say, as a few said then (and people have forgotten it since), France was to save America. But how could she be stirred to further action?

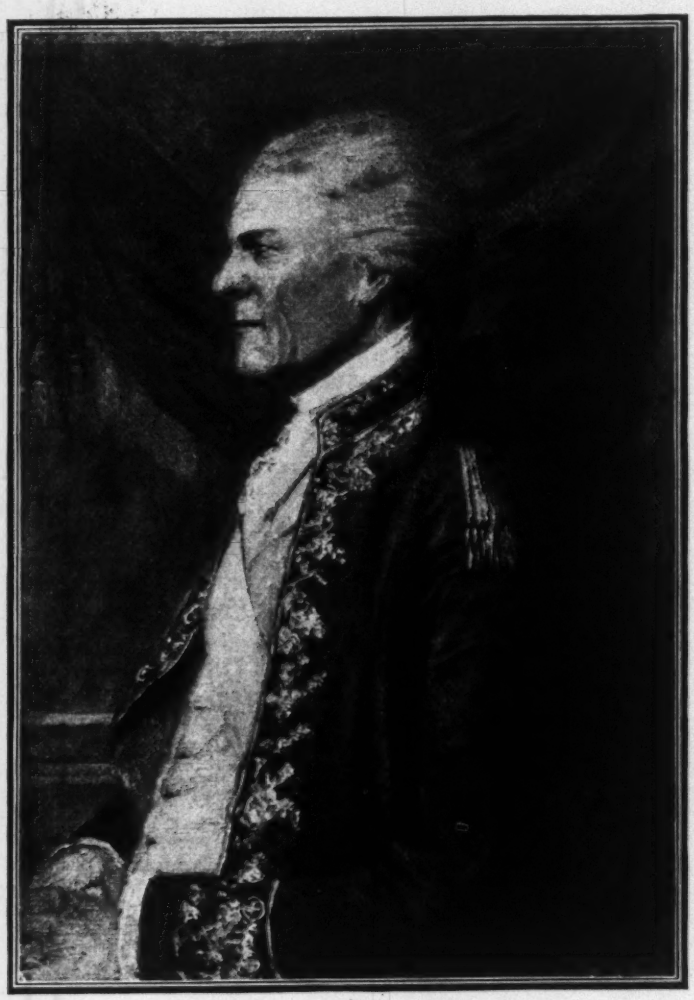
On July 10th (or 12th) in 1780, the French fleet under Admiral de Terney, that had convoyed the troops of King Louis who were in command of the Count de Rochambeau, had arrived at Rhode Island. Two months had passed before Washington met the leaders of the French allies at Hartford, on the 18th of September. Before three months had gone by, de Terney had died at Newport, and his place had been taken by Admiral Destouches.

The French troops, who were orderly and



"THE GOOD, AGED DOCTOR, THE APPEARANCE OF WHOSE ROTUND FIGURE ON THE STREETS WAS THE SIGNAL FOR THE PARISIANS TO DOFF THEIR HATS," . . .

well drilled, had proved a great addition to our forces, but as yet they had accomplished little; and the fleet, although formidable in frigates and ships of the line, had refused



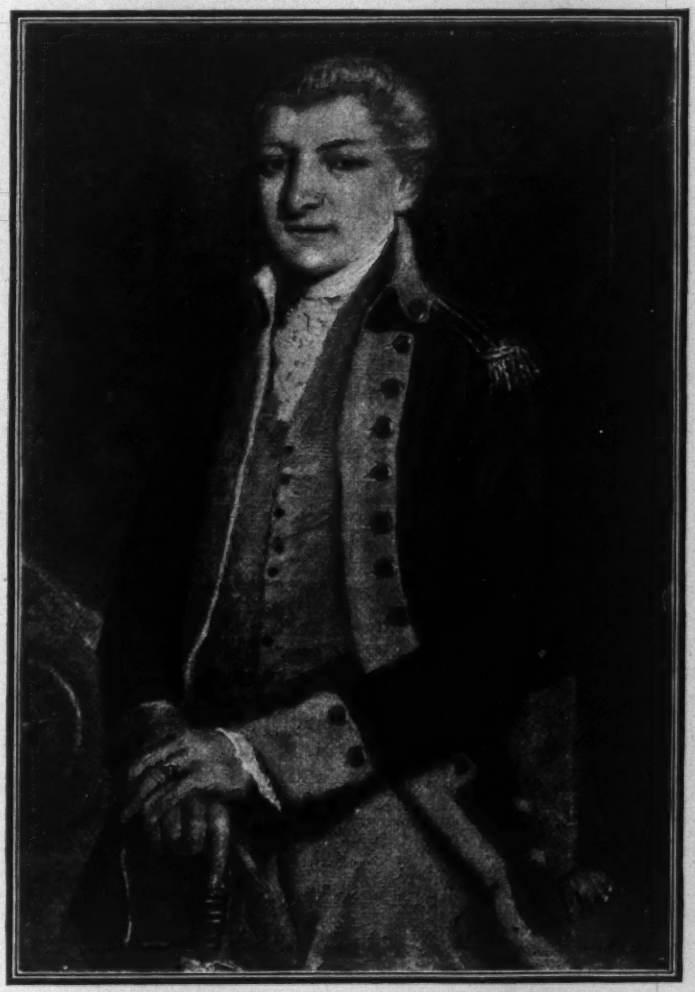
COUNT DE GRASSE, WHO COMMANDED THE FRENCH FLEET OFF THE MOUTH OF THE CHESAPEAKE PREVIOUS TO THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN.

combat with the British squadron, had been blockaded in port, and, except for one or two expeditions, had been of small use. Yet their presence, which was due entirely to the solicitations of Lafayette, made during his flying visit to the French court for that purpose, did much to sustain the drooping spirits of the Continental troops. Rochambeau was now with Washington, and probably shared with most of those about him in the belief that the cause was *in extremis*. Something must be done to induce France to come once more to the assistance of her distant ally.

On Washington's personal staff was a young Southerner, Colonel John Laurens, son of that Henry Laurens who had been imprisoned in the Tower of London after he had been captured by the British on his way to Holland, the year before; and who was at that moment under sentence of death for high treason, and only kept from the block by the clamor of the British public conscience and fear of retaliation. But more of this hereafter—to proceed with the story: Young John Laurens was born in Charleston, in the year 1755. He was thus at this juncture but twenty-six years of age. According to the custom that was then followed by the wealthy residents of America, he had been sent to Europe to be educated, and he had studied at the schools of Paris, Geneva, and London. At the outbreak of the War of the Revolution he had

been a student of law at the Temple. He had followed closely the growing discord arising between the colonies and the mother country, and when he perceived that a conflict was imminent, he begged his father's permission to return and offer his services to his country. But Henry Laurens was one of those who persisted for a long time in the belief that affairs would reach an amicable adjustment, and he forbade his son leaving England. But the clouds grew darker, and the younger man saw plainly that resort to the sword would soon be made. Coke and Littleton tempted him no longer, and he turned his attention to Vauban and Folard; industriously he studied the art of war, and shortly after the shots fired at Lexington had echoed through England, he stole away to France, and succeeded, after a struggle, in working his way by neutral vessels to Charleston.

Almost immediately, he joined the staff of General Washington, where he was made welcome as one of the family. He had ever displayed courage and coolness, had been wounded in the battle of Germantown, and had been promoted for gallant conduct—a promotion assuredly deserved, and upon which General Washington himself congratulated him. But how did this young soldier take it? On the 6th of November, 1778, he wrote the following letter, addressed to the President of Congress; it breathes the spirit of the man:



COLONEL JOHN LAURENS, SPECIAL MINISTER TO THE COURT OF FRANCE.

Colonel Laurens expresses his gratitude for the unexpected honor which Congress were pleased to confer on him by the resolutions passed the day before, and the high satisfaction it would have afforded him,

could he have accepted it without injuring the rights of the officers in the line of the army, and doing an evident injustice to his colleagues in the family of the Commander-in-Chief; that, having been a spectator of the convulsions occasioned in the army by disputes of rank, he held the tranquillity of it too dear to be instrumental in disturbing it, and therefore entreated Congress to suppress the resolve of yesterday, ordering him a commission of lieutenant-colonel, and to accept his sincere thanks for the intended honor.

Nevertheless, may it be recorded, his promotion was sustained. In a position of active command he had served in the campaigns in the South, and in May of 1779 was wounded for the second time, in the skirmish with the British mounted forces at Tullifinny. As soon as he was able, he rejoined the army, and took part in the unsuccessful attack on Savannah in October. From thence he went to Charleston, and joined forces with General Lincoln in its heroic defense. After the capitulation, he was soon exchanged, and under special orders of the Commander-in-Chief he once more joined the latter's staff.

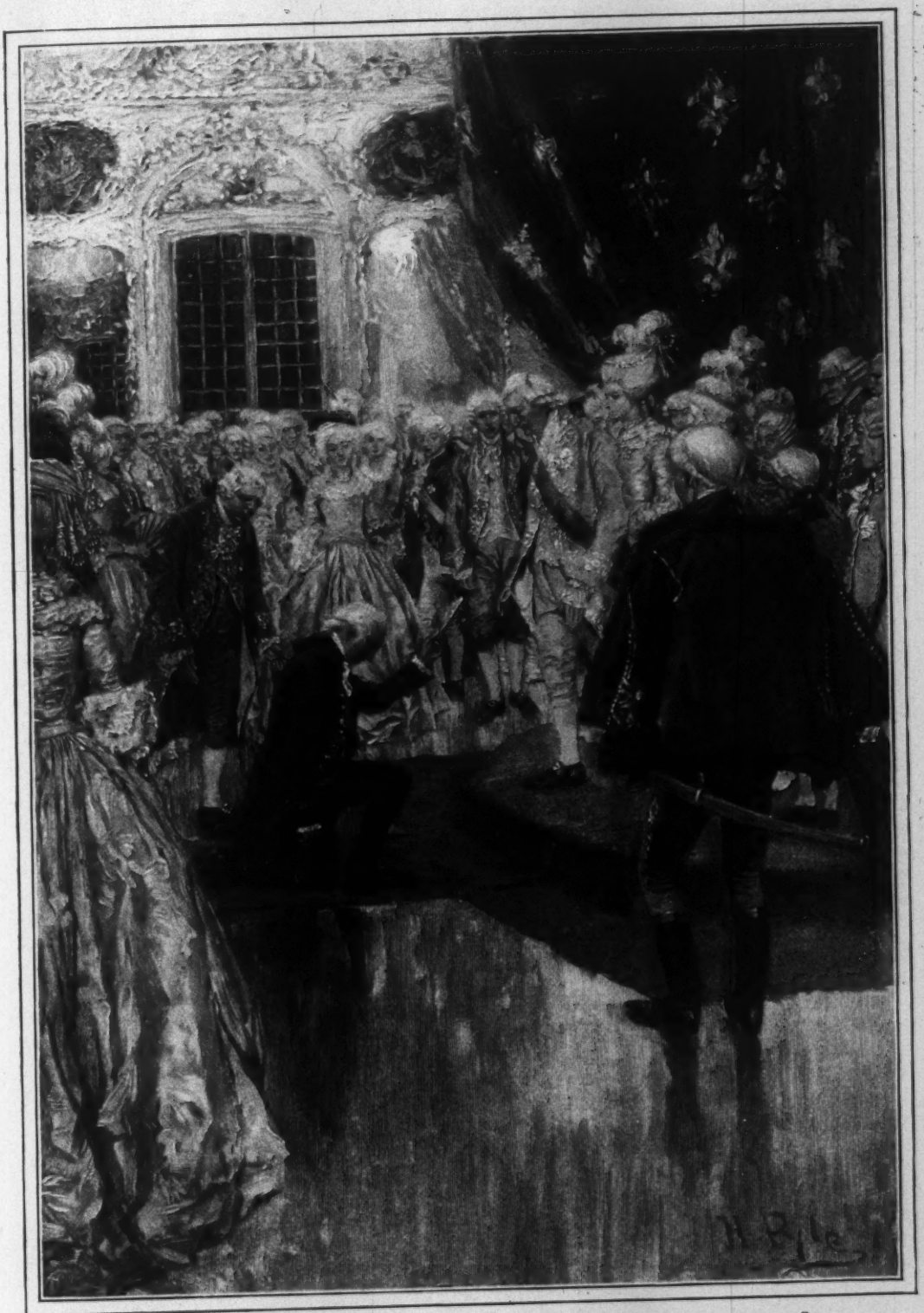
Laurens was a born courtier. He had polished manners, a figure that would grace the company of kings, and, moreover, he spoke French like a born Parisian. He was so handsome that his presence and his bearing possessed a dominating power, made stronger by his unconsciousness and his fearless self-reliance. He had been named the "all-accomplished." But besides all this outward, physical attraction, he had a heart of sterling honesty and worth, a singleness of purpose, a devotion to the cause that had been proved, and a great reverence and love for his commander. Had he not fought a duel with Charles Lee, one of Washington's traducers, and badly wounded him?

When it was settled that a special minister should be sent to the Court of King Louis, to solicit the aid that alone could turn the tide, John Laurens was chosen to represent his country in her need. He was chosen by Washington himself, for Congress had relegated to the Commander-in-Chief that power. The young officer modestly demurred, and proposed that Alexander Hamilton should be sent instead, as being better qualified for a mission of such importance. But Washington would hear nothing of it. So, armed with his credentials, this young man, truly the hope of the nation, set sail from Boston on the 9th of February, 1781, in the frigate "Alliance," under the command of that fine old sailor, Commodore John Barry. With him went Major William Jackson of Philadelphia, who had been appointed his secretary and was his bosom friend.

It was a year before, that the young minister's own father had set sail on the similar mission to Holland; but the elder Laurens, as we have stated, had been captured, the vessel that was conveying him having been taken by an English frigate on the high seas. He had endeavored to hide his purpose by throwing away his papers, but, unfortunately, they had not been properly weighted, and were picked up on the surface of the water. Thus all was disclosed, and in consequence the elder Laurens was at that moment in danger of losing his life.

Probably, had the English known of the sailing of the "Alliance," they would have made strenuous efforts to intercept her. But as she was the fastest frigate afloat in those days, she would, no doubt, have given a good account of herself. She was prepared to fight also. But fair winds favored her, she saw no hostile sail, and after the remarkably short voyage of twenty days, she arrived at L'Orient.

Without pausing two hours, Colonel Laurens set out on the road to Paris. It happened that the Maréchal de Castries, the French Minister of Marine, was then on a visit to the seaports, and Laurens met him at the Hennebont. The young American's manner and address won for him at once a place in the minister's estimation, for the latter ordered relays of horses and did everything to help him forward. He did not stop even for a night, but whirled along the roads until, on the 3d of March, just as day was breaking, he entered the gates of Paris. At once he called on Franklin, and received the necessary recognition. It might not be unfair to state that it was somewhat grudgingly given. Beyond all doubt the good Doctor looked upon Laurens's presence as a reflection upon his own ability. Presenting his memorial and credentials, Laurens was graciously received at court. But to be presented and to obtain influence in royal circles are two different things. Although he had made ready with great care for the presentation of the reasons for his visit, and was prepared to prove the reciprocal interests of America and France, he perceived at the outset that there was opposition. In all his efforts to reach the throne direct with his application, and to plead his cause to the highest power, he was thwarted. The Count de Vergennes, Minister of Foreign Relations, was an old hand at the game of diplomacy, and one of the objects of a diplomat is not to commit himself unnecessarily, and to take every advantage of another dip-



"AT THE SAME TIME HE EXTENDED TOWARD KING LOUIS THE PRECIOUS MEMORIAL."

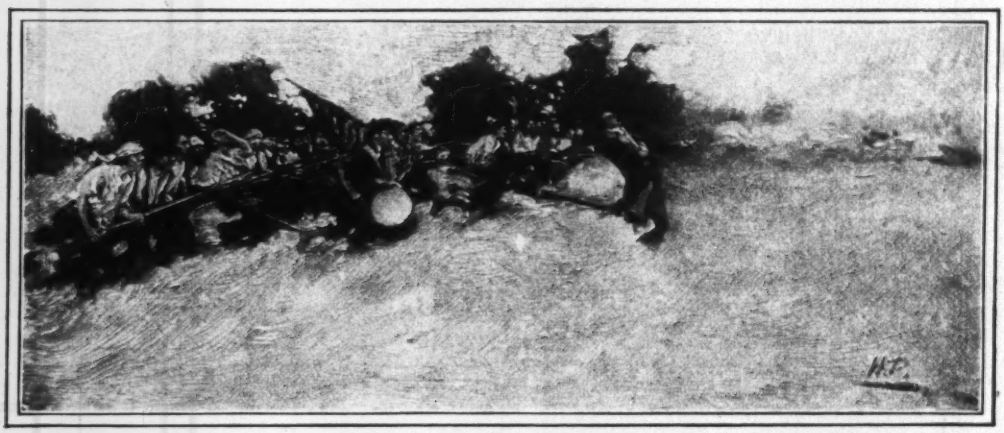
lomat's position, if aught can be gained thereby.

Every day from the 6th of March to the 2d of May, Laurens sought to gain the all-important recognition of his claims. He called on the French Minister, and the latter was busy; he called again, and he was surrounded by people upon other important missions; or he found him at some court function, with powdered ladies in silks and satins present, and from that atmosphere of frivolity and light intrigue he could not stir him to listen to weighty questions. At other times an audience was denied; "the Minister could not be seen." Prolific the excuses, generously polite were the reasons, determined was the opposition.

Now, in all this world there is no such galling thing as to be forced to deal with people who will not hear. "There are none so deaf," the old saying hath it. One day, after fruitless efforts to bring matters to a settlement, Laurens returned to his apartments, and the conviction that had grown upon him of late framed itself definitely in his mind. Franklin had counseled patience; etiquette demanded waiting. But underlying everything the young minister perceived the reason. By delaying the aid for which America was waiting, exhausted and impatient, panting for relief, France would serve her own ends best. The longer America could struggle unaided, the more men and ships England had to send before she would give up struggling, and the weaker both nations would become. France would profit by their weakness: at the right time she would be ready to step in and make them both subservient to her will.

The good, aged Doctor, the appearance of whose rotund figure on the streets was the signal for the Parisians to doff their hats, was against any sudden or hasty action, and when Laurens sent him a message stating that he intended to go over the head of the French Ministry and apply to the king direct, Franklin objected. Such things were unheard-of in courts! It might prejudice the royal mind, it might jeopardize the cause itself; but Laurens was determined. The king, he felt assured, was not hostile to either his mission or his country, despite the attitude of the ministers. With his secretary, he sat up late into the night preparing a paper that embraced a luminous statement of the facts, and in which the deductions from them were clearly proved. Etiquette would have to stand aside when on the morrow the King held his afternoon reception at Versailles.

Early in the morning, with the important paper in the bosom of his embroidered coat, Laurens, accompanied by his secretary, presented his name at the door of the audience chamber of the Count de Vergennes. According to agreement, Dr. Franklin was waiting; he was sitting and listening, with his benevolent smile, to the polite words of the minister under whose influence, it must be confessed, the worthy old gentleman had been so moved to patience and inaction. As Colonel Laurens entered the apartment, Franklin and the Count rose, the latter all suavity and politeness. Franklin opened his snuff-box, and appeared somewhat nervous. It was the first time that Laurens had found a chance to plead his cause in the way he wished to, and he opened fire without preamble. He began to present his facts, and urged passionately the necessity of compliance with his views. Count de Vergennes listened smiling and unmoved. At last, as the young Ameri-



THE DEATH OF COLONEL JOHN LAURENS.

can was finishing a sentence in which he rather gave way to the bitter feelings that filled his bosom, the Count raised his hand, and interrupted. He threw himself into an armchair, and his smile was sarcastic as he began to speak. "Colonel Laurens," said he, "you are so recently from the headquarters of the American army, you forget that you are no longer delivering the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, but that you are addressing the minister of a monarch who has every disposition to favor your country."

Laurens, who had seated himself, rose at once. He controlled himself with difficulty. After striding across the room, he turned. "Favor, sir! The respect that I owe to my country will not admit the term. Say that the aid is mutual, and I will cheerfully subscribe to the obligation. But as the last argument I shall use with your Excellency—the sword which I now wear in the defense of France as well as my own country I may be compelled within a short time to draw against France as a British subject, unless the succor I solicit is immediately accorded."

There was no threat in this, no meaningless application of words; it was the plain statement of a plain fact. If America and England had become united at that time, Americans would have been Americans no longer; they would have been subjects of his Majesty King George, and mayhap loyal subjects they would have proved themselves in fighting the hereditary enemy of Great Britain, who was then fighting most of Europe. Never had Laurens placed his request upon the ground of false sentiment. He had been honest always, and he was honest then. He bore no love for France; he was there but to plead for something that would vouchsafe the safety of his own country.

It was some minutes before the Count de Vergennes recovered his smiling mask. The force of the remark and the remonstrance had been keenly felt by the first diplomat of Europe; but at last he collected his wits, and pointing to Franklin, who had said nothing, he spoke quickly.

"Here is good Monsieur Franklin, who is very well contented with us," he said.

"No one," replied Colonel Laurens, bowing, "respects that venerable gentleman more than I do; but to repeat your Excellency's observation, I am 'so recently from the headquarters of the American army,' that many circumstances of the highest interest are familiar to me that are yet unknown to this worthy gentleman. I must now inform your Excellency that my next memorial will be presented to his Majesty in person." He drew himself erect. "I have the honor to salute you respectfully." Again he bowed at the door, and motioning for Major Jackson to follow him, he left the room.

Once outside, where they were unobserved, the youthful side of the young minister was shown. Turning quickly, he caught his secretary by the arm. "What do you think of that?" he asked. "I spoke as my feelings dictated, and those words were from my heart. What do you imagine will come of this interview?"

The Major, a young man also, was forced to smile. "In my wildest imagination," he returned, "I could never have thought that it would have thus terminated."

"No matter," answered Laurens almost grimly. "Let us go to the inn and dress for court, where the act must finish."

Laurens proved himself in this interview the true son of his father, and a man of just the spirit and nobility that the father himself, under extraordinary circumstances, a short time before, had declared him to be. One of the elder Laurens's friends had approached him in his prison cell, and told him that he had been instructed to say that he, Laurens, would be pardoned if he would write a note to Lord North and express sorrow for what he had done. "Pardon!" exclaimed Laurens indignantly. "I have done nothing to have required a pardon, and I will never subscribe to my own infamy and to the dishonor of my children." Shortly after this, when his son had arrived in Paris, and it was known in London that his mission in France was most important, the father was counseled that he would be given his liberty if he would write to his son and advise him to leave the country.

"My son is of age," he replied to this suggestion, "and has a will of his own. If I should write to him in the terms you request, it would have no effect; he would only conclude that confinement and persuasion had softened me. I know him to be a man of honor. He loves me dearly, and would lay down his life to save mine; but I am sure he would not sacrifice his honor to save my life, and I applaud him."

Having now determined to stake all upon his proposed visit to court, young Laurens considered nothing too trivial in preparing for what was ahead of him. Little things count for a great deal at court, appearances go a great way where royal favor is solicited, and John Laurens dressed for the event of the afternoon with scrupulous care. The

bright costume set off his well-built figure, and the way in which he dressed and powdered his own hair had already quite set a fashion in the place where fashions were set for the world. Already the ladies had termed him "the handsome American." But he only smiled at all this, as he smiled at his friend Jackson's admiring comments as they looked each other over before they started for the palace.

The French court was then in mourning for the Empress Queen, Maria Theresa, the Queen's mother, and in deference to this every one who appeared in the royal presence wore upon his arm a little band of crape and a knot of the same upon his sword hilt. When Laurens and the Major entered the audience chamber, they found gathered there all the wit and beauty of the capital. Dandies in silk small-clothes and jeweled buckles, with their powdered hair carefully curled and tied with widths of ribbon, moved about from group to group, orders and decorations sparkling on their breasts; and the ladies with their high head-dresses and panniered gowns courtesied and coquetted.

"The special minister of the United States of America," announced the gentleman-in-waiting, and Laurens stepped forward in his turn. The King was standing in the center of a semicircle, and the Queen was beside him. Old Count Maurepas was on his right, and on his left the Count de Vergennes. Laurens bowed low before his Majesty, and then, instead of passing on and taking his position among the foreign ministers, he advanced to within half a pace of the royal presence and bowed again. At the same time he extended toward King Louis the precious memorial.

It was an innovation of the forms of court, and was so unexpected that the King for an instant was taken aback. He stood there perplexed, as if not knowing what to do. But Marie Antoinette was looking at the handsome figure before her. Laurens was not at a loss. No embarrassment showed in his features, no awkwardness in his gestures, and gracefully he dropped upon one knee, and extended the paper to the Queen. She put forth her hand, took it, and gave it to the King. He held it for a moment, and passed it across the Count de Vergennes to the Marquis de Segur, the Minister of War, who gravely put it in his pocket. The Count de Vergennes could scarce conceal his feeling of deep chagrin. The whispering had stopped among the titled crowd; every one wore a look of great amazement and surprise. Laurens rose, bowed again, as if unconscious that his action had occasioned the least flutter or comment, and joined the foreign ministers. As soon as the ceremony was over, the minister drove back with his secretary to the inn at Paris. As they went through Passy, where Good Richard lived, Major Jackson broke the silence.

"Do you not think," he said, "that we had better stop here at Dr. Franklin's house and inform him of the success of your endeavors?"

"No," returned Laurens gravely. "I wish to see no one until I learn the results of this day's proceedings."

Changing his brilliant uniform for the modest habit of a citizen, he went out on a long walk in the streets, and did not return until late at night. The next morning Jackson and he were at breakfast when a note was handed them. Out in the hall a liveried lackey was waiting for an answer. Without a sign of excitement Laurens broke the seal, and then with a triumphant smile he tossed the missive across the table to his friend.

"Jackson," he said, "we have cut the Gordian knot! If we were alone, I might give a cheer that would be heard across the Channel."

The secretary eagerly read the note. It ran as follows: "M. Necker presents his compliments to Colonel Laurens, and requests the honor of an interview at twelve o'clock."

"Here is something indeed," went on the young minister, with pleasure in his voice. "Come, let us dress, and pay our respects to Madame Necker."

The lackey disappeared with the answer, and an hour later Colonel Laurens and Major Jackson were announced in the drawing-room of M. Necker, at that time Director-General of Finance and one of the most important figures in French politics. There were several ladies present, and among them one soon destined to be world-renowned—Madame de Staël. She was then a little girl but thirteen years of age. After some moments of light conversation, M. Necker called Colonel Laurens to one side. He wore an odd expression on his face, admiration and interest were mingled; but the young minister was grave.

"Monsieur," he said, "I have the honor to inform you, by instructions from his Majesty, that the loan which you solicit in your memorial of yesterday is accorded. The fifteen hundred thousand livres which you request may be sent to Major Jackson at Amsterdam, for the purchase of military stores, will be forwarded from Brussels; and any

other accommodation connected with my department will be cheerfully granted."

"This gives me most sincere gratification and deep pleasure," was Colonel Laurens's reply. "My thanks to his Majesty and to you for your kind offices."

When the two young men were alone again in the streets, they grasped each other by the hand. "This day," said Laurens, "is the greatest in my life; and I thank God, who is watching over our beloved country."

The next day the favor of an interview was requested by the Maréchal de Castries, who, after congratulating Laurens upon the success of his mission, added: "I am directed by his Majesty to inform you that the Count de Grasse, who is now at Brest with twenty-five ships of the line, bound to the West Indies, will, conformably to the request in your memorial of yesterday, rendezvous on the American coast at the time General Washington shall point out. The howitzers that you want cannot be furnished from the marine arsenal, as we have none of that caliber, but Major Jackson will be able to procure them in Holland. The frigate 'Resolute' will carry you to America, with such part of the money as you may wish to take with you. Any other facility within my department will be accorded."

Although the delight felt at these words was almost overwhelming, Laurens replied in his quiet and dignified manner, stating his gratitude and pleasure. As soon as possible he left the assembly, for there was much work to do.

Before Laurens left Paris he had one more interview with the Count de Vergennes, who was, of course, entirely too important to be ignored in making the final arrangements. And of this interview George Washington Custis, the adopted son of Washington, says: "A difficulty arose between him [Laurens] and the French minister as to the command of the combined army of America. Our heroic Laurens said: 'Our chief must command; it is our cause, and the battle is on our soil.' '*C'est impossible!*' exclaimed the Frenchman. 'By the etiquette of the French service, the Count de Rochambeau, being an old lieutenant-general, can only be commanded by the king in person or a maréchal de France.' 'Then,' exclaimed Laurens, 'make our Washington a maréchal de France.' It was done. A friend of mine heard Washington spoken of as 'Monsieur le Maréchal' at the siege of Yorktown. Our beloved Washington never coveted or desired rank or title; but it is beyond a doubt that, from the force of circumstances just related, the rank and title of maréchal de France was conferred upon the general-in-chief of the combined armies of America and France."

It has been denied that Washington ever held such a commission; but certainly the French leaders of the day granted that it was so, and the author of this article, after devoting considerable study to this point, thinks it may well be conceded that he temporarily held that rank.

Laurens soon left French soil. His work was done. It was indeed a happy ending of the most important mission that America has ever sent to a European court before or since, and yet the hero of this incident is almost unknown to the casual reader of American history. In the rush of events at home, and in the number of prominent persons who held higher commissions, the young minister's name has been almost forgotten. But in a letter that Major Jackson wrote to a friend of his (a letter, by the way, wonderful for its quiet self-erasure), occur the following words: "Thus was this most important negotiation, which was certainly the hinge on which the success of the Revolution then turned, brought to a happy close, by the wisdom and decision of a youth who had not then attained his twenty-eighth year, but whose matured mind and heroic spirit admitted no other rule of official conduct than the honor and interest of his beloved country."

Before Laurens left, he designated the points of coöperation, and appointed a rendezvous for the French fleet on the American coast. He then quietly set sail and returned to America, where once more he took up the duties of a humble aid-de-camp on the General's staff. He asked for no sign of approval, he craved no honors. But Washington's admiration for him had deepened; he loved him as his own son.

But now let us look at what had been going on in the meantime with the American army. They were waiting for Laurens. In that wonderful and thrillingly interesting journal kept by Surgeon James Thacher, which covers the entire period of the Revolutionary War, we find the following entry, made in the field under the date of July 15, 1781:

General orders are now issued for the army to prepare for a movement at a moment's notice. The real object of the allied armies, the present campaign, has become a subject of much speculation. Ostensibly an investment of the city of New York is in contemplation—preparations in all quarters for some months past indicate this to be the object of our combined operations. The capture of this place would be a de-

cisive stroke, and from the moment such event takes place the English must renounce all hopes of subjugating the United States. But New York is well fortified, both by land and water, and garrisoned by the best troops of Great Britain. The success of a siege must depend entirely on the arrival and coöperation of a superior French fleet.

Part of the army was in New Jersey, and part encamped on the west shore of the Hudson. Every one thought that Washington's next point of attack would be New York; that he would make a grand effort to dislodge the British; and if this failed, no one could then tell what would happen. All the movements seemed to point in this direction; boats had been gathered on the Jersey shore, spies had accurately reported the doings of the British, and their fleet was held in New York Harbor in anticipation of the expected assault of the Americans. But again those closest to the General knew nothing of his real intentions. Rumors had come from the South that roads had been prepared in Virginia, and reconnoissance and surveys had been made in many different directions; but for what purpose, again no one could ascertain. All at once the army received orders, and horse and foot and artillery were hurried southward. Then it was seen why all this preparation had been made, and why it was so necessary for matters to be kept secret.

Under the date of the 31st of this same month, Thacher makes this entry:

Colonel Laurens has arrived at headquarters on his way from Boston to Philadelphia. This gentleman is the son of Mr. Henry Laurens, our ambassador to Holland, who is now confined in the Tower of London. We have the pleasing information that he has brought with him from France a large sum of specie for the United States. He reports that the different powers of continental Europe are friendly to the cause in which we are engaged.

Our situation reminds me of some theatrical exhibition where the interest and expectations of the spectators are continually increasing, and where curiosity is wrought to the highest point. Our destination has been for some time a matter of perplexing doubt and uncertainty. Bets have run high on one side that we were to occupy the ground marked out on the Jersey shore, to aid in the siege of New York; and on the other, that we are stealing a march on the enemy, and are actually destined to Virginia, in pursuit of the army under Lord Cornwallis.

Now my Lord Cornwallis, with 7,000 men, was in ignorance of all this. Before he knew it, the whole American army was at his front, and at the same time the great fleet of Count de Grasse appeared off the capes of the Chesapeake, and the English general was trapped in Yorktown.

There was some fighting as a matter of course. Many assaults were planned and sorties were repulsed, and in all the fighting young Colonel Laurens was foremost. Upon one occasion, at the head of a few score of riflemen who had rushed an outlying English intrenchment, he had saved the life of the officer commanding it, and, taking him prisoner, brought him back to the American lines on his own horse. The officer had been wounded, and Laurens gave up his own bed and tent to him, and nursed him as a brother. Truly "the bravest are the tenderest."

When my Lord Cornwallis found out that there was no chance of his being relieved or of escaping, he made it known that he would accept terms of capitulation, and Laurens was appointed by Washington as commissioner to treat with the English general. Rochambeau appointed the Viscount de Noailles to represent him. In this capacity the two rode out between the lines, and met Colonel Ross, the aid-de-camp of Lord Cornwallis, who had been chosen by him to undertake the negotiations. Seated under a tree near the celebrated Moore House, they held their first conference, and the American terms for surrender were submitted in writing. Colonel Ross read them over without comment until he came to one sentence; then he stopped.

"This is a harsh article," he said bitterly.

"Which article?" asked Colonel Laurens.

"'The troops shall march out with colors cased and drums beating a British or German march,'" read the British colonel.

"Yes, sir," replied the American commissioner with some *sang froid*, "it is a harsh article."

"Then, Colonel Laurens, if that is your opinion, why is it here?"

"Your question, Colonel Ross, compels an observation which I would have suppressed," returned Laurens. "You seem to forget, sir, that I was a capitulant at Charleston, where General Lincoln, after a brave defense of six weeks in open trenches, by a very inconsiderable garrison, against the British army and fleet under Sir Henry Clinton and Admiral Arbuthnot, when your lines of approach were within pistol-shot of our field works, was refused any other terms for his gallant garrison than marching out with colors cased and drums *not* beating a British or German march."

"But," rejoined Colonel Ross, "my Lord Cornwallis did not command at Charleston."

"There, sir," said Colonel Laurens, "you extort another declaration: it is not the individual that is here considered, it is the nation. This remains an article or I cease to be a commissioner."

A few days later, when the British garrison marched forth and the proud grenadiers of Old England laid down their muskets between the drawn-up lines of the American and French armies, the colors were cased and the drums were playing a British march, and the tune that had been chosen for the occasion was known as "The World Turned Upside Down"!

Close to General Washington, when he received General O'Hara, whom Cornwallis had deputed to represent him in the closing scene of the surrender, stood a tall young officer with an upright figure and handsome face. It was the young man who had brought all this about; but he was there as an aid-de-camp simply, and he did his duty like any other who humbly wore his country's uniform.

The following afternoon the general orders began with this recording paragraph:

HEADQUARTERS NEAR YORK,
October 20, 1781.

The General congratulates the army upon the glorious event of yesterday. The generous proofs which his Most Christian Majesty has given of his attachment to the cause of America must force conviction in the minds of the most deceived among the enemy relatively to the decisive good consequences of the alliance, and inspire every citizen of these States with sentiments of the most unutterable gratitude. His fleet, the most numerous and powerful that ever appeared in these seas, commanded by an admiral whose fortune and talents insure great events; an army of the most admirable composition, both in officers and men, are the pledges of his friendship to the United States, and their coöperation has secured us the present signal success.

When the watchmen in the Philadelphia streets shouted the well-known midnight hail, "Twelve o'clock and all's well, and Cornwallis is taken!" they sounded the death-knell of the British power in America. The country had received its infusion of new blood, the heart was beating strongly. The nation was gathering strength.

To complete the account of this episode in Laurens's heroic career, let me again quote from Thacher's journal. Under the date of 19th of October, speaking of Cornwallis's being taken prisoner, he says:

Connected with this transaction there is a concurrence of circumstances so peculiar and remarkable that I cannot omit to notice them in this place. Mr. Henry Laurens, who was deputed by Congress as our ambassador to Holland, was captured and carried into England, and closely and most rigorously confined in the Tower of London. Lord Cornwallis sustains the office of Constable to the Tower; of course Mr. Laurens is his prisoner. The son, Colonel John Laurens, stipulates the conditions of the surrender of the constable, who becomes our prisoner, while Mr. Laurens, the father, remains confined in the Tower as a prisoner to the captured constable. Congress had proposed that Mr. Laurens should be received in exchange for General Burgoyne, but the proposal was rejected by the British Government. After Cornwallis was captured, however, he was readily received in exchange for Mr. Laurens.

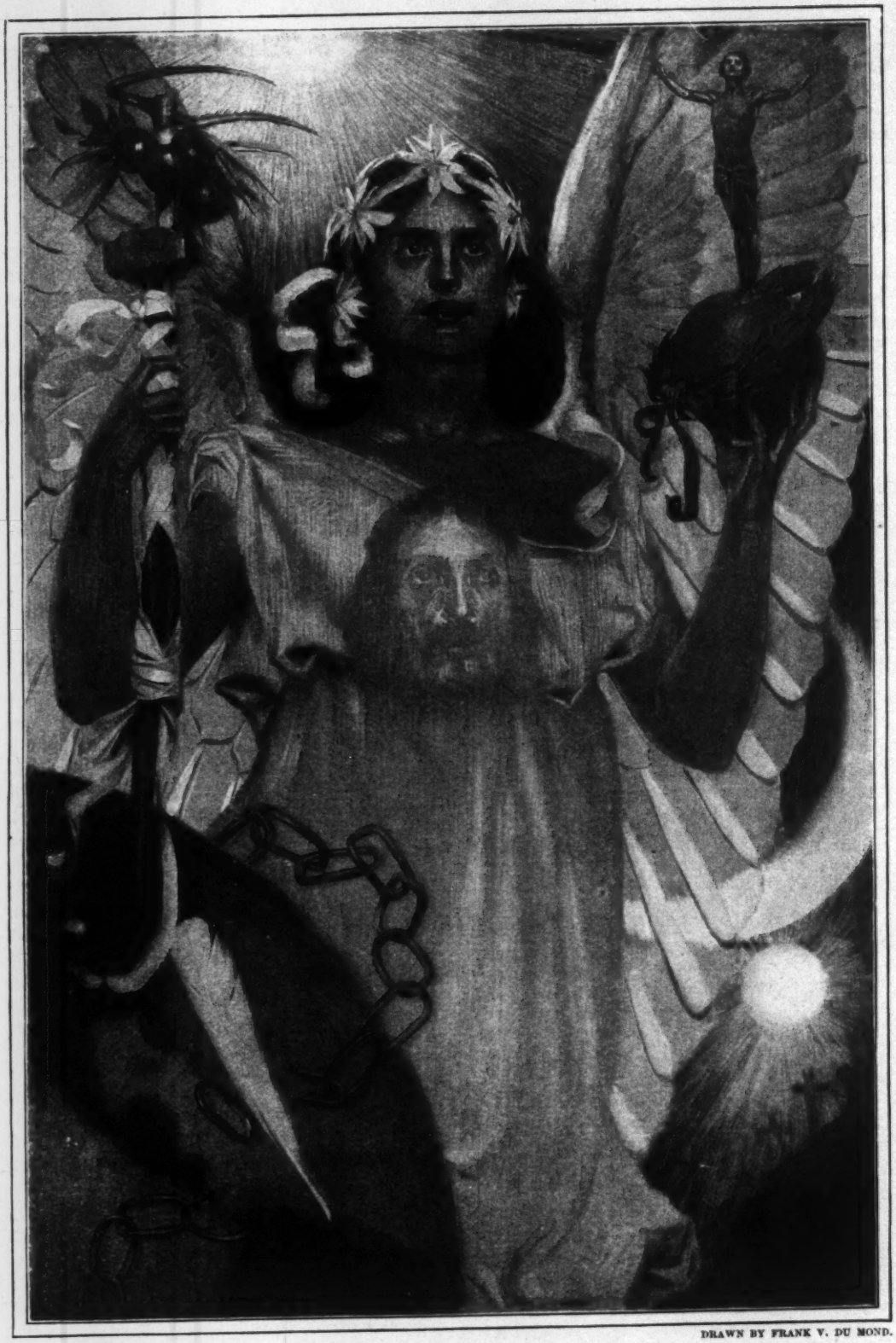
Young Laurens did not rest idle. True, he must have known the great value of his services, and that he had been instrumental in releasing his father from confinement must have caused him the greatest joy. But in the extreme South there was still fighting to be done, and not long after these events the Secretary of War received the following missive:

Dear Sir: I am writing you from a sick-bed, but I have just heard that General Greene has ordered a detachment to intercept a party of the British. I shall ask the command, and, if refused, I shall go as a volunteer.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN LAURENS.

General Greene, who was most anxious for the young officer's recovery, would have declined the request of Colonel Laurens, but the latter's determination to go as a volunteer decided the General to grant it. Owing to delay and accident, part of the troops detached to the support of the division did not reach the field in time to prevent an attack by a very superior force. Laurens arrived in the midst of the battle. He saw that the British advance must be stopped, and he hurried to save the left wing from destruction. Although so weak that he could hardly sit his horse, he called for a charge, and led his men against the bristling line. Slashing and cutting they went through. But a musket ball had found its mark. Mortally wounded, John Laurens fell; fell bravely, face to the foe.

Thus died this young soldier who had saved his country and had asked for no other reward than to serve her further. The Assistant Secretary of War at that time, who had granted his request for active service, wrote of him: "Colonel Laurens had exhibited such proofs of devoted patriotism, heroic valor, and splendid talents as would have secured for him the first honors of his country, as they impressed the deepest regret for his loss and the heart-felt tribute of gratitude to his memory." His name and his deeds should live. Indeed, of a truth, he was the man for the hour!



DRAWN BY FRANK V. DU MOND.

THE MUSE OF LABOR.

"I am Unselfish Service, I am Song."—*See poem on opposite page.*

SONG OF THE MUSE OF LABOR.

By Edwin Markham,

Author of "The Man with the Hoe" and other poems.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth.—St. John.

I come, O heroes, to the world gone wrong:
I bring the hope of nations, and I bear
The warm first rush of rapture in my song,
The faint first light of morning on my hair.

I look upon the ages from a tower;
I am the Muse of the Fraternal State;
No hand can hold me from my crowning hour;
My song is Freedom and my step is Fate.

The toilers go on broken at the heart;
They send the spell of beauty on all lands;
But what avail? the builders have no part—
No share in all the glory of their hands.

I have descended from Alcyone;
I am the Muse of Labor and of Mirth;
I come to break the chain of infamy
That Greed's blind hammers forge about the Earth.

I have descended from the Hidden Place,
To make dumb spirits speak and dead feet start:
I feel the wind of battles in my face,
I hear the song of nations in my heart.

I stand in Him, the Hero of the Cross,
To hurl down traitors that misspend His bread;
I touch the star of mystery and loss
To shake the kingdoms of the living dead.

I wear the flower of Christus for a crown;
I weigh the stars and give to each a name;
And through the hushed Eternity bend down
To strengthen gods and keep their souls from blame.

I come to overthrow the ancient wrong,
To let the joy of nations rise again:
I am Unselfish Service, I am Song,
I am the Hope that feeds the hearts of men.

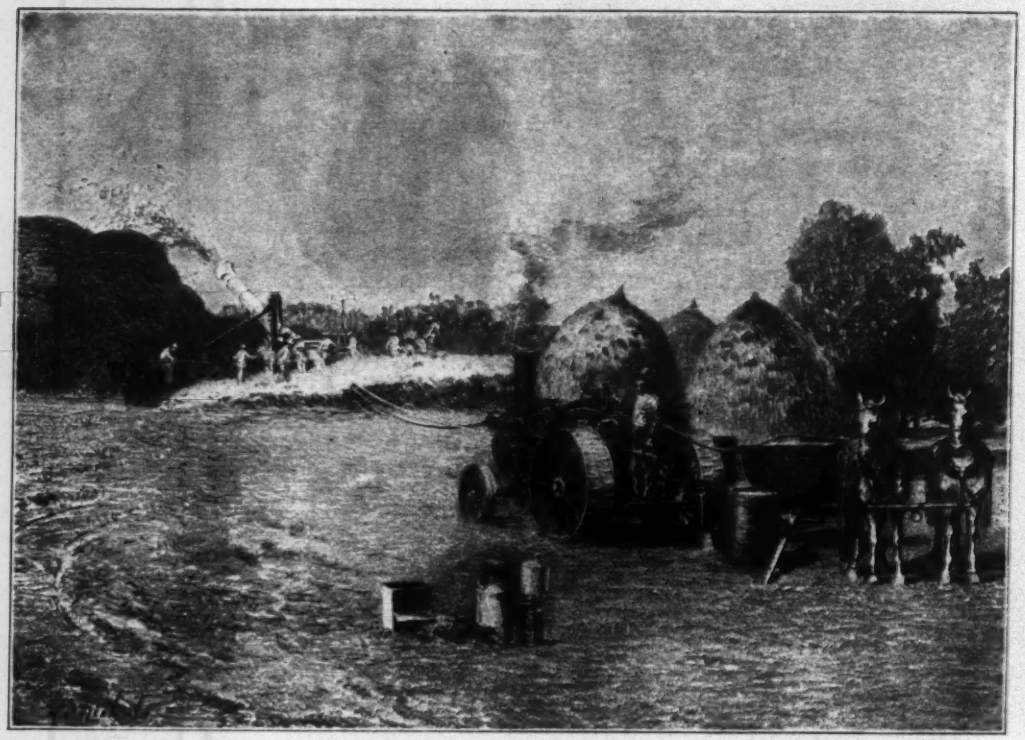
I am the Vision in the world-eclipse,
And where I pass the feet of Beauty burn;
And when I set the bugle to my lips,
The youth of work-worn races will return.

I am Religion, and the church I build
Stands on the sacred flesh with passion packed;
In me the ancient gospels are fulfilled—
In me the symbol rises into Fact.

I am the maker of the People's bread,
I bear the little burdens of the day;
Yet in the Mystery of Song I tread
The endless heavens and show the stars their way.

THRESHING WHEAT. A SCENE NEAR BEATRICE, NEBRASKA.

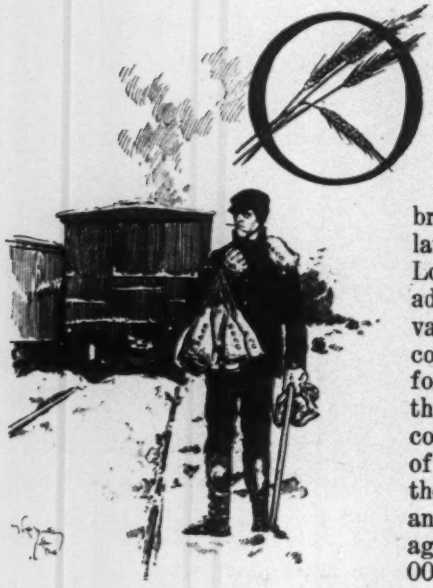
The large blow-pipe in the background carries off the chaff; it can be pointed in any direction that is desired.



THE MOVEMENT OF WHEAT.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

THE SOURCES AND VOLUME OF PRODUCTION.—THE MACHINERY AND METHODS OF DISTRIBUTION.—THE RAPIDITY OF CONSUMPTION.



ONE has only to watch for a few weeks, as I have been watching, the amazingly intricate operations of the machine which deposits each morning its supply of bread where that bread is to be eaten, never a loaf too much, but sometimes many loaves too few, to feel the mighty reality of the problem of food distribution. There are at present about 517,000,000 bread-eaters in the world, nearly eight times the population of the United States. An increase equal to two Londons is yearly swelling the enormous figures, the additions coming partly from births in the more advanced countries and partly from the training of the consumers of rice, rye, and the like into a preference for wheat foods. The deductions of years have shown that each bread-eater—man, woman, and child—will consume a barrel of flour (four and one-half bushels of wheat) every year. The French, the English, and the Americans eat more than the average; the Russians and the Germans eat less. On the basis of this average, the bread-eating world requires more than 2,300,000,000 bushels of wheat every twelve months to sup-

ply its table with bread. If the wheat fields of the world produce as much as this, then there is plenty and prosperity the world over; if the production is less, there is suffering and starvation. Few people realize how closely the crop is consumed each year. According to the statistician of the United States Department of Agriculture, the world's total production of wheat in 1897 was 2,226,745,000 bushels—not enough by millions of bushels to supply the world's food demand and furnish seed for the crops of another year. Consequently, countries of the earth where the crop was light were visited by want and high prices, in India the need even touching the point of famine. During the following year, 1898, the crop was enormous, reaching a total production reported as 2,879,924,000 bushels, but this is probably an over-estimate; and as a consequence, there was plenty of food in nearly every part of the world, with a pronounced return of prosperity in the agricultural regions of the United States.

Last year Sir William Crookes, the distinguished president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, considering the proportion between wheat production and wheat consumption, ventured to name the year 1931 as a date when the world's bread-eaters would cry for more wheat than the world's farmers could produce. There is good reason to believe, as Mr. Edward Atkinson has pointed out, that Sir William has vastly underestimated the wheat-growing possibilities of the earth, at least of the United States. Yet the statistics from which such prophecies are drawn show how very closely the consumer treads upon the heels of the producer, and how imperative is the necessity of distributing the crop—grown perhaps half a world away from the centers of consumption—as soon as it is shaken from the threshers in a million fields, in order that every white man shall have his loaf, and have it before his last supply has run out.

Great Britain eats her entire wheat crop in about thirteen weeks, and then she must be supplied immediately with the products of Minnesota or Central Russia or India, or else she must suffer. If the United Kingdom could be completely blockaded, say by the ships of allied Europe, her population would probably be totally extinguished by starvation within three months. The like is true of every country in Western Europe, although in some of them actual starvation could be much longer averted. This immediate requirement of the densely settled portions of the earth for a constant supply of bread overrides all laws and diplomatic and political considerations; it disregards customs duties and the boundaries of nations; and it is the foundation of the world's money systems; for wheat must move, that men may have bread.

DIRECTION AND FORCE OF THE WHEAT TIDES.

Generally speaking, the vast tides of wheat set to the east and north—from the emigrant farmers on the edge of civilization to the cities of the old countries; from America, Chili, and Argentine to Europe. There are

HARVESTING IN DAKOTA, ON A FARM OF 10,000 ACRES, 8,000 ACRES OF WHICH ARE UNDER CULTIVATION.

A SQUAD OF WHEAT SAMPLERS AT WORK.

From photographic documents furnished by the "Northwestern Miller."

lesser tides to the west and south, as from California to China, from Russia and India to England, from the United States to Brazil; but they are insignificant compared with the vast main tide from west to east. A few years may make great changes in these tides. The rice-eating Chinaman has tasted the food of the white man, and he finds it good. He could consume the present world's crop and still go hungry. Siberia, opened by the Russian railroad, may yet be one of the greatest wheat-producing countries. Australia has been farmed only around its fringes.

When a European thinks of food, he thinks in terms of wheat. He is the greatest of bread-eaters; where an American eats meat and potatoes, he eats meat and bread. Yet in the best of years Europe never produces enough, even including the crops from the vast fields of Russia, to supply her own needs. She is therefore absolutely dependent on the United States, India, Australia, and Argentine. If an open conflict between the United States and Europe should ever come, the American might go far toward winning his victory by a mere stoppage of the tide of food; he could almost starve his enemy into submission. Five countries of Europe produce more wheat than they can use—Russia, Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, and Roumania; but their surplus would be sufficient to supply only the needs of Holland, Belgium, Scandinavia, and little Switzerland, leaving unsatisfied the vast populations of Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Italy, and France. It is, therefore, no wonder that the question of food supply is constantly before the parliaments of Europe, and to a degree which the self-sufficient American, who produces enough of almost every commodity to supply his needs, cannot understand. It is no wonder that the British Government is discussing the feasibility of building national granaries and storing vast quantities of wheat against the emergencies of war or famine.

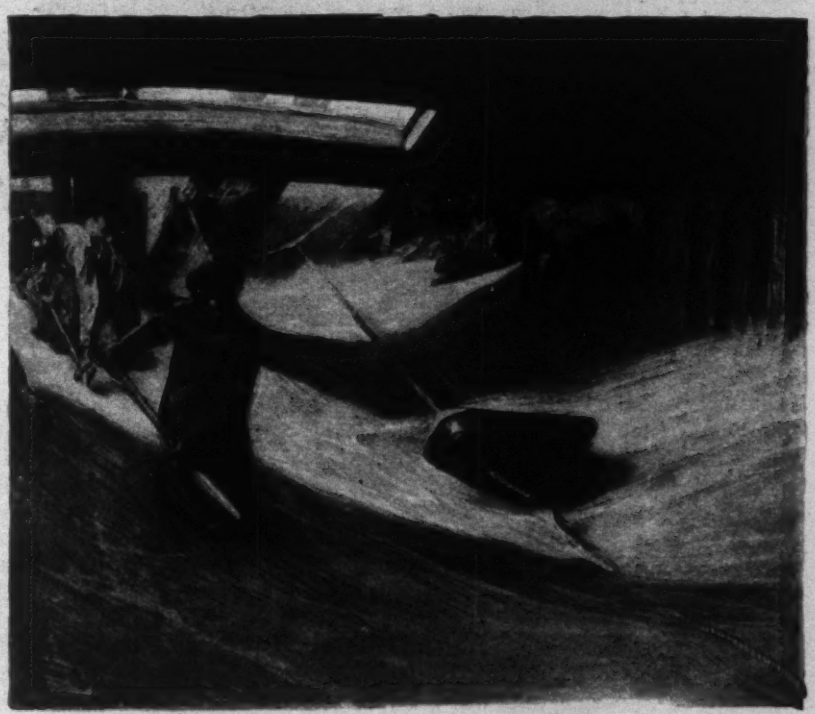
Yet North America is by no means the largest producer of wheat, although the day may not be far distant when it will take first rank. In 1898, American farmers grew over 758,000,000 bushels, or more than one-quarter of the world's production; but Europe produced 1,548,881,000 bushels, or more than one-half the world's production. Asia (mostly India and Turkey) came next, with 421,000,000 bushels. These three continents are the great wheat-producers. South America grows only 72,000,000 bushels, less by some 6,000,000 bushels than the production of the single State of Minnesota; Africa grows only 44,000,000 bushels; while Australia, which has been so much heralded as a source of wheat, comes last of all, with only about 35,000,000 bushels, or about the production of the State of Wisconsin, which is far from being first in the list of American States.

THE GREATEST OF ALL WHEAT TRADERS.

The American, with his enormous surplus of wheat for exportation, has become, nat-

urally, the greatest of all traders. He is practically the manager and dictator of the world's wheat movement. He is eminently practical, clear-headed, and far-sighted; and wherever I saw him—in Chicago, Minneapolis, New York, Duluth, Buffalo, Detroit, or Toledo—he was always astonishing, he came so near to the realization of the cosmopolite. Every morning he knows the conditions of the weather in Chili and the progress of threshing in India. The United States Government hangs at his elbow a map showing the rising storm in Montana, which may reduce by two per cent. the crops of northern Minnesota. His special newspapers inform him as to prices in Mark Lane, London; in the Produce Exchange, New York; on the Board of Trade, Chicago; in the Chamber of Commerce, Minneapolis. The railroad companies quote him daily rates for shipments to Rio Janeiro, Hamburg, and Hong Kong. His State government weighs his wheat as it arrives from the fields, and decides definitely as to its grade. He knows intimately how many bushels of wheat there are each morning at the great terminal elevator points the world over, how much is afloat in steamships, how much is being rushed across the continents in cars. His bank stands ready to advance him money at the lowest rates of interest to the full value of the slips of paper which record his elevator holdings. He knows the personal traits and the needs of half the races of the earth. He knows, for instance, just when the Chinaman can be persuaded to buy his cheap flours instead of rice. He knows that Germany will use his bran for making molasses cakes. He knows that the Finns will sometimes eat his wheat, though grown 4,000 miles away, in preference to the flour of Russia. He knows that the Frenchman eats more bread than the Englishman, and the Englishman more than the American; and while there is wheat in the bins of Manitoba or Buffalo he will not allow the poorest bakeshop in London to go without bread to sell. So vast are his dealings that thousands have become units to him; when he sells "10 wheat," he means 10,000 bushels, not ten bushels. He knows just where in all the world wheat will be scarce, and he prepares over night to turn all his elevators, railroads, canals, and steamship lines to satisfying the demand. He may not know a harvesting machine from a gangplow, this trader of wheat; but his eye is always on the thin, wavering ratio line between population and production; he is always facing world-wide starvation, and always averting it by his splendidly organized business machinery. Indeed, there is no more impressive spectacle in the whole scheme of human life than the almost frantic energy and haste of the men of the wheat pits, of the railroad and steamship lines, and of the mills, each fighting tooth and nail for his own personal gain, and yet serving all unconsciously the mighty world purpose of feeding the city from the surplus of the distant field.

A few estimates as to this year's crop—



UNLOADING WHEAT FROM THE HOLD OF A LAKE STEAMER.

Men shovel the wheat by hand into the path of a traveling steam-shovel, which carries it to a line of traveling buckets; and these, in turn, take it up into the elevator.

the crop of 1899—will give some idea of the wheat business of the American:

For feeding his 74,000,000 inhabitants for one year, at 4⅔ bushels each, he will need . . .	345,000,000 bushels.
For seeding his wheat farms of 47,000,000 acres, at 1½ bushels to the acre, he will need . .	70,500,000 bushels.
Total requirement for one year .	415,500,000 bushels.

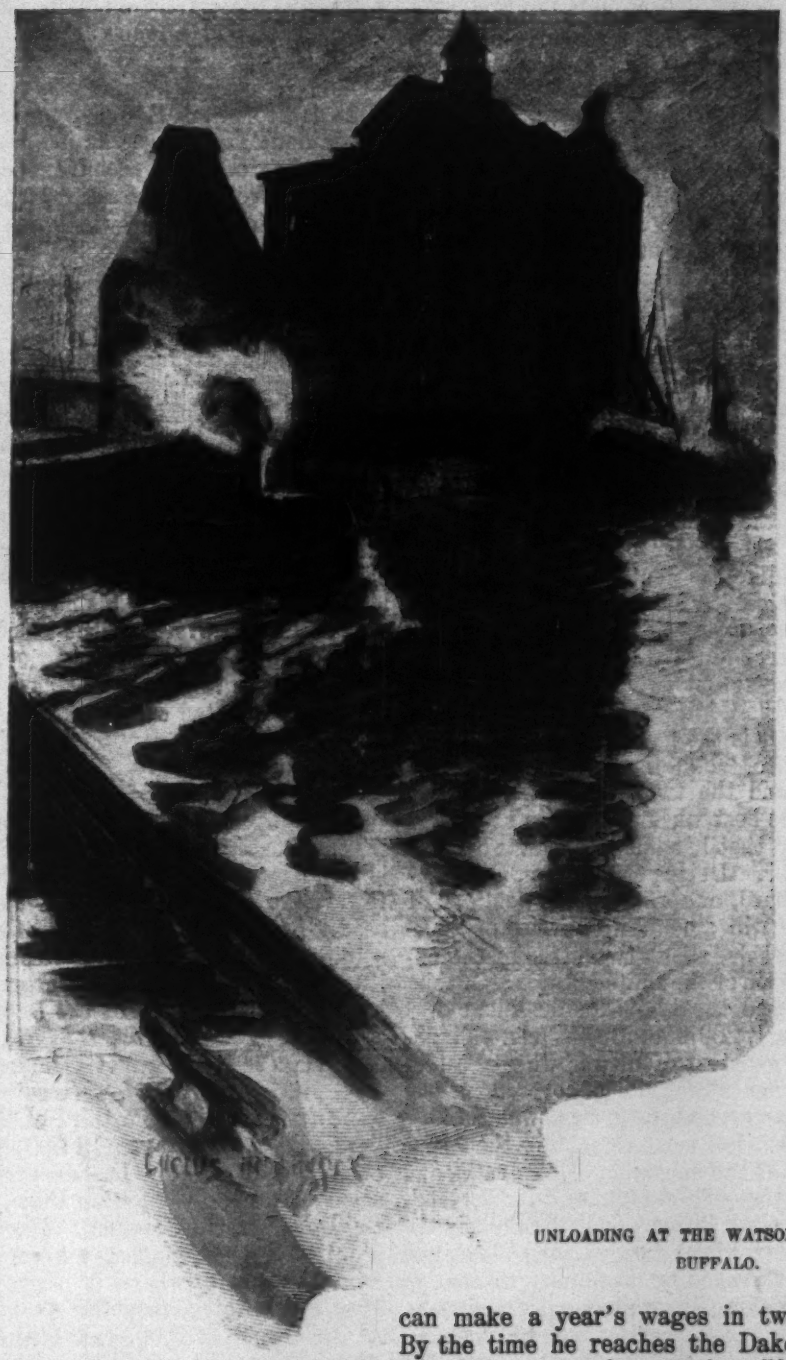
He will get from the crop of 1899 something over 600,000,000 bushels of wheat, and that will leave him approximately 200,000,000 bushels to send abroad to his hungry brethren of other nations. More than a third of this he will grind, and export in the form of flour; the remainder he will send as wheat. And in addition to this great exportation and the incident handling and conveyance, there is the interior distribution of wheat and flour in the United States, the movement from the fields in the West to the populous centers of the East, which is an immense business in itself, exceeding in volume the entire domestic food movement of all the countries of Europe.

GRAIN ELEVATOR AT BUFFALO.

In spite of the eagerness of the American trader and his great shipments, he never sells down below a certain huge surplus. On the 1st of July, 1899, for instance, what is called the "visible supply" of grain in elevators at such terminal points as Duluth, Minneapolis, and Chicago, together with the wheat in transport on ships and cars, amounted to about 74,000,000 bushels. The invisible supply in the farmers' hands and in country elevators on the same date has been roughly estimated at 70,000,000 bushels, making a total of 144,000,000 bushels on hand at the beginning of harvest this year. The surplus varies from time to time, being smallest in the summer just before the new crop comes in; but it is always large. It is the mighty trade buffer which prevents the running of "corners" and preserves the equilibrium of price and movement. Let a Leiter try to control all the wheat in the country, and the canny trader permits him to dip deep into the surplus, and he suddenly finds himself so loaded down with wheat the very existence of which he hardly realized, that he loses millions in trying to save himself by selling out.

THE MARCH OF THE HARVESTERS.

Hardly less impressive than the eastward flow of the wheat is the northward march of the harvesters. This begins at the bottom of the world, in November, with the harvests of Peru and the southern tip of Africa. Then comes Burma in December; in January, Australia and Argentine; in February and March, the East Indies and Upper Egypt; in April, the wheat belts of Asia Minor, Persia, and India, and, on our own continent, Mexico. It is not until May that the harvesters touch the United States; in that month they reach Florida and Texas, and, in foreign countries, Japan and northern Africa. With June, the wheat harvest in the United States begins in earnest, and from that time until the 1st of September, when the last harvester has passed northward out of the Red River Valley, there is not an hour of daylight when the click of the reapers cannot be heard. July and August are the harvest months of northern civilization. In the United States, the harvest-time succession has developed its own typical harvester. He appears with the ripening of crops in Oklahoma, ragged, unkempt, and



UNLOADING AT THE WATSON ELEVATOR, BUFFALO.

penniless, but ready to do a man's full work for double wages. As soon as the Oklahoma grain is safely in shock, he marches northward. Somewhere in Nebraska or Kansas he acquires a blanket, possibly a black tin tea-pail, and a little money. He is then known as a "wheat stiff," or sometimes as a "blanket stiff." If he is industrious, he can make a year's wages in two months. By the time he reaches the Dakotas, he is one of an army of more than 50,000 men, many of whom have been drawn from St. Paul, Chicago, and even farther east, tempted by low railroad fares, large wages, and bountiful board. In September, the harvester, now no longer penniless, disappears from the knowledge of men; where he goes no one can say; but with another June he will be found waiting in Oklahoma ready for the

ripening of wheat. And he is the first, and not the least interesting, of the movers of wheat.

THE SHIFTING OF THE CENTER OF PRODUCTION.

Another one of the great movements pertaining to wheat is the change of location in the center of wheat production. Only six States east of the Mississippi had a larger wheat acreage in 1897 than they had at the time of the eleventh census in 1890. On the other hand, every State west of the Mississippi, with the single exception of Missouri, showed a considerable increase; and the production of wheat on the Pacific Coast had made a phenomenal advance, constituting in itself in 1897 thirteen and three-tenths per cent. of the total production of the country. Thus the center of American wheat production, like the center of population, is advancing rapidly westward.

The wheat grown in the United States is of two general kinds. One is the old-fashioned plump-kernel winter wheat, grown through all the Central and Southern States; and the other is the hard spring wheat—the "Scotch Fife" and the "Blue Stem" of Minnesota and the two Dakotas—for many purposes the best wheat grown in the world and the kind that has made the fame of Minneapolis flour. During this season, the product of the hard, or spring, wheat sections of the country will amount to upward of 240,000,000 bushels, about two-fifths of the entire production of the United States. Of this, Minnesota and the two Dakotas alone will produce nearly 200,000,000 bushels. Minnesota is the greatest of all the wheat States. Last year her wheat fields covered nearly 5,000,000 acres, and she grew upward of 78,000,000 bushels—more than twice the entire production of the continent of Australia, and more than that of Great Britain and Ireland.

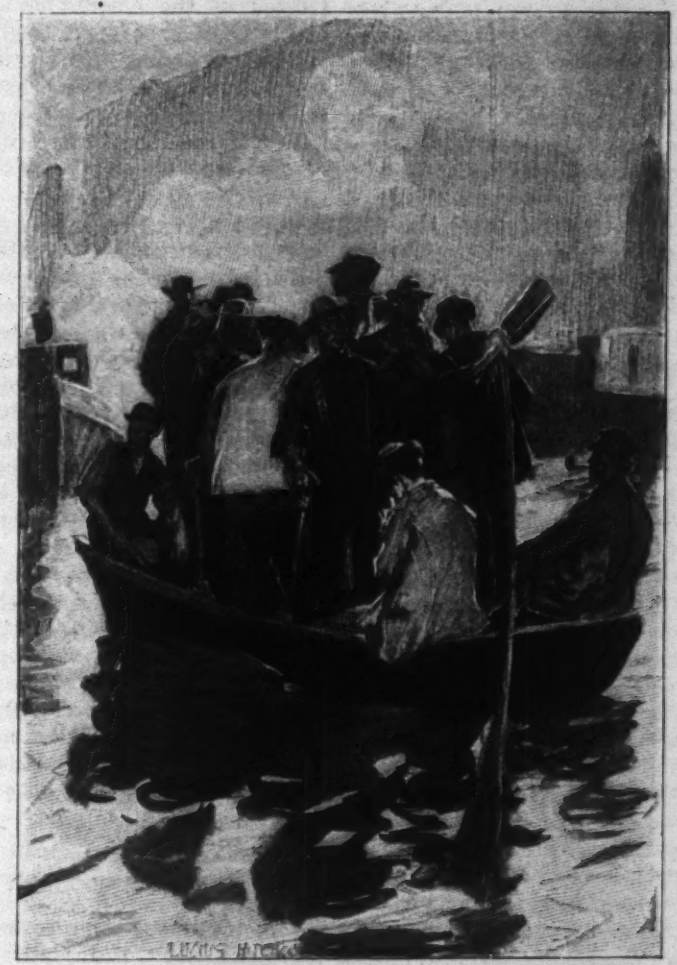
The American farmer, and particularly the Northwestern wheat farmer, who plows and reaps and threshes by machinery without so much as touching his product with his hands, is becoming preëminently a man of business. The Government has supplied colleges for educating him, and it sends him regular bulletins containing the results of long-continued experiments conducted by the Department of Agriculture. He is a wide reader, sometimes a thinker, and always a politician. Every morning during the days of harvest he receives the reports of the board of trade or the chamber of commerce where his wheat is likely to be sold. He also has on his desk daily prices and a general advisory letter from his commission men. He is even beginning to study the government crop reports and to watch the crop probabilities of Russia and Argentine as an indication of the trend of prices. A prominent commission man of Detroit told me that large numbers of farmers in Michigan, which has the oldest and best of agricultural colleges, had put in telephones, so that they could keep more closely in touch with the city markets and be ready at a moment's notice to take advantage of any advance in price. In Dakota, some of the bonanza farmers have special telegraph lines running into their houses. All this recently developed business acumen on the part of the farmer is increasing marvelously the rapidity and efficiency of the distribution. Only a few years ago the railroad elevator buyer was the only man who could quote prices, and the farmers, knowing that they were at his mercy, were suspicious and slow. Now the more advanced of them know the reigning prices in Liverpool from day to day almost as soon as the most sophisticated city trader.

HOW THE FARMER DISPOSES OF HIS WHEAT.

The primary movement of wheat is the natural flow to the local flour-mill, where it is ground to feed the farmer's family, and toward the granary, where it is stored up for seed. The proportion of wheat thus actually retained and consumed in the country where it is grown is astonishingly large. According to the statistician of the Department of Agriculture, half of the crops of Ohio, Iowa, Virginia, California, and Oklahoma are eaten where they are grown. Minnesota and Michigan farmers consume a third of their wheat. Pennsylvania eats over 18,000,000 bushels out of the 26,000,000 bushels produced. In some of the States—among them, all of New England, South Carolina, Mississippi, and Montana—not so much as a kernel gets away from the county where it is grown. In all the United States, about 276,000,000 bushels of the crop of 675,000,000 bushels for 1898 were consumed immediately at home.

When the farmer has amply provided for himself, he begins to think of selling his surplus—which in 1898, for the whole United States, amounted to the enormous total of 400,000,000 bushels. Of this, something less than half is consumed in the cities of the United States, and something more than half is exported to foreign countries, either as

wheat or as flour. The wheat crop of the average year is, therefore, divided into three more or less equal parts, the first being consumed by the farmer and his immediate neighbors of the smaller towns and villages, the second going to supply the concentrated masses of population in the great cities, and the third being exported as wheat or flour to feed the foreigner. These are most important factors in the general economy of the nations, for the longer the producer can preserve intact the present relation between the wheat consumed at home and that exported, the greater will the country become, the larger the number of farmers' sons who will be educated in the agricultural colleges, and the larger the number of farmers' daughters who will play upon pianos.



GRAIN "SCOOPERS" GOING TO WORK IN BUFFALO HARBOR.

There are three general methods by which the wheat farmer disposes of his crop. In the prolific Northwest, where large numbers of farmers are cultivating from 3,000 to 10,000 acres of wheat a year, where the various farm buildings are connected by telephone, where the plowing is done by complicated machinery, where the farmer owns from two to ten threshing-machines, from twenty to fifty reapers, and hundreds of cattle and horses, the sale of a crop becomes a large business transaction. I met a Dakota farmer of the bonanza type who had two large elevators, one at each end of his 3,000 acres of wheat. Here the grain was stored as fast as it came from the threshers, and freight cars could be run on the special side-tracks which had been provided by the railroad company, and the wheat shipped at a moment's notice. This farmer expected a crop of 50,000 bushels from his land. At sixty cents a bushel, the net price he ex-

pected to receive, his income from his crop for the year would be about $30,000. Some of the great farmers even keep special agents in the chamber of commerce at Minneapolis or on the board of trade at Duluth. These agents watch their opportunity, and sell portions of the crop from time to time for future delivery, as the reigning price attracts them. Of course, this wholesale method of doing business is only possible among the bonanza farmers. But there is a considerable class of somewhat less extensive wheat-growers who have of late years formed close business relations with commission men at such terminal points as Chicago, Duluth, Minneapolis, St. Louis, and Toledo. They order cars themselves, and ship their grain direct, thereby avoiding the middleman charge of the local dealer, and get a price remarkably close to the city quotations. Some of these farmers even go so far as to sell on the board for future delivery.

THE LOCAL ELEVATOR MAN.

But the great mass of smaller farmers, especially throughout the winter-wheat States, still sell in the old-fashioned way, to the local elevator man or buyer. They keep themselves so thoroughly informed, however, as to the reigning prices in the great marts and the probabilities as to rise or fall, that the commissions of the local dealer have been scaled to the lowest notch. Indeed, in this day of many railroads, if the small wheat-grower is dissatisfied with local prices, he can combine with his neighbors—a not infrequent occurrence—and ship directly by carload lots to some city commission man, who is only too willing to buy his grain at the highest possible price. So fierce is the competition among the wheat-buyers that at some centers, most notably Minneapolis, vast systems of elevators have sprung up, each controlled by a powerful central house at the terminal point. There are no fewer than thirty-six elevator companies in Minneapolis, controlling 1,862 country elevators with a combined capacity of nearly 50,000,000 bushels of wheat. A single company controls 115 country elevators having a capacity of 4,750,000 bushels of wheat. And the head of this company is also the head of other companies there, having lines of elevators in Minnesota and the Dakotas with a combined storage capacity of nearly 10,000,000 bushels. He also has lines of elevators in Nebraska and Kansas. He is said to be the largest individual wheat-dealer in the world. These elevators are distributed along nearly every railroad line touching Minneapolis, and they form a network of business enterprise covering five States. Every part of every system vibrates in instant sympathy with the controlling head at Minneapolis, and deals are made with a rapidity fairly dizzying to the outsider. The manager of a local house may buy a thousand bushels in a day. The central office at Minneapolis is immediately informed of the amount by telegraph, and within an hour every bushel is sold on the floor of the Chamber of Commerce. Indeed, so rapid and successful is this system of crop movement, that of the wheat of 1898 less than thirty per cent., according to statistics of the Department of Agriculture, was left on hand on March 1, 1899. In other words, more than two-thirds of a year's crop had actually been disposed of within a half year.

Perhaps no one thing so simplifies and facilitates the movement of wheat as the present rigid system of inspection and grading. In former times a load of grain must needs be carefully examined by every prospective purchaser, were he miller or commission man; and if this buyer sold again, a second examination became necessary, with its attendant disagreement as to quality. The business of wheat-buying, indeed, was full of time-consuming details, and in the end neither party to a trade was likely to be satisfied. As a consequence, the State government, or, in some primary markets, the local chamber of commerce, stepped in, and assumed charge of the whole system of grading and inspection; and now no portion of the great wheat business moves with more ease and efficiency, a degree of care and accuracy simply amazing to the outsider being constantly maintained.

A TYPICAL SYSTEM OF GRADING.

Minneapolis is the greatest primary wheat market in the world, and it is here that the system may be seen to its best advantage. During the crop year ended August 31, 1898, Minneapolis received upward of 75,000,000 bushels of wheat, besides vast stores of other grain. It will be seen that so slight a mistake in inspection or grading as the equivalent of one cent a bushel on the wheat would mean the improper distribution of $750,000 in money in a single year. The Minnesota system of inspection is under the supervision of the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission, which meets in St. Paul every August for the purpose of establishing grades for

the ensuing year. Notices are published, and the grain men of the State are invited to attend and make suggestions for changes or improvements in the system. Last winter the number of grades was fixed at eighteen. The first (and it is the pride of Minnesota) was No. 1 Hard Spring Wheat; and the second, No. 1 Northern Spring Wheat. Here are the descriptions of these two grades:

No. 1 Hard Spring Wheat.—No. 1 hard spring wheat must be sound, bright, and well cleaned, and must be composed mostly of hard Scotch Fife, and weigh not less than fifty-eight pounds to the measured bushel.

No. 1 Northern Spring Wheat.—No. 1 northern spring wheat must be sound and well cleaned, and must be composed of the hard and soft varieties of spring wheat.

The deputy inspector and his men are out early in the morning. The cars from the wheat fields have been shunted to their special sidings in each of the yards. One man goes ahead, recording the numbers and initials of the cars, and examining the seals to see that no one has tampered with them. A second man breaks the seals and opens the doors, and then comes the deputy himself—the wheat expert. He is quick and keen, long schooled in observing the minute differences which mark the wheat from different parts of the country. I saw one grizzly old inspector who had become so expert that, according to humorous report, he could tell what county in the West a car of wheat came from merely by sniffing a pinch of the grain. The inspector looks sharply for threshers' dust, oats, cockle; and he examines the kernels keenly to see if they are shrunken or burnt; and then he smells for smut. He even plunges a hollow brass tube into the heap to make sure that some cunning shipper has not put in a layer or "plug" of poorer grade wheat at the bottom of the car. Usually he is able to decide on the grade of a carload almost as soon as he sees the wheat; but sometimes he is compelled to take out a pinch here and there, and then weigh it in a little brass kettle, to make sure that it comes strictly within the lawful specifications. He is an absolutely impartial judge. He records only the number and initials of the car. He never knows who is the shipper. I heard of one deputy who inspected his own brother's wheat for six months without knowing whose it was.

The official inspector is accompanied by a number of active young men of the sampling bureau, which represents the great elevator and commission houses. They climb into the car, thrust a brass plunger deep into the wheat, bring up a sample here and there, fill a bag, label it with the number and initials of the car, and pass on with the inspector. It is swift work, of necessity, for the samples must be in at the opening of the Chamber of Commerce, where, set out in little tin pans, each bearing the grade tag of the State inspector, they form the basis of the day's trading. Of such wheat as now comes into the market an inspector can inspect and grade thirty or forty cars an hour; but eight or ten years ago he could inspect and grade from sixty to ninety cars in an hour, the wheat at that time being much cleaner, owing to its coming from newer and less weedy fields, and to more careful threshing. In about half the cars the inspector must now sift and weigh samples of the grain to see how many pounds to the bushel it must be docked for dirt and oats. The highest grade of Minnesota wheat is very rare and precious, and happy is the farmer who ships it. Of 995 cars of new wheat marketed in Minneapolis during August, 1899, only five cars graded No. 1 Hard, while 296 were set down as No. 1 Northern, 387 as No. 2 Northern, 156 as No. 3 Northern, 62 were rejected, and 89 were marked "no grade." The last two classes are sold by the commission men for what they will bring, and the wheat may later be dried, scoured or cleaned of dirt by the elevator men, so that it will come up to grade specifications.

After an inspector has finished his work, the cars are resealed with a State seal, to await the disposition of the purchaser. Everything is done promptly and in a thoroughly business-like manner, and the wheat is rarely delayed more than a day in the cars in which it arrives. The State keeps complete records and samples of every car inspected until the wheat has passed entirely out of the market, so that should any dispute arise, it could be instantly and amicably settled. It sometimes happens that the commission man believes that the wheat is entitled to a higher grade than the inspector has given it. If so, he may appeal from the inspector's decision to a State board which is especially appointed to hear his complaint. If the grade is changed after a second examination, the State bears the expense of the inspection; if not, it is borne by the objecting commission man. It may be said to the credit of these inspectors, that during the crop year ended August 31, 1898, out of 220,777 cars inspected, only 16,104 were held for reinspection, and in only half of these was the grade changed.

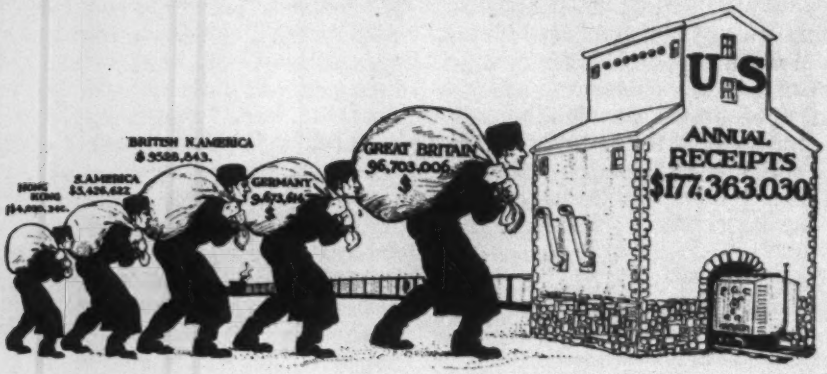


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ANNUAL RECEIPTS OF THE UNITED STATES FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES FOR WHEAT.

The State charges a small fee for its services as inspector—twenty cents a car—and later it steps in and officially weighs all the wheat as it is distributed into the elevators. For the crop year ended August 31, 1898, the total expense to the State was $191,681, nearly covered by fees.

THE WHEAT TRADERS AND THEIR METHODS.

About ten o'clock in the morning, the wheat traders of the great primary markets like Chicago, Minneapolis, Duluth, St. Louis, and Toledo gather on 'change. The samples from hundreds of cars are ready on the tables, each with its tag telling the name of the commission man, the grade and dockage, and the number of the car. Big dials and blackboards distributed about the room tell the story of the price fluctuations in the market at Chicago, and usually in the markets of several other cities, including, of course, the local market. The elevator men, the millers or their buyers, and the commission men swarm about the tables, buying as many carloads as they may have orders for. In Minneapolis, a very large proportion of the wheat is bought in for the millers; in Chicago and other cities it is bought for storing against a rise in price or for immediate shipment. The seller makes a notation of each sale on his "sold" card, and the buyer enters his purchase on his "bought" card.

So far, the trading is as simple as the selling of a calico dress by sample—I have grain to sell, and you buy it. But the most important feature of the wheat exchange is not this buying and selling of cash wheat. It is rather the trading in futures, a branch of the wheat business little understood by the outside public, and often unjustly judged on account of its abuses. It has played of late years an immensely important part in making the movement of wheat swift and certain, and in permitting the middleman to do business on a very narrow, but still profitable, margin.

The selling of futures grew out of actual necessity. Early in the sixties, before the railroads had reached out into the West, the elevator men of Red Wing, Minnesota, then a great wheat market, were compelled to buy the farmer's wheat in quantities in the fall, store it all winter, and float it down the Mississippi in the spring. They bought without the slightest idea of what the price would be when they came to sell, and the fluctuations of war times were wide and frequent. As a consequence, the Red Wing traders were compelled to buy very low from the farmers, to avoid any possibility of loss when they came to sell, and their profits were quite likely to be enormous. This condition of the grain trade, with the resultant dissatisfaction among the farmers, was the direct cause of the practice of selling for the future. The date of the first transaction is not known, but it was in the winter of 1868–69 that the system was first generally used. The wheat was sold for delivery in May. It was a simple business transaction, a man selling wheat which he had actually in his possession, to be delivered to the buyer at a future time. From this primitive and perfectly wholesome form, the practice, however, finally developed into such refinements of pure speculation that now immense sales, for "future" delivery, are made by men who don't possess, and don't expect to possess, a grain of actual wheat, to men who have no desire or expectation of ever getting any.

COMPARATIVE WHEAT PRODUCTION OF THE DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

THE MAMMOTH ELEVATORS.

Having been sold on the trading board of the terminal market, the wheat is stored in elevators, each grade by itself, and elevator receipts are issued to the owners. These receipts play an important part in every wheat transaction. They are accepted by banks as security for loans to nearly the full value in money of the wheat they represent. Both the State and the local chambers of commerce watch the elevators with critical eyes, for it is upon the absolute trustworthiness of these receipts that the trade bases its money transactions.

The four great wheat elevator centers are Minneapolis, Duluth, Chicago, and Buffalo. I visited some of the elevators in the last-named city—elevators that have a storage capacity of from 100,000 to 2,500,000 bushels, some of them built of steel, operated by electricity from Niagara Falls, protected from fire by pneumatic water systems, and having complete machinery for cleaning, drying, and scouring the wheat, when that is necessary. The elevators are provided with so-called "legs," long spouts, containing moving bucket-belts, which are lowered into the hold of a grain-laden vessel. Here the wheat is shoveled by grimy workmen, toiling in a cloud of dust, into the pathway of huge steam shovels, which, in turn, draw the yellow load—it looks from above like so much sand—to the ends of the "legs," where the buckets seize it, and carry it upward into the elevator, and distribute it among the various bins. A cargo of 180,000 bushels can thus be unloaded in a few hours, while legs on the other side of the elevator will reload it into cars, six at a time in five minutes, or in an hour fill a canal-boat. The cost of all these operations has been reduced to a ridiculously low figure—the entire work of unloading, storing, and reloading rarely adding more than one cent to the price of a bushel of wheat.

TRANSPORTATION TO THE SEABOARD.

The transportation of the wheat from the West to the seaboard is a business of almost inconceivable magnitude. It means millions of dollars a year to railroad and ship owners, and during the rush season of the late fall, so great is the demand for transportation, that shippers find difficulty in obtaining enough cars and vessels. Most of the wheat of the Northwest goes by way of the lakes, through the Sault de Sainte Marie Canal, to Buffalo, where it is shipped by rail or canal to New York, Boston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. Few there are who appreciate the magnitude of the lake shipping interests, which have been developed to a considerable extent by the transportation of wheat. Duluth-Superior is the second port in the United States in point of tonnage, being exceeded only by New York. The Sault de Sainte Marie Canal passes two and a half times as much tonnage in eight months as the Suez Canal passes in a full year. Lake shipping furnishes, moreover, the cheapest transportation in the world, the rate being approximately three-quarters of a mill per ton per mile. Some of the greater lake vessels carry enormous cargoes—up to 250,000 bushels of wheat in a single load. Without comparisons it is difficult to form any conception of the immensity of a cargo of this size. In Duluth, 700 bushels are estimated as a carload. At that rate, a cargo of 252,000 bushels, which has actually been transported from Duluth to Buffalo, would fill 360 cars, or nine trains of forty cars each. At fifteen bushels to the acre, this

cargo would represent the yield of 16,800 acres of land. In many localities, a farm of 160 acres is looked upon as a large one. It would take 105 such farms to raise enough wheat to furnish this one cargo.

No better tribute could be paid to the magnificent transportation machinery of the country than a simple statement of the freight rates on grain to foreign ports. A bushel of wheat, or an equivalent amount of flour, can be shipped from Minneapolis to almost any point in Western Europe for about twenty cents. This includes no fewer than three reshipments—at Duluth, Buffalo, and New York. It is a curious and significant fact for the economists to explain, that it costs almost as much to transport a bushel of wheat from the Dakota fields to Duluth as it does to send the same wheat from Duluth through to Liverpool. A similar condition apparently exists in England. A recent writer in the "Bankers' Magazine" of London says that shippers in America can move grain from Duluth to Liverpool for less than the English railroads charge for carrying it from Liverpool to Leicester. The same writer, in comparing Old World methods of wheat-dealing with New, pays a splendid tribute to the genius of the American trader. He says:

> The cost of growing wheat is only one factor in the problem which the Americans are solving so successfully—of how the New World is to feed the Old. No less important are the railroads with which the Western States are now gridironed, the rolling stock, beside which our own is quite out of date, and the ubiquitous agencies that exist for collecting grain, grading it, and hurrying it through to the seaboard in train-loads of 300 or 400 tons each. The financing of the crop requires a most extensive ramification of local bankers and grain brokers, who have all to be "bright men" if they mean to fulfill their first duty as Americans and "get on top." The elevator companies, who store grain at the railroad centers, whence it can be shipped east at an hour's notice, are indispensable wheels in the machine. Even the speculators in the "wheat pit," who buy and sell "futures," have their legitimate use. Their dealings create a free market for grain such as exists nowhere else. Through them millions of bushels can be bought or sold any morning. Orders which might take days to execute at Liverpool or Mark Lane are the work of a moment in Chicago. In the case of a foreign purchase, the grain can be on the way to the port of shipment the same night. So on all the way through, in every branch of the wheat business, from growing it to making markets for it, the American is *facile princeps*. He handles millions of bushels where European dealers seldom get beyond thousands, and his methods are proportionately massive.

THE FOREIGN CONSUMERS.

This year the United States will export about 200,000,000 bushels of its wheat crop, about 80,000,000 bushels, or 18,000,000 barrels, of which will be in the form of flour. Last year was the greatest in the history of the country for flour exports, every civilized nation on the face of the earth and many uncivilized nations having bought flour at the American mill. The average price of a bushel of wheat exported in the fiscal year ended in 1899 was 74.77 cents, and the price per bushel for the wheat exported in the form of flour was 87.67 cents, calculating that four and one-half bushels of wheat are used in the production of a barrel of flour. This adds 12.9 cents to the amount of money received for each bushel of wheat sent abroad in this form, thus bringing to American industry over $10,000,000 in one year as a compensation for the enterprise which transformed the 80,000,000 bushels of grain into the 18,000,000 barrels of flour exported.

In this connection Western millers complain much of the present treaty agreements of the United States with certain foreign powers, which permit the entrance of American wheat at a much lower proportionate tariff than American flour, thereby encouraging the shipment of the raw wheat and its manufacture abroad in competition with American mills. In Brazil, for instance, wheat is admitted free, whereas there is a duty of fifty cents a barrel on flour. In Austria, flour pays $1.61 a barrel and wheat only 19.5 cents a bushel; in France, flour is $1.88 and wheat 36.8 cents; while in Russia, wheat is admitted free, and flour pays a duty of 83.8 cents. The millers feel that the United States should seek by reciprocity treaties to secure the introduction of flour and wheat into all foreign countries on a basis of equality.

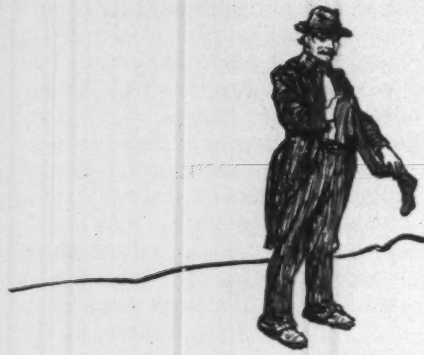
But in spite of all discrimination, the foreign sale of American flour is increasing enormously—from about 4,000,000 barrels in 1875 to over 10,000,000 barrels in 1885, and 18,000,000 barrels in the present year. American flour is shipped 5,000 miles to compete with Russian flour in Germany; and, more wonderful still, Western millers are actually selling their cheaper grades of flour in China to compete with the native-grown rice. The exportation of flour to Hong Kong will exceed 1,000,000 barrels in the year 1899, while in 1889 the number was only 378,634 barrels. The flour shipped to Hong Kong is distributed largely in China. Considerable quantities also are shipped direct to Japan and the Philippines. In ten years our flour trade in Japan has increased elevenfold, while in all Asia it has risen from 418,-

353 barrels in 1889 to about 1,750,000 in 1899. In South America the growth has been less rapid. Germany took 500,000 barrels in 1899 compared with only 13,000 barrels in 1889. Holland has become one of our very best customers, but does not compare with Great Britain, which has nearly doubled her imports since 1889, so that she now buys of us more than 10,000,000 barrels a year, or considerably more than half of our entire exportations. The English are fond of our flour. They buy the best grades, and they know the best brands. The flour is exported in 280 and 140 pound sacks. It goes in free of duty, and so the prices in England range remarkably close to the prices in America. During the fiscal year ended last June, Great Britain paid us nearly $100,000,000 out of our total receipts of $177,000,000 for flour and wheat exported to foreign countries. Germany came next, then Canada, and then South America—chiefly Brazil. In former years New York had the lion's share of the wheat export business; but latterly Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and Galveston have been large exporters. For the fiscal year 1899, New York took only 28.8 per cent., while New Orleans and Galveston had 16.9 per cent. each, Boston 12, Baltimore 9.4 (against 15 per cent. in 1898), and Philadelphia had 6 per cent., the remainder being scattered between Montreal, Portland, Norfolk, and Newport News.

THE PROFIT OF THE FARMER.

Now, from all this vast production and distribution what is the result in profit and prosperity to the American farmer? This is, of course, a most important question, for the volume of the wheat business rises and falls in direct proportion to the prosperity of the wheat-raiser, and a reduction of his profits means a sluggish movement of wheat; but I can barely touch upon it here. It is exceedingly difficult to arrive at the exact cost of producing grain; there are, indeed, as many estimates as there are investigators. But the Wisconsin State Bureau of Labor and Industrial Statistics speaks on the subject in its latest biennial report with much more than ordinary authority. Its calculations are based on more than 7,000 inquiries and schedules, and its investigations have covered a period of three years. The conclusion reached is that it costs the farmer, including every expense, even interest, investment, and deteriorations in buildings and machinery, fifty-four cents a bushel to raise wheat. During the last six years the average price of wheat in the local markets was sixty-one cents a bushel, which would give the farmer a clear profit of seven cents a bushel, to say nothing of the by-products of the crop, the value of which is estimated at seven cents a bushel. In other words, quoting the report, "the average profit or surplus as computed from the results of all returns ranged from five to twelve per cent. on the capital invested or used."

However, the average yield of wheat per acre is gradually creeping up. In 1890 it was only 11.1 bushels to the acre, in 1895 it was 13.7 bushels, while in 1898 it had reached 15.3 bushels. By the use of machinery, combined with cheaper rates of transportation for supplies, the farmer can produce a larger yield more cheaply than ever before, so that, although the farm prices for wheat do not average higher from year to year, the farmer's profits are larger. The amount of money which the American farmer receives for his wheat crop will reach the enormous average of nearly $400,000,000 a year.



WHISTLING DICK'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

By O. Henry.

IT was with much caution that Whistling Dick slid back the door of the box car, for Article 5716, City Ordinances, authorized (perhaps unconstitutionally) arrest on suspicion, and he was familiar of old with this ordinance. So, before climbing out, he surveyed the field with all the care of a good general.

He saw no change since his last visit to this big, alms-giving, long-suffering city of the South, the cold-weather paradise of the tramps. The levee where his freight car stood was pimpled with dark bulks of merchandise. The breeze reeked with the well-remembered, sickening smell of the old tarpaulins that covered bales and barrels. The dun river slipped along among the shipping with an oily gurgle. Far down toward Chalmette he could see the great bend in the stream outlined by the row of electric lights. Across the river Algiers lay, a long, irregular blot, made darker by the dawn which lightened the sky beyond. An industrious tug or two, coming for some early sailing-ship, gave a few appalling toots, that seemed to be the signal for breaking day. The Italian luggers were creeping nearer their landing, laden with early vegetables and shellfish. A vague roar, subterranean in quality, from dray wheels and street cars, began to make itself heard and felt; and the ferryboats, the Mary Anns of water craft, stirred sullenly to their menial morning tasks.

Whistling Dick's red head popped suddenly back into the car. A sight too imposing and magnificent for his gaze had been added to the scene. A vast, incomparable policeman rounded a pile of rice sacks and stood within twenty yards of the car. The daily miracle of the dawn, now being performed above Algiers, received the flattering attention of this specimen of municipal official splendor. He gazed with unbiased dignity at the faintly glowing colors until, at last, he turned to them his broad back, as if convinced that legal interference was not needed, and the sunrise might proceed unchecked. So he turned his face to the rice bags, and drawing a flat flask from an inside pocket, he placed it to his lips and regarded the firmament.

Whistling Dick, professional tramp, possessed a half friendly acquaintance with this officer. They both loved music. Still, he did not care, under the present circumstances, to renew the acquaintance. There is a difference between meeting a policeman upon a lonely street corner and whistling a few operatic airs with him, and being caught by him crawling out of a freight car. So Dick waited, as even a New Orleans policeman must move on some time—perhaps it is a retributive law of nature—and before long "Big Fritz" majestically disappeared between the trains of cars.

Whistling Dick waited as long as his judgment advised, and then slid swiftly to the ground. Assuming as far as possible the air of an honest laborer who seeks his daily toil, he moved across the network of railway lines, with the intention of making his way by quiet Girod Street to a certain bench in La Fayette Square, where, according to appointment, he hoped to rejoin a pal known as "Slick," this adventurous pilgrim having preceded him by one day, in a cattle car into which a loose slat had enticed him.

As Whistling Dick picked his way where night still lingered among the big, reeking, musty warehouses, he gave way to the habit that had won for him his title. Subdued, yet clear, with each note as true and liquid as a bobolink's, his whistle tinkled about the dim, cold mountains of brick like drops of rain falling into a hidden pool. He followed an air, but it swam mistily into a swirling current of improvisation. You could cull out the trill of mountain brooks, the staccato

of green rushes shivering above chilly lagoons, the pipe of sleepy birds.

Rounding a corner, the whistler collided with a mountain of blue and brass.

"So," observed the mountain calmly, "you are alreaty pack. Und dere vill not pe frost before two veeks yet! Und you haf forgotten how to vistle. Dere was a valse note in dot last bar."

"Watcher know about it?" said Whistling Dick, with tentative familiarity; "you wit yer little Cherman-band nixcumrous chunes. Watcher know about music? Pick yer ears, and listen agin. Here's de way I whistled it—see?"

He puckered his lips, but the big policeman held up his hand.

"Shtop," he said, "und learn der right way. Und learn also dot a rolling shtone gan't vistle for a cent."

Big Fritz's heavy mustache rounded into a circle, and from its depths came a sound deep and mellow as that from a flute. He repeated a few bars of the air the tramp had been whistling. The rendition was cold, but correct, and he emphasized the note he had taken exception to.

"Dot p is p natural, und not p vlat. Py der vay, you petter pe glad I meet you. Von hour later, und I vould haf to put you in a gage to vistle mit der chail pirds. Der orders are to bull all der pums afder sunrise."

"To which?"

"To bull der pums—eferybody mitout fisible means. Dirty days is der price, or fifteen tollars."

"Is dat straight, or a game you givin' me?"

"It's der pest tip you efer had. I gif it to you pecause I pelief you are not so bad as der rest. Und pecause you gan vistle 'Die Freischutz' bezzer dan I myself gan. Don't run against any more bolicemans aroundt der corners, but go avay vrom town a few tays. Goot-pye."

So Madame Orléans had at last grown weary of the strange and ruffled brood that came yearly to nestle beneath her charitable pinions.

After the big policeman had departed, Whistling Dick stood for an irresolute minute, feeling all the outraged indignation of a delinquent tenant who is ordered to vacate his premises. He had pictured to himself a day of dreamful ease when he should have joined his pal; a day of lounging on the wharf, munching the bananas and cocoanuts scattered in unloading the fruit steamers; and then a feast along the free-lunch counters from which the easy-going owners were too good-natured or too generous to drive him away, and afterward a pipe in one of the little flowery parks and a snooze in some shady corner of the wharf. But here was a stern order to exile, and one that he knew must be obeyed. So, with a wary eye open for the gleam of brass buttons, he began his retreat toward a rural refuge. A few days in the country need not necessarily prove disastrous. Beyond the possibility of a slight nip of frost, there was no formidable evil to be looked for.

However, it was with a depressed spirit that Whistling Dick passed the old French market on his chosen route down the river. For safety's sake, he still presented to the world his portrayal of the part of the worthy artisan on his way to labor. A stall-keeper in the market, undeceived, hailed him by the generic name of his ilk, and "Jack" halted, taken by surprise. The vender, melted by this proof of his own acuteness, bestowed a foot of Frankfurter and half a loaf, and thus the problem of breakfast was solved.

"He repeated a few bars of the air the tramp had been whistling."

When the streets, from to-

pographical reasons, began to shun the river bank, the exile mounted to the top of the levee, and on its well-trodden path pursued his way. The suburban eye regarded him with cold suspicion. Individuals reflected the stern spirit of the city's heartless edict. He missed the seclusion of the crowded town and the safety he could always find in the multitude.

At Chalmette, six miles upon his desultory way, there suddenly menaced him a vast and bewildering industry. A new port was being established; the dock was being built, compresses were going up; picks and shovels and barrows struck at him like serpents from every side. An arrogant foreman bore down upon him, estimating his muscles with the eye of a recruiting sergeant. Brown men and black men all about him were toiling away. He fled in terror.

By noon he had reached the country of the plantations, the great, sad, silent levels bordering the mighty river. He overlooked fields of sugar-cane so vast that their farthest limits melted into the sky. The sugar-making season was well advanced, and the cutters were at work; the wagons creaked drearily after them; the negro teamsters inspired the mules to greater speed with mellow and sonorous imprecations. Dark green groves, blurred by the blue of distance, showed where the plantation houses stood. The tall chimneys of the sugar-mills caught the eye miles distant, like lighthouses at sea.

At a certain point Whistling Dick's unerring nose caught the scent of frying fish. Like a pointer to a quail, he made his way down the levee side straight to the camp of a credulous and ancient fisherman, whom he charmed with song and story, so that he dined like an admiral, and then like a philosopher annihilated the worst three hours of the day by a nap under the trees.

When he awoke and again continued his hegira, a frosty sparkle in the air had succeeded the drowsy warmth of the day, and as this portent of a chilly night translated itself to the brain of Sir Peregrine, he lengthened his stride and bethought him of shelter. He traveled a road that faithfully followed the convolutions of the levee, running along its base, but whither he knew not. Bushes and rank grass crowded it to the wheel ruts, and out of this ambuscade the pests of the lowlands swarmed after him, humming a keen, vicious soprano. And as the night grew nearer, although colder, the whine of the mosquitos became a greedy, petulant snarl that shut out all other sounds. To his right, against the heavens, he saw a green light moving, and, accompanying it, the masts and funnels of a big incoming steamer, moving as upon a screen at a magic-lantern show. And there were mysterious marshes at his left, out of which came queer gurgling cries and a choked croaking. The whistling vagrant struck up a merry warble to offset these melancholy influences, and it is likely that never before, since Pan himself jigged it on his reeds, had such sounds been heard in those depressing solitudes.

A distant clatter in the rear quickly developed into the swift beat of horses' hoofs, and Whistling Dick stepped aside into the dew-wet grass to clear the track. Turning his head, he saw approaching a fine team of stylish grays drawing a double surrey. A stout man with a white mustache occupied the front seat, giving all his attention to the rigid lines in his hands. Behind him sat a placid, middle-aged lady and a brilliant looking girl hardly arrived at young ladyhood. The lap-robe had slipped partly from the knees of the gentleman driving, and Whistling Dick saw two stout

"You'll stick right in this camp until we finish the job."

canvas bags between his feet—bags such as, while loafing in cities, he had seen warily transferred between express wagons and bank doors. The remaining space in the vehicle was filled with parcels of various sizes and shapes.

As the surrey swept even with the side-tracked tramp, the bright-eyed girl, seized by some merry, madcap impulse, leaned out

"A black streak came crashing through the window-pane upon the table."

toward him with a sweet, dazzling smile, and cried, "Mer-ry Christ-mas!" in a shrill, plaintive treble.

Such a thing had not often happened to Whistling Dick, and he felt handicapped in devising the correct response. But lacking time for reflection, he let his instinct decide, and snatching off his battered derby, he rapidly extended it at arm's length, and drew it back with a continuous motion, and shouted a loud, but ceremonious, "Ah, there!" after the flying surrey.

The sudden movement of the girl had caused one of the parcels to become unwrapped, and something limp and black fell from it into the road. The tramp picked it up, and found it to be a new black silk stocking, long and fine and slender. It crunched crisply, and yet with a luxurious softness, between his fingers.

"Ther bloomin' little skeezicks!" said Whistling Dick, with a broad grin bisecting his freckled face. "W'ot do yer think of dat, now! Mer-ry Chris-mus! Sounded like a cuckoo clock, dat's what she did. Dem guys is swells, too, betcher life, an' der old 'un stacks dem sacks of dough down under his trotters like dey was common as dried apples. Been shoppin' fer Chrismus, and de kid's lost one of her new socks w'ot she was goin' to hold up Santy wid. De bloomin' little skeezicks! Wit' her 'Mer-ry Chris-mus!' W'ot d'yer t'ink! Same as to say, 'Hello, Jack, how goes it?' and as swell as Fift' Av'noo, and as easy as a blowout in Cincinnat."

Whistling Dick folded the stocking carefully, and stuffed it into his pocket.

It was nearly two hours later when he came upon signs of habitation. The buildings of an extensive plantation were brought into view by a turn in the road. He easily selected the planter's residence in a large square building with two wings, with numerous good-sized, well-lighted windows, and broad verandas running around its full extent. It was set upon a smooth lawn, which was faintly lit by the far-reaching rays of the lamps within. A noble grove surrounded it, and old-fashioned shrubbery grew thickly about the walks and fences. The quarters of the hands and the mill buildings were situated at a distance in the rear.

The road was now enclosed on each side by a fence, and presently, as Whistling Dick drew nearer the houses, he suddenly stopped and sniffed the air.

"If dere ain't a hobo stew cookin' somewhere in dis immediate precinct," he said to himself, "me nose has quit tellin' de trut'."

Without hesitation he climbed the fence to windward. He found himself in an apparently disused lot, where piles of old bricks were stacked, and rejected, decaying lumber. In a corner he saw the faint glow of a fire that had become little more than a bed of

living coals, and he thought he could see some dim human forms sitting or lying about it. He drew nearer, and by the light of a little blaze that suddenly flared up he saw plainly the fat figure of a ragged man in an old brown sweater and cap.

"Dat man," said Whistling Dick to himself softly, "is a dead ringer for Boston Harry. I'll try him wit de high sign."

He whistled one or two bars of a rag-time melody, and the air was immediately taken up, and then quickly ended with a peculiar run. The first whistler walked confidently up to the fire. The fat man looked up, and spake in a loud, asthmatic wheeze:

"Gents, the unexpected, but welcome, addition to our circle is Mr. Whistling Dick, an old friend of mine for whom I fully vouches. The waiter will lay another cover at once. Mr. W. D. will join us at supper, during which function he will enlighten us in regard to the circumstances that give us the pleasure of his company."

"Chewin' de stuffin' out'n de dictionary, as usual, Boston," said Whistling Dick; "but t'anks all de same for de invitashun. I guess I finds meself here about de same way as yous guys. A cop gimme de tip dis mornin'. Yous workin' on dis farm?"

"A guest," said Boston sternly, "shouldn't never insult his entertainers until he's filled up wid grub. 'Taint good business sense. Workin'!—but I will restrain myself. We five—me, Deaf Pete, Blinky, Goggles, and Indiana Tom—got put onto this scheme of Noo Orleans to work visiting gentlemen upon her dirty streets, and we hit the road last evening just as the tender hues of twilight had flopped down upon the daisies and things. Blinky, pass the empty oyster-can at your left to the empty gentleman at your right."

For the next ten minutes the gang of roadsters paid their undivided attention to the supper. In an old five-gallon kerosene can they had cooked a stew of potatoes, meat, and onions, which they partook of from smaller cans they had found scattered about the vacant lot.

Whistling Dick had known Boston Harry of old, and knew him to be one of the shrewdest and most successful of his brotherhood. He looked like a prosperous stock-drover or a solid merchant from some country village. He was stout and hale, with a ruddy, always smoothly shaven face. His clothes were strong and neat, and he gave special attention to the care of his decent-appearing shoes. During the past ten years he had acquired a record for working a larger number of successfully managed confidence games than any of his acquaintances, and he had not a day's work to be counted against him. It was rumored among his associates that he had saved a considerable amount of money. The four other men were fair specimens of the slinking, ill-clad, noisome genus who carry their labels of "suspicious" in plain view.

After the bottom of the large can had been scraped, and pipes lit at the coals, two of the men called Boston aside and spake with him lowly and mysteriously. He nodded decisively, and then said aloud to Whistling Dick:

"Listen, sonny, to some plain talky-talk. We five are on a lay. I've guaranteed you to be square, and you're to come in on the profits equal with the boys, and you've got to help. Two hundred hands on this plantation are expecting to be paid a week's wages to-morrow morning. To-morrow's Christmas, and they want to lay off. Says the boss: 'Work from five to nine in the morning to get a train load of sugar off, and I'll pay every man cash down for the week, and a day extra.' They say: 'Hooray for the boss! It goes.' He drives to Noo Orleans to-day, and fetches back the cold dollars. Two thousand and seventy-four fifty is the amount. I got the figures from a man who talks too much, who got 'em from the book-keeper. The boss of this plantation thinks he's going to pay this wealth to the hands. He's got it down wrong; he's going to pay it to us. It's going to stay in the leisure class, where it belongs. Now, half of this haul goes to me, and the other half the rest of you may divide. Why the difference? I represent brains. It's my scheme. Here's the way we're going to get it. There's some company at supper in the house, but they'll leave about nine. They've just happened in for an hour or so. If they don't go pretty soon, we'll work the scheme anyhow. We want all night to get away good with the dollars. They're heavy. About nine o'clock Deaf Pete and Blinky'll go down the road about a quarter beyond the house, and set fire to a big cane-field there that the cutters haven't touched yet. The wind's just right to have it roaring in two minutes. The alarm'll be given, and every man Jack about the place will be down there in ten minutes, fighting fire. That'll leave the money sacks and the women alone in the house for us to handle. You've heard cane burn? Well, there's mighty few women can screech loud enough to be heard above its crackling. The thing's dead safe. The only danger is in

". . . Whistling Dick, . . . seated at the planter's table, feasting on viands his experience had never before included."

being caught before we can get far enough away with the money. Now, if you——"

"Boston," interrupted Whistling Dick, rising to his feet, "t'anks for de grub yous fellers has give me, but I'll be movin' on now."

"What do you mean?" asked Boston, also rising.

"W'y, you can count me outer dis deal. You outer know dat. I'm on de bum all right enough, but dat other t'ing don't go wit' me. Burglary is no good. I'll say good-night and many t'anks fer——"

Whistling Dick had moved away a few steps as he spoke, but he stopped very suddenly. Boston had covered him with a short revolver of roomy caliber.

"Take your seat," said the tramp leader. "I'd feel mighty proud of myself if I let you go and spoil the game. You'll stick right in this camp until we finish the job. The end of that brick pile is your limit. You go two inches beyond that, and I'll have to shoot. Better take it easy, now."

"It's my way of doin'," said Whistling Dick. "Easy goes. You can depress de muzzle of dat twelve-incher, and run 'er back on the trucks. I remains, as de newspape's says, 'in yer midst.'"

"All right," said Boston, lowering his piece, as the other returned and took his seat again on a projecting plank in a pile of timber. "Don't try to leave; that's all. I wouldn't miss this chance even if I had to shoot an old acquaintance to make it go. I don't want to hurt anybody specially, but this thousand dollars I'm going to get will fix me for fair. I'm going to drop the road, and start a saloon in a little town I know about. I'm tired of being kicked around."

Boston Harry took from his pocket a cheap silver watch, and held it near the fire.

"It's a quarter to nine," he said. "Pete, you and Blinky start. Go down the road past the house, and fire the cane in a dozen places. Then strike for the levee, and come back on it, instead of the road, so you wont meet anybody. By the time you get back the men will all be striking out for the fire, and we'll break for the house and collar the dollars. Everybody cough up what matches he's got."

The two surly tramps made a collection of all the matches in the party, Whistling Dick contributing his quota with propitiatory alacrity, and then they departed in the dim starlight in the direction of the road.

Of the three remaining vagrants, two, Goggles and Indiana Tom, reclined lazily upon convenient lumber and regarded Whistling Dick with undisguised disfavor. Boston, observing that the dissenting recruit was disposed to remain peaceably, relaxed a little in his vigilance. Whistling Dick arose presently and strolled leisurely up and down, keeping carefully within the territory assigned him.

"Dis planter chap," he said, pausing before Boston Harry, "w'ot makes yer t'ink he's got de tin in de house wit' 'im?"

"I'm advised of the facts in the case," said Boston. "He drove to Noo Orleans and

got it, I say, to-day. Want to change your mind and come in?"

"Naw, I was just askin'. Wot kind o' team did de boss drive?"

"Pair of grays."

"Double surrey?"

"Yep."

"Women folks along?"

"Wife and kid. Say, what morning paper are you trying to pump news for?"

"I was just conversin' to pass de time away. I guess dat team passed me in de road dis evenin'. Dat's all."

As Whistling Dick put his hands into his pockets and continued his curtailed beat up and down by the fire, he felt the silk stocking he had picked up in the road.

"Ther bloomin' little skeezicks!" he muttered, with a grin.

As he walked up and down he could see, through a sort of natural opening or lane among the trees, the planter's residence some two hundred yards distant. The side of the house toward him exhibited spacious, well-lighted windows through which a soft radiance streamed, illuminating the broad veranda and some extent of the lawn beneath.

"What's that you said?" asked Boston, sharply.

"Oh, nuttin' 't all," said Whistling Dick, lounging carelessly, and kicking meditatively at a little stone on the ground.

"Just as easy," continued the warbling vagrant softly to himself, "an' sociable an' swell an' sassy, wit' her 'Mer-ry Chris-mus,' —wot d'yer t'ink, now!"

Dinner, three hours late, was being served in the Bellemeade plantation dining-room.

The dining-room and all its appurtenances spoke of an old *régime* that was here continued rather than suggested to the memory. The plate was rich to the extent that its age and quaintness alone saved it from being showy; there were interesting names signed in the corners of the pictures on the walls; the viands were of the kind that bring a shine into the eyes of *gourmets*. The service was swift, silent, lavish, as in the days when the waiters were assets like the plate. The names by which the planter's family and their visitors addressed one another were historic in the annals of two nations. Their manners and conversation had that most difficult kind of ease—the kind that still preserves punctilio. The planter himself seemed to be the dynamo that generated the larger portion of the gayety and wit. The younger ones at the board found it more than difficult to turn back upon him his guns of raillery and banter. It is true, the young men attempted to storm his works repeatedly, incited by the hope of gaining the approbation of their fair companions; but even when they sped a well-aimed shaft, the planter forced them to feel defeat by the tremendous discomfiting thunder of the laughter with which he accompanied his retorts. At the head of the table, serene, matronly, benevolent, reigned the mistress of the house, placing here and there the right smile, the right word, the encouraging glance.

The talk of the party was too desultory, too evanescent to follow, but at last they came to the subject of the tramp nuisance, one that had of late vexed the plantations for many miles around. The planter seized the occasion to direct his good-natured fire of raillery at the mistress, accusing her of encouraging the plague. "They swarm up and down the river every winter," he said. "They overrun New Orleans, and we catch the surplus, which is generally the worst part. And, a day or two ago, Madame Nouveau Orléans, suddenly discovering that she can't go shopping without brushing her skirts against great rows of the vagabonds sunning themselves on the banquettes, says to the police: 'Catch 'em all,' and the police catch a dozen or two, and the remaining three or four thousand overflow up and down the levees, and Madame there"—pointing tragically with the carving-knife at her—"feeds them. They won't work; they defy my overseers, and they make friends with my dogs; and you, Madame, feed them before my eyes, and intimidate me when I would interfere. Tell us, please, how many to-day did you thus incite to future laziness and depredation?"

"Six, I think," said Madame, with a reflective smile; "but you know two of them offered to work, for you heard them yourself."

The planter's disconcerting laugh rang out again.

"Yes, at their own trades. And one was an artificial-flower-maker, and the other was a glass-blower. Oh, they were looking for work! Not a hand would they consent to lift to labor of any other kind."

"And another one," continued the soft-hearted mistress, "used quite good language. It was really extraordinary for one of his class. And he carried a watch. And had lived in Boston. I don't believe they are all bad. They have always seemed to me

to rather lack development. I always look upon them as children with whom wisdom has remained at a standstill while dirt and whiskers have continued to grow. We passed one this evening as we were driving home who had a face as good as it was incompetent. He was whistling the intermezzo from 'Cavalleria,' and blowing the spirit of Mascagni himself into it."

A bright-eyed young girl who sat at the left of the mistress leaned over, and said in a confidential undertone:

"I wonder, mamma, if that tramp we passed on the road found my stocking, and do you think he will hang it up to-night? Now I can hang up but one. Do you know why I wanted a new pair of silk stockings when I have plenty? Well, old Aunt Judy says, if you hang up two that have never been worn, Santa Claus will fill one with good things, and Monsieur Pambé will place in the other payment for all the words you have spoken—good or bad—on the day before Christmas. That's why I've been unusually nice and polite to every one to-day. Monsieur Pambé, you know, is a witch gentleman; he——"

The words of the young girl were interrupted by a startling thing.

Like the wraith of some burned-out shooting star, a black streak came crashing through the window-pane upon the table, where it shivered into fragments a dozen pieces of crystal and china ware, and then glanced between the heads of the guests to the wall, imprinting therein a deep, round indentation, at which, to-day, the visitor to Bellemeade marvels as he gazes upon it and listens to this tale as it is told.

The women screamed in many keys, and the men sprang to their feet, and would have laid their hands upon their swords had not the verities of chronology forbidden.

The planter was the first to act; he sprang to the intruding missile, and held it up to view.

"By Jupiter!" he cried. "A meteoric shower of hosiery! Has communication at last been established with Mars?"

"I should say—ahem!—Venus," ventured a young gentleman visitor, looking hopefully for approbation toward the unresponsive young lady visitors.

The planter held at arm's length the unceremonious visitor—a long, dangling, black stocking. "She's loaded," he announced.

As he spoke he reversed the stocking, holding it by the toe, and down from it dropped a roundish stone, wrapped about by a piece of yellowish paper. "Now for the first interstellar message of the century," he cried; and nodding to the company, who had crowded about him, he adjusted his glasses with provoking deliberation, and examined it closely. When he finished, he had changed from the jolly host to the practical, decisive man of business. He immediately struck a bell, and said to the silent-footed mulatto man who responded: "Go and tell Mr. Wesley to get Reeves and Maurice and about ten stout hands they can rely upon, and come to the hall door at once. Tell him to have the men arm themselves, and bring plenty of ropes and plow lines. Tell him to hurry." And then he read aloud from the paper these words:

TO THE GENT OF DE HOUS.

Dere is 5 tuff hobose xcept meself in de vaken lot near de rode war de old brick piles is. Dey got me stuck up wid a gun see and I takes dis means of comunikaten 2 of der lads is gone down to set fire to de cain field below de hous and when yous fellers goes to turn de hoes on it de hole gang is goin to rob de hous of de money yoo got to pay off wit say git a move on ye say de kid dropt dis sock in der rode tel her mery crismus de same as she told me. Ketch de bums down de rode first and den sen a relefe core to get me out of soke yores truly

WHISTLEN DICK.

There was some quiet, but rapid, manœuvering at Bellemeade during the ensuing half hour, which ended in five disgusted and sullen tramps being captured, and locked securely in an outhouse pending the coming of the morning and retribution. For another result, the visiting young gentlemen had secured the unqualified worship of the visiting young ladies by their distinguished and heroic conduct. For still another, behold Whistling Dick, the hero, seated at the planter's table, feasting upon viands his experience had never before included, and waited upon by admiring femininity in shapes of such beauty and "swellness" that even his ever-full mouth could scarcely prevent him from whistling. He was made to disclose in detail his adventure with the evil gang of Boston Harry, and how he cunningly wrote the note and wrapped it around the stone and placed it in the toe of the stocking, and, watching his chance, sent it silently, with a wonderful centrifugal momentum, like a comet, at one of the big lighted windows of the dining-room.

The planter vowed that the wanderer should wander no more; that his was a goodness and an honesty that should be rewarded, and that a debt of gratitude had been made that must be paid; for had he not saved them from a doubtless imminent loss,

and, maybe, a greater calamity? He assured Whistling Dick that he might consider himself a charge upon the honor of Bellemeade; that a position suited to his powers would be found for him at once, and hinted that the way would be heartily smoothed for him to rise to as high places of emolument and trust as the plantation afforded.

But now, they said, he must be weary, and the immediate thing to consider was rest and sleep. So the mistress spoke to a servant, and Whistling Dick was conducted to a room in the wing of the house occupied by the servants. To this room, in a few minutes, was brought a portable tin bathtub filled with water, which was placed on a piece of oiled cloth upon the floor. Here the vagrant was left to pass the night.

By the light of a candle he examined the room. A bed, with the covers neatly turned back, revealed snowy pillows and sheets. A worn, but clean, red carpet covered the floor. There was a dresser with a beveled mirror, a washstand with a flowered bowl and pitchers; the two or three chairs were softly upholstered. A little table held books, papers, and a day-old cluster of roses in a jar. There were towels on a rack and soap in a white dish.

Whistling Dick set his candle on a chair, and placed his hat carefully under the table. After satisfying what we must suppose to have been his curiosity by a sober scrutiny, he removed his coat, folded it, and laid it upon the floor, near the wall, as far as possible from the unused bathtub. Taking his coat for a pillow, he stretched himself luxuriously upon the carpet.

The tale of the historian is often disappointing; and if the historian be a workman who has an eye for effect and proportion, he has temptations to inaccuracy. For results fail to adjust themselves logically, and evince the most profound indifference toward artistic consequence. But here we are at the mercy of facts, and the unities—whatever they may be—must be crushed beneath an impotent conclusion.

When, on Christmas morning, the first streaks of dawn broke above the marshes, Whistling Dick awoke, and reached instinctively for his hat. Then he remembered that the skirts of Fortune had swept him into their folds on the night previous, and he went to the window and raised it, to let the fresh breath of the morning cool his brow and fix the yet dream-like memory of his good luck within his brain.

As he stood there, certain dread and ominous sounds pierced the fearful hollow of his ear.

The force of plantation workers, eager to complete the shortened task allotted them, were all astir. The mighty din of the ogre Labor shook the earth, and the poor tattered and forever disguised Prince in Search of his Fortune held tight to the window sill even in the enchanted castle, and trembled.

Already from the bosom of the mill came the thunder of rolling barrels of sugar, and (prison-like sound) there was a great rattling of chains as the mules were harried with stimulant imprecations to their places by the wagon tongues. A little vicious "dummy" engine, with a train of flat cars in tow, stewed and fumed on the plantation tap of the narrow-gauge railroad, and a toiling, hurrying, hallooing stream of workers were dimly seen in the half darkness loading the train with the weekly output of sugar. Here was a poem; an epic—nay, a tragedy—with Work! the curse of the world, for its theme.

The December air was frosty, but the sweat broke out upon Whistling Dick's face. He thrust his head out of the window, and looked down. Fifteen feet below him, against the wall of the house, he could make out that a border of flowers grew, and by that token he overhung a bed of soft earth.

Softly as a burglar goes, he clambered out upon the sill, lowered himself until he hung by his hands alone, and then dropped safely. No one seemed to be about upon this side of the house. He dodged low, and skimmed swiftly across the yard to the low fence. It was an easy matter to vault this, for a terror urged him such as lifts the gazelle over the thorn bush when the lion pursues. A crush through the dew-drenched weeds on the roadside, a clutching, slippery rush up the grassy side of the levee to the footpath at the summit, and—he was free!

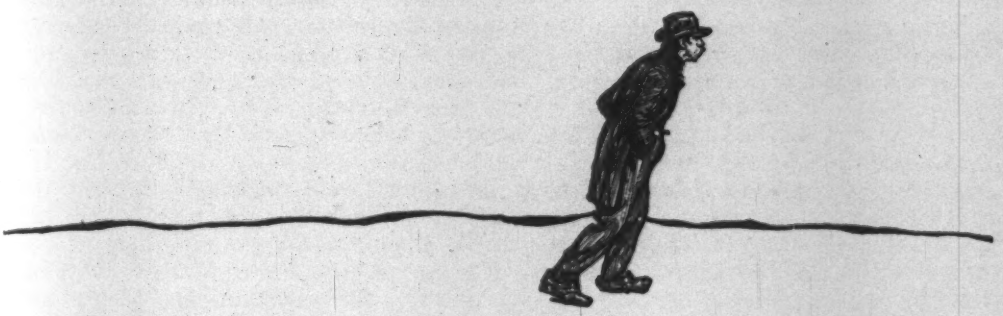
The east was blushing and brightening. The wind, himself a vagrant rover, saluted his brother upon the cheek. Some wild geese, high above, gave cry. A rabbit skipped along the path before him, free to turn to the right or to the left as his mood should send him. The river slid past, and certainly no one could tell the ultimate abiding place of its waters.

A small, ruffled, brown-breasted bird, sitting upon a dogwood sapling, began a soft, throaty, tender little piping in praise of the dew which entices foolish worms from their holes; but suddenly he stopped, and sat with his head turned sidewise, listening.

From the path along the levee there burst

forth a jubilant, stirring, buoyant, thrilling whistle, loud and keen and clear as the cleanest notes of the piccolo. The soaring sound rippled and trilled and arpeggioed as the songs of wild birds do not; but it had a wild free grace that, in a way, reminded the small brown bird of something familiar, but exactly what he could not tell. There was in it the bird call, or *reveille*, that all birds know; but a great waste of lavish, unmeaning things that art had added and arranged, besides, and that were quite puzzling and strange; and the little brown bird sat with his head on one side until the sound died away in the distance.

The little bird did not know that the part of that strange warbling that he understood was just what kept the warbler without his breakfast that morning; but he knew very well that the part he did not understand did not concern him, so he gave a little flutter of his wings and swooped down like a brown bullet upon a big fat worm that was wriggling on the levee path



BUCKS.

A STORY FROM THE TRAIN-DESPATCHER'S OFFICE.

By Frank H. Spearman.

"I SEE a good deal of stuff in print about the engineer," said Callahan dejectedly. "What's the matter with the despatcher? What's the matter with the man who tells the engineer what to do—and just what to do? How to do it—and exactly how to do it? With the man who sits shut in by brick walls and hung up in Chinese puzzles, his ear glued to a receiver, and his finger fast to a key, and his eye riveted on a train register? The man who orders and annuls and stops, and starts everything within 500 miles of him, and holds under his thumb more lives every minute than most brigadiers do in a lifetime? For instance," asked Callahan, in his tired way, "what's the matter with Bucks?"

Now, I never knew Bucks myself. He left the West End before I went on. Bucks is second vice-president—which means the boss—of a transcontinental line now; and a very great swell. But no man from the West End that calls on Bucks has to wait for an audience; though bigger men do. They talk of him out there yet. Not of General Superintendent Bucks, which he came to be; nor of General Manager Bucks. On the West End he is just plain Bucks; but Bucks means a whole lot on the West End.

"He saved the company three hundred thousand dollars that night the Ogallala train ran away," mused Callahan. Callahan himself is assistant superintendent now.

"Three hundred thousand dollars is a good deal of money, Callahan," I objected.

"Figure it out yourself. To begin with, fifty passengers' lives—that's $5,000 apiece, isn't it?" Callahan had a cold-blooded way of figuring a passenger's life from a company standpoint. "It would have killed over fifty passengers if the runaway had ever struck Fifty-nine. There wouldn't have been enough of Fifty-nine left to make a decent funeral.

Then the equipment, at least $50,000. But there was a whole lot more than the $300,000 in it for Bucks."

"How so?"

"He told me once that if he hadn't saved Fifty-nine that night, he would never have signed another order anywhere on any road; he'd have quit the service for good."

"Why?"

"Why? Because, after it was all over, he found out that his own mother was aboard Fifty-nine. Didn't you ever hear that? Well, sir, it was Christmas Eve, and the year was 1884."

Christmas Eve everywhere but on the West End, where it was just plain December 24th.

"High winds will prevail for ensuing twenty-four hours. Station agents will use extra care to secure cars on sidings; brakemen must take care not to get blown from moving trains."

That's all Bucks said in his bulletins that evening; not a word about Christmas or Merry Christmas. In fact, if Christmas had come to McCloud that night they couldn't have held it twenty-four minutes, much less twenty-four hours; the wind was too high. All the week, all the day, all the night it had blown—a December wind; dry as an August noon, bitter as powdered ice. It was in the early days of our Western railroading, when we had only one fast train on the schedule—the St. Louis-California express; and only one fast engine on the division—101; and only one man on the whole West End—Bucks. Bucks was assistant superintendent and master mechanic and train master and chief despatcher and storekeeper—and a bully good fellow. There were some boys in the service; among them, Callahan. Callahan was seventeen, with hair like a sunset, and a mind as quick as an air-brake. It was his first year at the key, and he had a night trick under Bucks.

Callahan claims it blew so hard that night that it blew some of the color out of his hair. Sod houses had sprung up like dog towns in the buffalo grass during the fall. But that day homesteaders crept into dugouts and smothered over buffalo-chip fires. Horses and cattle huddled into friendly pockets a little out of the worst of it, or froze mutely in pitiless fence corners on the divides. Sand drove gritting down from the Cheyenne Hills like a storm of snow. Streets of the raw prairie towns stared deserted at the sky. Even cowboys kept their ranches, and through the gloom of noon the sun cast a coward shadow. It was a wretched day, and the sun went down with the wind tuning into a gale, and all the boys in bad humor—except Bucks. Not that Bucks couldn't get mad; but it took more than a cyclone to start him.

Number Fifty-nine, the California express, was late that night. All the way up the valley the wind caught her quartering. Really the marvel is that out there on the plains such storms didn't blow our toy engines clear off the rails; but, for that matter, they might as well have taken the rails, too, for none of them went over sixty pounds. Fifty-nine was due at eleven o'clock; it was half-past twelve when she pulled in, on Callahan's trick. But Bucks hung around the office until she staggered up under the streaked moonlight, as frowsy a looking train as ever choked on alkali.

There was always a crowd down at the station to meet Fifty-nine; she was the big arrival of the day at McCloud, even if she didn't get in until eleven o'clock at night. She brought the mail and the express and the landseekers and the traveling men and the strangers generally; so the McCloud livery men and hotel runners and prominent citizens and prominent loafers and the city marshal usually came down to meet her. But it was not so that night. The platform was bare. Not even the hardy chief of police, who was town watch and city marshal all combined, was there.

The engineer swung out of his cab with the air of an abused man. His eyes were full of soda, his ears full of sand, his mustache full of burs, and his whiskers full of tumbleweeds; at least, he felt that way, as was plain to be seen. The conductor and the brakemen climbed down sullenly, and the baggage-man shoved open his door, and slammed a trunk down on the platform without a pretense of sympathy. Then the outgoing crew climbed aboard, and in a hurry. The outgoing conductor ran down-stairs from the register, and pulled his cap down hard before he pushed ahead against the wind to give the engineer his copy of the orders as the new engine was coupled up. The fireman pulled the canvas jealously around the cab end. The brakeman ran hurriedly back to examine the air connections, and gave his signal to the conductor; the conductor gave his to the engineer. There were two short, choppy snorts from 101, and Fifty-nine moved out stealthily, evenly, resistlessly into the teeth of the night. In another minute, only her red lamps gleamed up the yard. One man still

on the platform watched them recede; it was Bucks.

He came up to the despatcher's office and sat down. Callahan wondered why he didn't go home and to bed; but Callahan was too good a railroad man to ask questions of a superior. Bucks might have stood on his head on the stove, and it red-hot, without being pursued with inquiries from Callahan. If Bucks chose to sit up out there on the frozen prairies, in a flimsy barn of a station, and with the wind howling murder at twelve o'clock past, and that on Chri—the twenty-fourth of December, it was Bucks's own business.

"I kind of looked for my mother to-night," said he, after Callahan got his orders out of the way for a minute. "Wrote she was coming out pretty soon for a little visit."

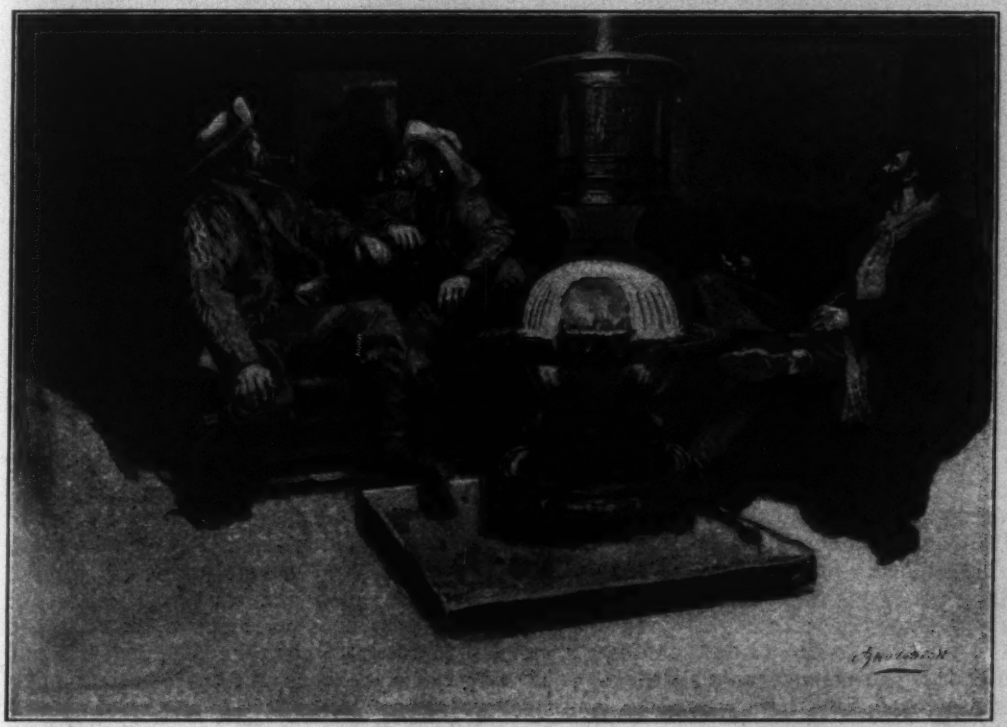
"Where does your mother live?"

"Chicago. I sent her transportation two weeks ago. Reckon she thought she'd better stay home for Christmas. Back in God's country they have Christmas just about this time of year. Watch out to-night, Jim. I'm going home. It's a tough wind."

Callahan was making a meeting-point for two freights when the door closed behind Bucks; he didn't even sing out "Good-night." And as for Merry Chri—well, that had no place on the West End anyhow.

"D-i, D-i, D-i, D-i," came clicking into the room. Callahan wasn't asleep. Once he did sleep over the key. When he told Bucks, he made sure of his time; only he thought Bucks ought to know.

Bucks shook his head pretty hard that time. "It's awful business, Jim. It's murder, you know. It's the penitentiary, if they should convict you. But it's worse than that. If anything happened because you went to sleep over the key, you'd have them on your mind all your life, don't you know—forever. Men—and—and children. That's what I always think about—the children. Maimed and scalded and burnt. Jim, if it ever happens again, quit despatching; get into commercial work; mistakes don't cost life there; don't try to handle trains. If it ever happens with you, you'll kill yourself."



"'TURN THE BOYS LOOSE, ED.'"

That was all he said; it was enough. And no wonder Callahan loved him.

The wind tore frantically around the station; but everything else was so still. It was one o'clock now, and not a soul about but Callahan. D-i, D-i, J, clicked sharp and fast. "Twelve or fourteen cars passed here—just—now east—running a-a-a-" Calla-

han sprang up like a flash—listened. What? R-u-n-n-i-n-g a-w-a-y?

It was the Jackson operator calling; Callahan jumped to the key. "What's that?" he asked quick as lightning could dash it.

"Twelve or fourteen cars coal passed here, fully forty miles an hour, headed east, driven by the wi——"

That was all J could send, for Ogallala broke in. Ogallala is the station just west of Jackson. And with Callahan's copper hair rising higher at every letter, this came from Ogallala: "Heavy gust caught twelve coal cars on side track and sent them out on main line and off down the grade."

They were already past Jackson, eight miles, headed east, and running down hill. Callahan's eyes turned like hares to the train-sheet. Fifty-nine, going west, was due *that minute* to leave Callendar. From Callendar to Griffin is a twenty-miles' run. There is a station between, but there was no night operator in those days. The runaway coal train was then less than thirty miles west of Griffin, coming down a forty-mile grade like a cannon-ball. If Fifty-nine could be stopped at Callendar, she could be laid by in five minutes, out of the way of the certain destruction ahead of her on the main line. Callahan seized the key, and began calling "Cn." He pounded until the call burnt into his fingers. It was an age before Callendar answered; then Callahan's order flew: "Hold Fifty-nine. Answer quick."

And Callendar answered: "Fifty-nine just pulling out of upper yard. Too late to stop her. What's the matter?"

Callahan ran to the window, and threw up the sash. The moon shone a bit through the storm of sand, but there was not a soul in sight. There were lights in the round-house, a hundred yards across the track. Callahan pulled a revolver from his pocket—every railroad man out there carried one those days—and, covering one of the round-house windows, began firing. It was a risk. There was one chance, maybe, in a thousand of his killing a night man. But there were a thousand chances to one that a whole train-load of men and women would be killed inside of thirty minutes if he couldn't get help. He chose a window in the machinists' section, where he knew no one usually went at night. He poured bullets into the unlucky casement as fast as powder could carry them. Reloading rapidly, he watched the round-house door; and, sure enough, almost at once, it was cautiously opened. Then he fired into the air—one, two, three, four, five, six—and he saw a man start for the station on the dead run. He knew, too, by the tremendous sweep of his legs that it was Ole Anderson, the night foreman, the man of all others he wanted.

"Ole," cried the despatcher, waving his arms frantically as the giant Swede leaped across the track and stood on the platform below him, "go get Bucks. I've got a runaway train going against Fifty-nine. For your life, Ole, run!"

The big fellow was into the wind with the word. Bucks boarded four blocks away. Callahan, slamming down the window, took the key, and began calling Rowe. Rowe is the first station east of Jackson; it was now the first point at which the runaway freight train could be headed.

"R-o, R-o," he rattled. The operator must have been sitting on the wire, for he answered at once. As fast as Callahan's fingers could talk, he told Rowe the story and gave him orders to get the night agent, who, he knew, must be down to sell tickets for Fifty-nine, and pile all the ties they could gather across the track to derail the runaway train. Then he began thumping for Kolar, the next station east of Rowe, and the second ahead of the runaways. He pounded and he pounded, and when the man at Kolar answered, Callahan could have sworn he had been asleep—just from the way he talked. Does it seem strange? There are many strange things about a despatcher's senses. "Send your night man to west switch-house track, and open for runaway train. Set brakes hard on your empties on siding, to spill runaways if possible. Do anything and everything to keep them from getting by you. Work quick."

Behind Kolar's O. K. came a frantic call from Rowe. "Runaways went by here like a streak. Knocked the ties into toothpicks. Couldn't head them."

Callahan didn't wait to hear any more. He only wiped the sweat from his face. It seemed forever before Kolar spoke again. Then it was to say: "Runaway went by here before night man could get to switch and open it."

Would Bucks never come? And if he did come, what on earth could stop the runaway train now? They were heading now into the worst grade on the West End. It averages one per cent. from Kolar to Griffin, and there we get down off the Cheyenne Hills with a long reverse curve, and drop into the cañon of the Blackwood with a three per cent. grade. Callahan, almost beside him-

self, threw open a north window to look for Bucks. Two men were flying down Main Street towards the station. He knew them; they were Ole and Bucks.

But Bucks! Never before or since was seen on a street of McCloud such a figure as Bucks, in his trousers and slippers, and his night-shirt flying free as he sailed down the wind. In another instant he was bounding up the stairs. Callahan told him.

"What have you done?" he panted, throwing himself into the chair. Callahan told him. Bucks held his head in his hands while the boy talked. He turned to the sheet—asked quick for Fifty-nine.

"She's out of Callendar. I tried hard to stop her. I didn't lose a second; she was gone."

Barely an instant Bucks studied the sheet. Routed out of a sound sleep after an eight-hour trick, and on such a night, by such a message—the marvel was he could think at all, much less set a trap which should save Fifty-nine. In twenty minutes from the moment Bucks took the key the two trains would be together—could he save the passenger? Callahan didn't believe it.

A few sharp, quick calls brought Griffin. We had one of the brightest lads on the whole division at Griffin. Callahan, listening, heard Griffin answer. Bucks rattled a question. How the heart hangs on the faint, uncertain tick of a sounder when human lives hang on it too!

"Where are your section men?" asked Bucks.

"In bed at the section house."

"Who's with you?"

"Night agent; sheriff with two cowboy prisoners waiting to take Fifty-nine."

Before the last word came, Bucks was back at him;

"WITH A PRY THAT BENT THE CLAWBAR . . . THEY TORE AWAY THE STUBBORN CONTACT, AND POINTED THE RAILS OVER THE PRECIPICE."

To Opr.:

Ask Sheriff release his prisoners to save passenger train. Go together to west switch-house track, open, and set it. Smash in section tool-house, get tools, go to point of curve, cut the rails, and point them to send runaway train over the bluff into the river.

BUCKS.

The words flew off his fingers like sparks, and another message crowded the wire behind it:

To Agt.:

Go to east switch, open, and set for passing track. Flag Fifty-nine, and run her on siding. If can't get Fifty-nine into the clear, ditch the runaways.

BUCKS.

They look old now. The ink is faded, and the paper is smoked with the fire of fifteen

winters and bleached with the sun of fifteen summers. But to this day they hang there in their walnut frames, the original orders, just as Bucks scratched them off. They hang there in the despatcher's offices in the new depot. But in their present fancy sursoundings Bucks wouldn't know them. It was Harvey Reynolds who took them off the other end of the wire—a boy in a thousand for that night and that minute. The instant the words flashed into the room he instructed the agent, grabbed an ax, and dashed out into the waiting-room, where the sheriff, Ed Banks, sat with his prisoners, the cowboys.

"Ed," cried Harvey, "there's a runaway train from Ogallala coming down the line in the wind. If we can't trap it here, it'll knock Fifty-nine into kindling wood. Turn the boys loose, Ed, and save the passenger train. Boys, show the man and square yourselves right now. I don't know what you're here for; but I believe it's to save Fifty-nine. Will you help?"

The two men sprang to their feet; Ed Banks slipped the handcuffs off their wrists in a trice. "Never mind the rest of it. Save the passenger train first," he roared. Everybody from Ogallala to Omaha knew Ed Banks.

"Which way? How?" cried the cowboys in a lather of excitement.

Harvey Reynolds, beckoning as he ran, rushed out the door and up the track, his posse at his heels, all stumbling into the gale like lunatics.

"Smash in the tool-house door," panted Harvey as they neared it.

Ed Banks seized the ax from his hands, and took command as naturally as Dewey would. "Pick up that tie and ram her," he cried, pointing to the door. "All together—now."

Harvey and the cowboys splintered the stout panel in a twinkling, and Banks with a few clean strokes cut an opening; and the cowboys, jumping together, ran in and began fishing for the tools in the dark. One of them got hold of a wrench; the other, a pick. Harvey caught up a clawbar, and Banks seized a spike-maul. In a bunch they ran for the point of the curve on the house track. It lies there close to the verge of a limestone bluff which looms up fifty feet above the river.

But it is one thing to order a contact opened, and another and very different thing to open it, at two in the morning on December 25th, by men who know no more about track-cutting than about logarithms. Side by side and shoulder to shoulder the man of the law and the men out of the law, the rough riders and the railroad boy, pried and wrenched and clawed and struggled with the steel. While Harvey and Banks clawed at the spikes the cowboys wrestled with the nuts on the bolts of the fish-plates. It was a baffle. The nuts wouldn't twist, the spikes stuck like piles, sweat covered the assailants, Harvey went into a frenzy. "Boys, we must work faster," he cried, tugging at the frosty spikes; but flesh and blood could do no more.

"There they come—there's the runaway train—I can hear it. I'm going to open the switch, anyhow," Harvey shouted, starting up the track. "Save yourselves."

Heedless of the warning, Banks struggled with the plate-bolts in a silent fury. Suddenly he sprang to his feet. "Give me the maul!"

Raising the heavy tool as if it had been a tack-hammer, he landed heavily on the bolt nuts, and they flew one after another like bullets over the bluff. The taller cowboy, bending close on his knees, raised a yell. The plates had given way. Springing to the other rail, Banks stripped the bolts even after the mad train had shot into the gorge above them. Then they drove the pick under the loosened steel, and with a pry that bent the clawbar and a yell that reached Harvey, trembling at the switch, they tore away the stubborn contact, and pointed the rails over the precipice.

The shriek of a locomotive whistle cut the wind. Looking east, Harvey saw Fifty-nine's headlight. She was certainly pulling in on the siding. He still held the switch open to send the runaways into the trap which Bucks had set, if the passenger train failed to get into the clear; but there was a minute yet—a bare sixty seconds—and Harvey had no idea of dumping ten thousand dollars' worth of equipment into the river unless it was absolutely necessary.

Suddenly, up went the safety signals from the east end. Banks and the cowboys, waiting breathless, saw Harvey with a determined lurch close the main-line contact.

In the next breath the coalers, with the sweep of the gale behind their frightful velocity, smashed over the switch and on. In a rattling whirl of ballast and a dizzy clatter of noise, and before the frightened crew of Fifty-nine could see what was against them, they were gone!

"I wasn't going to stop here to-night," said the engineer, as he stood with the con-

ductor, looking over Harvey's shoulder at the operator's desk a minute later. "We'd have met them right in the cañon, Harvey."

But Harvey was reporting to Bucks. Callahan heard it coming: "Rails cut, but Fifty-nine safe. Runaways went by here fully seventy miles an hour."

It was easy after that. Griffin is at the foot of the grade; from there on, the runaway train had a hill to climb. Bucks had held 250, the local passenger, side-tracked at Davis, thirty miles farther east. Sped by the wind, the runaways passed Davis, though not at half their highest speed. An instant later, 250's engine was cut loose, and started after them like a scared collie. Three miles east of Davis they were overhauled by the light engine. The fireman, Donahue, crawled out of the cab window, along the foot-rail, and down on the pilot; caught the ladder of the rear car, and running up, crept along to the leader and began setting brakes. Ten minutes later they were brought back in triumph to Davis.

When the multitude of orders were out of the way, Bucks wired Ed Banks to bring his cowboys down to McCloud on Sixty. Sixty was the east-bound passenger due at McCloud at five-thirty A.M. It turned out that the cowboys had been arrested for lassoing a Norwegian homesteader who had cut their wire. It was not a heinous offense, and after it was straightened out by the intervention of Bucks, who was the whole thing then, they were given jobs lassoing sugar barrels in the train service. One of them, the tall fellow, is a passenger conductor on the high line now.

It was three o'clock that morning—the twenty-fifth of December in small letters, on the West End—before they got things decently straightened out: there was so much to do—orders to make and reports to take. Bucks, still on the key in his flowing robes and tumbling hair, took them all. Then he turned the seat over to Callahan, and getting up for the first time in two hours, dropped into a chair close by.

The very first thing Callahan got was a personal from Pat Francis, conductor of Fifty-nine, at Ogallala. It was for Bucks: "Your mother is aboard Fifty-nine. She was carried by McCloud in the Denver sleeper. Sending her back to you on Sixty. Merry Christmas."

It came off the wire fast. Callahan, taking it, didn't think Bucks heard; but it's probable he did. Callahan threw the clip over towards him with a laugh. "Look there, old man. There's your mother coming, after all your kicking—carried by on Fifty-nine."

The big despatcher's head had sunk on the table, between his arms. Callahan sprang to his side; Bucks had fainted.

THE ADVENTURE OF TILLERMAN McDERMOTT.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

A TRUE STORY OF THE FIREMEN.

WHEN the truck of 21 came out of her house, McDermott sat with his legs braced, and turned the iron tiller. What with her ten ladders—one an eighty-five-footer—her two line-guns, and her hand extinguisher, to say nothing of axes, ropes, lanterns, door-jimmies, smoke-hoods, jumping-nets, and all the other various armament of the fire-fighter, Truck 21 weighed something more than five and a half tons; but McDermott brought her around the sharp corners, among the frogs of the car crossings, as if she were a buckboard.

McDermott is an Irishman, built as square and solid as a post; not tall, but heavy; short of legs, long of arms, and thick through the chest, where a man's strength lies. You would know him for a fireman from the puckered red scars on his face where he has been cut with falling glass. He is one of the twelve men chosen from more than 2,000 as members of the Exhibition Class, for ladder work, for net-jumping, and for other feats of muscle and daring.

It was shortly after noon on St. Patrick's Day when Truck 21 stopped in Forty-sixth Street near Fifth Avenue. There had been a 3-3 alarm, and Martin had driven the big blacks a mile through crowded streets in a few seconds more than four minutes. Above the hotel the smoke was already rising in huge, slow-moving clouds. It was even creeping

"McGUIRE REACHED OUT. . . . 'HOLD ON, OLD MAN,' HE SAID."

from the tops of the upper windows, with here and there red streakings of fire. In the streets the police were pressing back the broken St. Patrick's parade, men were rushing in and out of the hotel entrance like bees at a hive, and over all rose the vast roar of voices.

The marks yet remain in the pavement where Truck 21 stopped with set brakes. Martin threw his seat forward, and he and McGuire and the others sprang to the windlass of the extension ladder. Just then Beggin, the captain, saw a woman sitting perilously on the ledge of a sixth-story window, eighty feet sheer above the stone flagging of the sidewalk. She was waving her

hand and screaming, although the noises of the fire drowned out the sound of her voice. There was fire above her and smoke below, and the windows were giving out a peculiar ominous orange glow that told the grim story of the destruction within. Beggin motioned to McDermott. Without waiting to put on his scaling-belt, McDermott wrenched a scaling-ladder from the truck and ran to the building. Raising the ladder, he drove the long steel hook through the glass of the second-story window. Then he ran up like a cat, crooked one leg over the sill, braced himself, drew up the ladder hand over hand from beneath him, and plunged the hook through the third-story window; and thus, like a great measuring-worm, the man and the ladder crept up the sheer brick wall. At the fifth floor the heavy glass of the window fell in fragments in McDermott's face, cutting him deep over the eye and on the hand. He drew his sleeve across his face to wipe away the blood, and hooked the ladder over the sill of the window where the woman sat. Instantly she turned as if to come down or else to jump. "Keep quiet," shouted McDermott; "I'll take care of you."

Mounting now until he could see in at this sixth-story window, he saw the inner walls all afire and the entire interior a raging furnace. The woman on the sill was pale and scarcely conscious. She held in her lap a small, barking pet dog wrapped in a cloak. On her left wrist she carried a little leather bag of jewels, and she clutched a purse firmly in her hand. McDermott threw the dog and the cloak inside the room.

"You must do just as I tell you," he said.

The woman turned on the sill, with both feet out of the window, and leaned a little outward. The crowd below held its breath. McDermott went a few steps down the ladder, grasping the sill with his right hand; the woman slid out upon his left shoulder. She was heavy, nearly 170 pounds; the ladder, unanchored at the bottom, swayed under the weight of the two like a cotton string. For a moment McDermott paused before he let go of the sill. Then of a sudden, from within the building, there was a terrific roar of falling walls, and smoke and fire gushed outward from the windows above them. McDermott let go, and stepped down one round. His foot held a moment, and then the round gave way with a snap, broken short off. Instantly the ladder swung far out to one side, and McDermott hung there in mid-air by one hand, six stories up, with a fainting woman on his shoulder. He felt the tendons of his arms stretching, indeed snapping; but he did not lose his presence of mind. Grappling with his legs, he succeeded in getting another foot-hold. A few rounds more, and he had reached the bottom, and there he hung waiting. Beneath him he could see the dense masses of men in the street, and above him the white streams of water from the engines curving like bows and opening in spray at the end where they cut into the rolling smoke. And of all the sounds he heard, that of the fire rose in a vast volume above everything else. Blood from his cuts was trickling into his eyes again, his arms were numb, and he was choking with smoke.

In the meantime Beggin and his men had lifted the extension ladder. It now swung and swayed eighty-five feet in the air. Seen against the black walls it seemed a mere thread. And yet on the very top round, with his legs drawn up under him, sat McGuire. Gently the ladder nodded toward the building. McGuire reached out and touched McDermott. "Hold on, old man," he said.

Then, with infinite care, but swiftly, McDermott stepped from the scaling-ladder to the extension ladder. It was with difficulty that he released the clasp of his right hand, so benumbed had it grown. It was a moment of awful uncertainty. If the frail ladders, one of which was loose at the bottom and the other loose at the top, should be parted under the strain of the heavy burden, all three would drop to their death seventy feet below. They were half down when they heard a faint sound of barking above them. There in the window stood the pet dog, begging as piteously as a dog could. It was as much as a man's life was worth to venture upward again; but McGuire went. He took the little dog under his arm, and brought him down. "I couldn't see him burned," he said afterwards somewhat shamefacedly.

All this, from the moment Truck 21 stopped until McGuire reached the ground, had not taken more than ten minutes. If they had stayed one minute longer they would have been buried, truck and all, in the ruins of the hotel, for the wall fell just as they reached safety.

McDermott showed me the scars on his face and hand, and the ugly swelling on his wrist where the tendons had "drawn." He also showed me a little flat leather box containing a gold shield pendent from a gold bar. The brief account of McDermott's deed on the shield was as graphic as the Bible. I asked him if he would do the same thing again if he had the chance.

"Of course," he said; "it's business."

THE CORONATION.

By Elizabeth W. Mainwaring.

"On earth be peace, be peace," the angels sang.
"To men good-will," the last notes earthward rang.

Long stood the shepherds lost in deep amaze,
Fixing upon the Star their awe-struck gaze.

Then one said: "Let us find Him; it were meet
We lay our homage at this Saviour's feet."

And each one ran in eager haste to bring
His humble gift unto the new-born King.

But one there was who went with footsteps slow—
He had no gift, no offering to bestow,

Though sore his longing, for too poor was he.
But lo! with eyes downcast, he chanced to see

A little tree which stood hard by the road,
Near to the place o'er which that strange Star glowed.

With sudden inspiration he bent down,
Plucked its few leaves, and fashioned a rude crown.

So, joyful, entered at the lowly door,
And to the new-born King his tribute bore.

From their rich store the Wise Men did unfold
Their royal gifts of frankincense and gold;

And what their scanty store could best afford
The reverent shepherds laid before their Lord.

But out of all the offerings which were
So heaped before Him—frankincense and myrrh,

Trinkets, and ointments, and the yellow gold—
The Child's hands chose that clumsy wreath to hold.

The mother laid it gently on His brow:
"The Kings wear crowns," she whispered; "so must thou."

Again they crowned Him for the world to see—
His second crowning was on Calvary.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.

A STORY OF ENGLISH LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

By Booth Tarkington,

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana."

PART I.

I.

THE young Frenchman did very well what he had planned to do. His guess that the Duke would cheat proved good. As the unshod half-dozen figures that had been standing noiseless in the entryway stole softly into the shadows of the chamber he leaned across the table and smilingly plucked a card out of the big Englishman's sleeve.

"Merci, M. le Duc!" he laughed, rising and stepping back from the table.

The Englishman cried out, "It means the dirty work of silencing you with my bare hands!" and came at him.

"Do not move," said M. Beaucaire, so sharply that the other paused. "Observe behind you."

The Englishman turned, and saw what trap he had blundered into; then stood transfixed, impotent, alternately scarlet with rage and white with the vital shame of discovery. M. Beaucaire remarked, indicating the silent figures by a polite wave of the hand, "Is it not a compliment to monsieur that I procure six large men to subdue him? They are quite devote' to me, and monsieur is alone. Could it be that he did not wish even his lackeys to know he play with the yo'ng Frenchman who Meestaire Nash does not like in the pomp-room? Monsieur is unfortunate to have come on foot and alone to my apartment."

The Duke's mouth foamed over with chaotic revilement. His captor smiled brightly, and made a slight gesture, as one who brushes aside a boisterous insect. With the same motion he quelled to stony quiet a resentful impetus of his servants toward the Englishman.

"It's murder, is it, you carrion?" finished the Duke.

M. Beaucaire lifted his shoulders in a mock shiver. "What words! No, no, no! No killing! A such word to a such host! No, no, not mur-r-der; only disgrace!" He laughed a clear, light laugh with a rising inflection, seeming to launch himself upon an adventurous quest for sympathy.

"You little fiendish scullion!" spat out the Duke.

"Tut, tut! But I forget. Monsieur has pursue' his studies of deportment amongs' his fellow-countrymen."

"Do you dream a soul in Bath will take your word that I—that I——"

"That M. le Duc de Winterset had a card up his sleeve?"

"You pitiful stroller, you stable-boy, born in a stable——"

"Is it not an honor to be born where monsieur must have been bred?"

"You scurvy foot-boy, you greasy barber, you cutthroat groom——"

"Overwhelm'!" The young man bowed with imperturbable elation. "M. le Duc appoint' me to all the office' of his housekol'."

"You mustachioed fool, there are not five people of quality in Bath will speak to you——"

"No, monsieur, not on the parade; but how many come to play with me here? Because I will play always, night or day, for what one will, for any long—and al—ways fair, monsieur."

"You outrageous varlet! Every one knows you came to England as the French Ambassador's barber. What man of fashion will listen to you? Who will believe you?"

Editor's Note.—"Monsieur Beaucaire" is an earlier story than "The Gentleman from Indiana," by which Mr. Tarkington is already well known to our readers. We were so pleased with it, when he submitted it to us, that we asked to see other work of his, and he submitted "The Gentleman from Indiana," of which he was then writing the final chapters. It shows the unusualness of Mr. Tarkington's ability that he could write two stories so equally strong and interesting, and yet so widely different in scene and character.

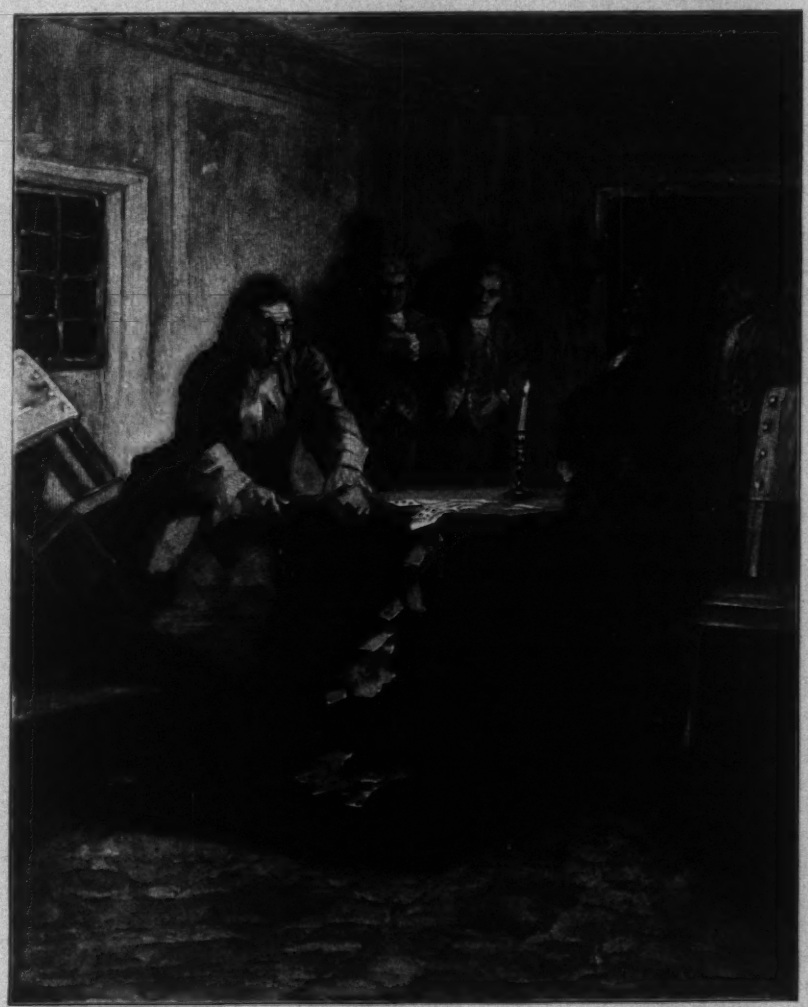
"All people, monsieur. Do you think I have not calculate', that I shall make a failure of my little enterprise?"

"Bah!"

"Will monsieur not reseat himself?" M. Beaucaire made a low bow. "So. We must not be too tire' for Lady Malbourne's rout. Ha, ha! And you, Jean, Victor, and you him las' year, after when he play' with Milor' Tappin'ford at the chocolate-house——"

"You dirty scandal-monger!" the Duke burst out, "I'll——"

"Monsieur, monsieur!" said the Frenchman. "It is a poor valor to insult a helpless captor. Can he reply to his own victim? But it is for you to think of what I say.



"'IT MEANS THE DIRTY WORK OF SILENCING YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS.'"

others, retire; go in the hallway. Attend at the entrance, François. So; now we shall talk. Monsieur, I wish you to think very cool. Then listen; I will be briefly. It is that I am well known to be all entire' hones'. Gamblist? Ah, yes; true and mos' profitable; but fair, al—ways fair; every one say that. Is it not so? Think of it. And—is there never a w'isper come to M. le Duc that not all people belief him to play al—ways hones'? Ha, ha! Did it almos' be *said* to True, I am not reco'nize on the parade; that my frien's who come here do not present me to their ladies; that Meestaire Nash has reboff' me in the pomp-room; still, am I not known for being hones' and fair in my play, and will I *not* be belief', even I, when I lif' my voice and charge you aloud with what is already w'isper'? Think of it! You are a noble, and there will be some hang-dogs who might not fall away from you. Only such would be lef' to you. Do you want it tol'?

And you can keep out of France, monsieur? I have lef' his service, but I have still the ear of M. de Mirepoix, and he know' I never lie. Not a gentleman will play you when you come to Paris."

The Englishman's white lip showed a row of scarlet dots upon it. "How much do you want?" he said.

The room rang with the gay laughter of Beaucaire. "I hol' your note' for seven-hunder' pound'. You can have them, monsieur. Why does a such great man come to play M. Beaucaire? Because no one else willin' to play M. le Duc—he cannot pay. Ha, ha! So he come' to good Monsieur Beaucaire. Money, ha, ha! What I want with money?"

His Grace of Winterset's features were set awry to a sinister pattern. He sat glaring at his companion in a snarling silence.

"Money? Pouf!" snapped the little gambler. "No, no, no! It is that M. le Duc, impoverish', somewhat in a bad odor as he is, yet command the *entrée any*-where —onless I— Ha, ha! Eh, monsieur?"

"Ha! You dare think to force *me*——"

M. Beaucaire twirled the tip of his slender mustache around the end of his white fore-finger. Then he said: "Monsieur and me goin' to Lady Malbourne's ball to-night—M. le Duc and me!"

The Englishman roared, "Curse your impudence!"

"Sit quiet. Oh, yes, that's all; we goin' together."

"No!"

"Certain. I make all my little plan. 'Tis all arrange'." He paused, and then said quietly, "You goin' present me to Lady Mary Carlisle."

The other laughed in utter scorn. "Lady Mary Carlisle, of all women alive, would be the first to prefer any one to a man of no birth, barber."

"'Tis all arrange', have no fear; nobody question monsieur's guest. You goin' take me to-night——"

"No!"

Yes. And after—then *I* have the *entrée*. Is it much I ask? This one little favor, and I never w'isper, never breathe that—it is to say, I am always forever silent of monsieur's misfortune."

"*You* have the *entrée!*" sneered the other. "Go to a lackeys' rout and dance with the kitchen maids. If I would, I could not present you to Bath society. I should have cartels from the fathers, brothers, and lovers of every wench and madam in the place, even I. You would be thrust from Lady Malbourne's door five minutes after you entered it."

"No, no, no!"

"Half the gentlemen in Bath have been here to play. They would know you, wouldn't they, fool? You've had thousands out of Bantison, Rakell, Guilford, and Townbrake. They would have you lashed by the grooms as your ugly deserts are. *You* to speak to Lady Mary Carlisle! S'death! You! Also, dolt, she would know you if you escaped the others. She stood within a yard of you when Nash expelled you the pump-room."

M. Beaucaire flushed slightly. "You think I did not see?" he asked.

"Do you dream that because Winterset introduces a low fellow he will be tolerated —that Bath will receive a barber?"

"I have the distinction to call monsieur's attention," replied the young man gayly, "I have renounce' that profession."

"Fool!"

"I am now a man of honor!"

"Faugh!"

"A man of the parts," continued the young Frenchman, "and of deportment; is it not so? Have you seen me of a fluster, or gross ever, or, what shall I say—*bourgeois?* Shall you be shame' for your guest' manner? No, no! And my appearance, is it of the people? Clearly, no. Do I not compare in taste of apparel with your yo'ng Englishman? Ha, ha! To be hope'. Ha, ha! So I am goin' talk with Lady Mary Carlisle."

"Bah!" The Duke made a savage burlesque. "'Lady Mary Carlisle, may I assume the honor of presenting the barber of the Marquis de Mirepoix?' So, is it?"

"No, monsieur," smiled the young man. "Quite not so. You shall have nothing to worry you, nothing in the worl'. I am goin' to assassinate my poor mustachio—also remove this horrible black peruke, and emerge in my own hair. Behol'!" He swept the heavy, curled mass from his head as he spoke, and his hair, coiled under the great wig, fell to his shoulders, and sparkled yellow in the candle-light. He tossed his head to shake the hair back from his cheeks. "When it is dress', I am transform'; nobody can know me; you shall observe. See how little I ask of you, how very little bit. No one shall reco'nize 'M. Beaucaire' or 'Victor.' Ha, ha! 'Tis all arrange'; you have nothing to fear."

"Curse you," said the Duke, "do you think I'm going to be saddled with you wherever I go as long as you choose?"

"M. BEAUCAIRE, WARY, ALERT, BRILLIANT, SEEMED TO TRANSFORM HIMSELF INTO A DOZEN FENCING-MASTERS."

"A mistake. No. All I requi— all I beg —is this one evening. 'Tis all shall be necessary. *After*, I shall not need monsieur."

"Take heed to yourself—after!" vouchsafed the Englishman between his teeth.

"Conquered!" cried M. Beaucaire, and clapped his hands gleefully. "Conquered for the night! Aha, it is riz'nable! I shall meet what you send—after. One cannot hope too much of your patience. It is but natural you should attemp' a little avengement for the rascal trap I was such a wicked fellow as to set for you. I shall meet some strange frien's of yours after to-night; not so? I must try to be not too much frighten'." He looked at the Duke curiously. "You want to know why I create this tragedy, why I am so unkind as to entrap monsieur?"

His Grace of Winterset replied with a chill glance; a pulse in the nobleman's cheek beat less relentlessly; his eye raged not so bitterly; the steady purple of his own color was returning; his voice was less hoarse; he was regaining his habit. "'Tis ever the manner of the vulgar," he observed, "to wish to be seen with people of fashion."

"Oh, no, no, no!" The Frenchman laughed. "'Tis not that. Am I not already one of these 'men of fashion'? I lack only the reputation of birth. Monsieur is goin' supply that. Ha, ha! I shall be noble from to-night. 'Victor' the artis' is condemn' to death; his throat shall be cut with his own razor. 'M. Beaucaire'—" Here the young man sprang to his feet, caught up the black wig, clapped into it a dice-box from the table, and hurled it violently through the open door. "M. Beaucaire shall be choke' with his own dice-box. Who is the Phœnix to remain? What advantage have I not over other men of rank who are merely born to it? I may choose my own. No! Choose for me, monsieur. Shall I be chevalier, comte, vicomte, marquis, what? None. Out of compliment to monsieur can I wish to be anything he is not? No, no! I shall be M. le Duc, M. le Duc de—de Chateaurien. Ha, ha! You see? You are my *confrère*."

M. Beaucaire trod a dainty step or two, waving his hand politely to the Duke, as though in invitation to join in celebration of his rank. The Englishman watched, his eye still and harsh, already gathering in craftiness. Beaucaire stopped suddenly. "But how I forget my age! I am twenty-three," he said, with a sigh. "I rejoice too much to be of the quality. It has been too great for me, and I had always belief' myself free of such ambition. I thought it was enough to behol' the opera without wishing to sing; but no, England have teach' me I have those vulgar desire'. Monsieur, I am goin' tell you a secret: the ladies of your country are very diff'runt than ours. One may adore the demoiselle, one must worship the lady of England. Our ladies have the—it is the beauty of youth; yours remain comely at thirty. Ours are flowers, yours are stars! See, I betray myself, I am so poor a patriot. And there is one among these stars—ah, yes, there is one—the poor Frenchman has observe' from his humble distance; even there he could bask in the glowing!" M. Beaucaire turned to the window, and looked out into the night. He did not see the stars in the sky. When he turned again, he had half forgotten his prisoner; other pictures were before him.

"Ah, what radiance!" he cried. "*Haute noblesse* to her little finger-tips; gold-haired, an angel of heaven, and yet a Diana of the chase! I see her fly by me on her great horse one day; she touch' his mane with her fingers. I buy that clipping from the groom. I have it here with my poor mother's picture. Ah, *you!* Oh, yes, you laugh! What do you know! 'Twas all I could get. But I have heard of the endeavorr of M. le Duc to recoup his fortunes. This alliance shall fail. It is not the way—that heritage shall be safe' from him! It is you and me, monsieur! You can laugh! The war is open', and by *me!* There is one great step taken: until to-night there was nothing for you to ruin, to-morrow you have got a noble of France—your own *protégé*—to besiege and sack. And you are to lose, because you think such ruin easy, and because you understand nothing—far less—of divinity. How could you know? You have not the fiber; the heart of a lady is a blank to you; you know nothing of the vibration. There are some words that were made only to tell of Lady Mary, for her alone—*bellissima*, divine, *glorieuse!* Ah, how I have watch' her! It is sad to me when I see her surround' by your yo'ng captains, your nobles, your rattles, your bucks—ha, ha!—and I mus' hol' far aloof. It is sad for me—but oh, jus' to watch her and to wonder! Strange it is, but I have almos' cried out with rapture at a look I have see' her give another man, so beautiful it was, so tender, so dazzling of the eyes and so mirthful of the lips. Ah, divine coquetry! A look for another, *ah-i-me!* for many others; and even to you, one day, a rose, while I—I, monsieur, could not even

be so blessed as to be the groun' beneath her little shoe! But *to-night*, monsieur—ha, ha!—*to-night*, monsieur—monsieur, you and me, two princes, M. le Duc de Winterset and M. le Duc de Chateaurien. Ha, ha! You see? We are goin' arm-in-arm to that ball, and *I* am goin' have one of those looks, *I!* And a rose! I! It is time. But ten minute', monsieur. I make my apology to keep you waitin' so long while I go in the nex' room and murder my poor mustachio and inves' myself in white satin. Ha, ha! I shall be very gran', monsieur. François, send Louis to me; Victor, to order two chairs for monsieur and me; we are goin' out in the worl' to-night."

II.

THE chairmen swarmed in the street at Lady Malbourne's door, where the joyous vulgar fought with muddled footmen and tipsy link-boys for places of vantage whence to catch a glimpse of quality and of raiment at its utmost. Dawn was in the east, and the guests were departing. Singly or in pairs, glittering in finery, they came mincing down the steps, the ghost of the night's smirk fading to jadedness as they sought the dark recesses of their chairs. From within sounded the twang of fiddles still swinging manfully at it, and the windows were bright with the light of many candles. When the door was flung open to call the chair of Lady Mary Carlisle, there was an eager pressure of the throng to see.

A small, fair gentleman in white satin came out upon the steps, turned and bowed before a lady who appeared in the doorway, a lady whose royal loveliness was given to view for a moment in that glowing frame. The crowd sent up a hearty English cheer for the Beauty of Bath.

The gentleman smiled upon them delightedly. "What enchanting people!" he cried. "Why did I not know, so I might have shout' with them!" The lady noticed the people not at all; whereat, being pleased, the people cheered again. The gentleman offered her his hand; she made a slow courtesy, placed the tips of her fingers upon his own. "I am honored, M. de Chateaurien," she said.

"No, no!" he cried earnestly. "Behol' a poor Frenchman whom emperors should envy." Then reverently and with the pride of his gallant office vibrant in every line of his light figure, invested in white satin, and very grand, as he had prophesied, M. le Duc de Chateaurien handed Lady Mary Carlisle down the steps, an achievement which had figured in the ambitions of seven other gentlemen during the evening.

"Am I to be lef' in such unhappiness?" he said in a low voice. "That rose I have beg' for so long——"

"Never!" said Lady Mary.

"Ah, I do not deserve it, I know so well! But——"

"Never!"

"It is the greatness of my onworthiness that alone can claim your charity; let your kin' heart give this little red rose, this great alms, to the poor beggar."

"Never!"

She was seated in the chair. "Ah, give the rose," he whispered. Her beauty shone dazzlingly on him out of the dimness.

"Never!" she flashed defiantly as she was closed in. "Never!"

"Ah!"

"Never!"

The rose fell at his feet.

"A rose lasts till morning," said a voice behind him.

Turning, M. de Chateaurien looked beamingly upon the face of the Duke of Winterset.

"'Tis already the daylight," he replied, pointing to the east. "Monsieur, was it not enough honor for you to han' out madame, the aunt of Lady Mary? Lady Rellerton retain' much trace of beauty. 'Tis strange you did not appear more happy."

"The rose is of an unlucky color, I think," observed the Duke.

"The color of a blush, monsieur."

"Unlucky, I still maintain," said the other calmly.

"The color of the veins of a Frenchman. Ha, ha!" cried the young man. "What price would be too high? A rose is a rose! A good-night, my brother, a good-night. I wish you dreams of roses, red roses, only beautiful red, red roses!"

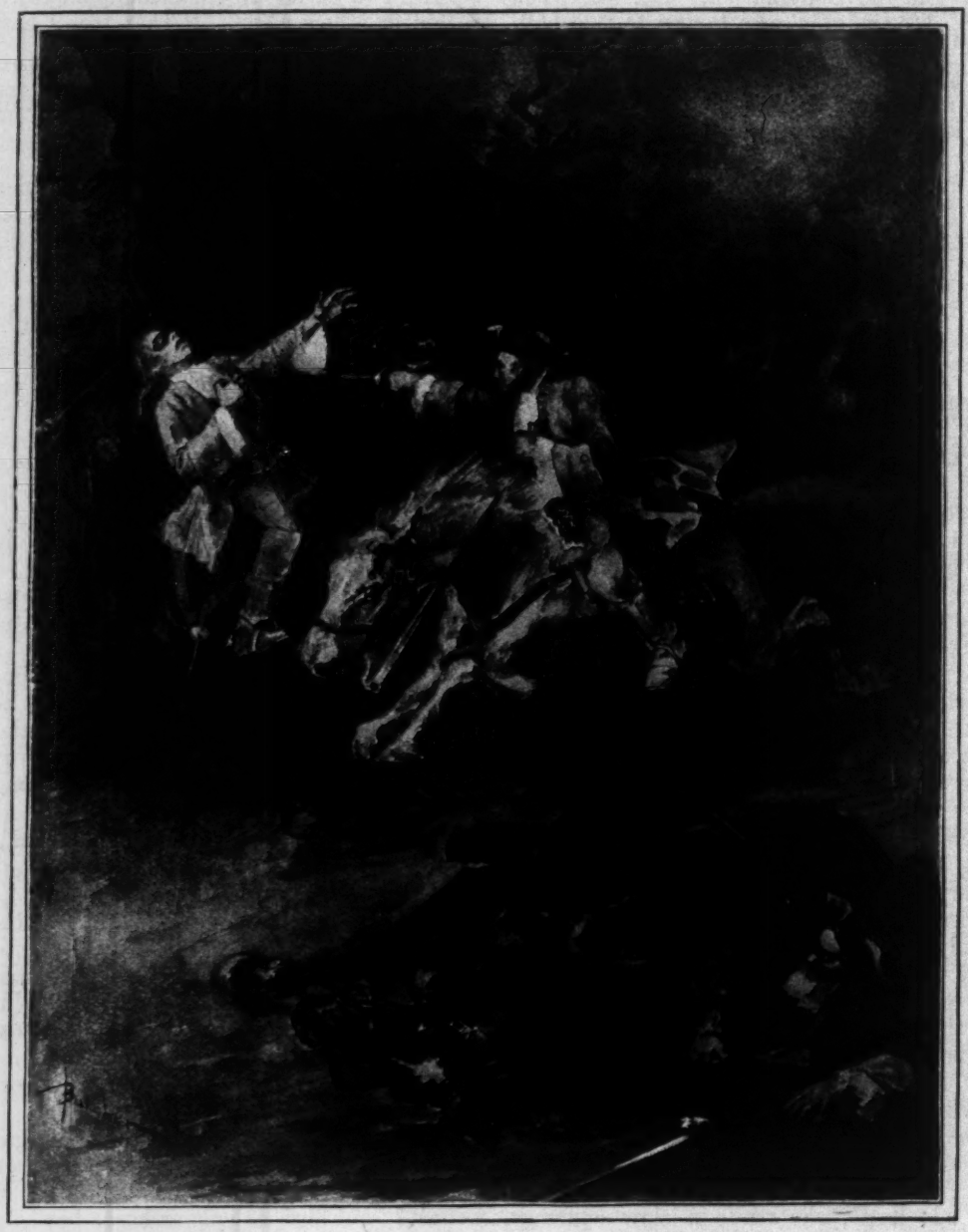
"Stay! Did you see the look she gave these street folk when they shouted for her? And how are you higher than they, when she knows? As high as yonder horse-boy!"

"Red roses, my brother, only roses. I wish you dreams of red, red roses!"

III.

'TWAS well agreed by the fashion of Bath that M. le Duc de Chateaurien was a person of sensibility and *haut ton;* that his retinue

and equipage surpassed in elegance; that his person was exquisite, his manner engaging. In the company of gentlemen his ease was slightly tinged with graciousness (his single



"FOR A MOMENT HE CUT THROUGH THE RING AND CLEARED A SPACE ABOUT HIM."

equal in Bath being his Grace of Winterset); but it was remarked that when he bowed over a lady's hand, his air bespoke only a gay and tender reverence.

He was the idol of the dowagers within a week after his appearance; matrons warmed to him; young belles looked sweetly on him, while the bucks and beaux were won to admiration or envy. He was of prodigious wealth: old Mr. Bicksit, who dared not for his fame's sake fail to have seen all things, had visited Chateaurien under the present Duke's father, and descanted to the curious upon its grandeurs. The young noble had one fault, he was so poor a gambler. He cared nothing for the hazards of a die or the turn of a card. Gayly admitting that he had been born with no spirit of adventure in

him, he was sure, he declared, that he failed of much happiness by his lack of taste in such matters.

But he was not long wanting the occasion to prove his taste in the matter of handling a weapon. A certain led-captain, Rohrer by name, notorious, amongst other things, for bearing a dexterous and bloodthirsty blade, came to Bath post-haste one night, and jostled heartily against him in the pump-room on the following morning. M. de Chateaurien bowed, and turned aside without offense, continuing a conversation with some gentlemen near by. Captain Rohrer jostled against him a second time. M. de Chateaurien looked him in the eye, and apologized pleasantly for being so much in the way. Thereupon Rohrer procured an introduction to him, and made some observations derogatory to the valor and virtue of the French. There was current a curious piece of gossip of the French court: a prince of the blood royal, grandson of the late Regent and second in the line of succession to the throne of France, had rebelled against the authority of Louis XV., who had commanded him to marry the Princess Henriette, cousin to both of them. The princess was reported to be openly devoted to the cousin who refused to accept her hand at the bidding of the king; and, as rumor ran, the prince's caprice elected in preference the discipline of Vincennes, to which retirement the furious king had consigned him. The story was the staple gossip of all polite Europe; and Captain Rohrer, having in his mind a purpose to make use of it in leading up to a statement that should be general to the damage of all Frenchwomen, and which a Frenchman might not pass over as he might a jog of the elbow, repeated it with garbled truths to make a scandal of a story that bore none on a plain relation.

He did not reach his deduction. M. de Chateaurien, breaking into his narrative, addressed him very quietly. "Monsieur," he said, "none but swine deny the nobleness of that good and gentle lady, Mademoiselle la Princesse de Bourbon-Conti. Every Frenchman know' that her cousin is a bad rebel and ingrate, who had only honor and rispec' for her, but was so wilful he could not let even the king say, 'You shall marry here, you shall marry there.' Messieurs," the young man turned to the others, "may I ask you to close aroun' in a circle for one moment? It is clearly shown that the Duke of Orleans is a scurvy fellow, but not—" he wheeled about and touched Captain Rohrer on the brow with the back of his gloved hand—"but not so scurvy as thou, thou swine of the gutter!"

Two hours later, with perfect ease, he ran Captain Rohrer through the left shoulder, after which he sent a basket of red roses to the Duke of Winterset. In a few days he had another captain to fight. This was a ruffling buck who had the astounding indiscretion to proclaim M. de Chateaurien an impostor. There was no Chateaurien, he swore. The Frenchman laughed in his face, and at twilight of the same day pinked him carefully through the right shoulder. It was not that he could not put aside the insult to himself, he declared to Mr. Molyneux, his second, and the few witnesses, as he handed his wet sword to his lackey—one of his station could not be insulted by a doubt of that station—but he fought in the quarrel of his friend Winterset. This rascal had asserted that M. le Duc had introduced an impostor. Could he overlook the insult to a friend, one to whom he owed his kind reception in Bath? Then, bending over his fallen adversary, he whispered: "Naughty man, tell your master find some better quarrel for the nex' he sen' agains' me."

The conduct of M. de Chateaurien was pronounced admirable.

There was no surprise when the young foreigner fell naturally into the long train of followers of the beautiful Lady Mary Carlisle, nor was there great astonishment that he should obtain marked favor in her eyes, shown so plainly that my Lord Townbrake, Sir Hugh Guilford, and the rich Squire Bantison, all of whom had followed her through three seasons, swore with rage, and his Grace of Winterset stalked from her aunt's house with black brows.

Meeting the Duke there on the evening after his second encounter, de Chateaurien smiled upon him brilliantly. "It was badly done; oh, so badly," he whispered. "Can you afford to have me strip' of my mask by any but yourself? You, who introduce me? They will say there is some bad scandal that I could force you to be my god-father. You mus' get the courage yourself."

"I told you a rose had a short life," was the answer.

"Oh, those roses! 'Tis the very greates' reason to gather each day a fresh one." He took a red bud from his breast for an instant, and touched it to his lips.

"M. de Chateaurien!" It was Lady Mary's voice; she stood at a table where a vacant place had been left beside her. "M.

de Chateaurien, we have been waiting very long for you."

The Duke saw the look she did not know she gave the Frenchman, and he lost countenance for a moment.

"We approach a climax, eh, monsieur?" said M. de Chateaurien.

IV.

THERE fell a clear September night, when the moon was radiant over town and country, over cobbled streets and winding roads. From the fields the mists rose slowly, and the air was mild and fragrant, while distances were white and full of mystery. All of Bath that pretended to fashion or condition was present that evening at a *fête* at the house of a country gentleman of the neighborhood. When the stately junket was concluded, it was the pleasure of M. de Chateaurien to form one of the escort of Lady Mary's carriage for the return. As they took the road, Sir Hugh Guilford and Mr. Bantison, engaging in indistinct but vigorous remonstrance with Mr. Molyneux over some matter, fell fifty or more paces behind, where they continued to ride, keeping up their argument. Half a dozen other gallants rode in advance, muttering among themselves, or attended laxly upon Lady Mary's aunt on the other side of the coach, while the happy Frenchman was permitted to ride close to that adorable window which framed the fairest face in England.

He sang for her a little French song, a song of the *voyageur* who dreamed of home. The lady, listening, looking up at the bright moon, felt a warm drop upon her cheek, and he saw the tears sparkling upon her lashes.

"Mademoiselle," he whispered then, "I, too, have been a wanderer, but my dreams were not of France; no, I do not dream of that home, of that dear country. It is of a dearer country, a dream country—a country of gold and snow," he cried softly, looking at her white brow and the fair, lightly powdered hair above it. "Gold and snow, and the blue sky of a lady's eyes!"

"I had thought the ladies of France were dark, sir."

"Cruel! It is that she will not understan'! Have I speak of the ladies of France? No, no, no! It is of the fairies' country; yes, 'tis a province of heaven, mademoiselle. Do I not renounce my allegiance to France? Oh, yes! I am subjec'—no, content—to be slave in the lan' of the blue sky, the gold, and the snow."

"A very pretty figure," answered Lady Mary, her eyes downcast. "But does it not hint a notable experience in the making of such speeches?"

"Tormentress! No. It prove' only the inspiration it is to know you."

"We English ladies hear plenty of the like, sir; and we even grow brilliant enough to detect the assurance that lies beneath the labored courtesies of our own gallants."

"*Merci!* I should believe so!" ejaculated M. de Chateaurien; but he smothered the words upon his lips.

Her eyes were not lifted. She went on: "We are taught to believe that true feeling comes faltering forth, M. le Duc, not glibly; smoothness betokens the adept in the art, sir, rather than your true—your true—" She was herself faltering; more, blushing deeply, and halting to a full stop in terror of a word. There was a silence.

"Your true lover," he said huskily. When he had said that word both trembled. She turned half away into the darkness of the coach.

"I know what make' you to doubt me," he said, faltering himself, though it was not his art that prompted him. "They have tol' you the French do nothing al—ways but make love, is it not so? Yes, you think *I* am like that. You think I am like that now!"

She made no sign.

"I suppose," he sighed, "I am unriz'nable: I would have the snow not so col'—for jus' me."

She did not answer.

"Turn to me," he said.

The fragrance of the fields came to them, and from the distance the faint, clear note of a hunting-horn.

"Turn to me."

The lovely head was bent very low. Her little gloved hand lay upon the narrow window ledge. He laid his own gently upon it. The two hands were shaking like twin leaves in the breeze. Hers was not drawn away. After a pause, neither knew how long, he felt the warm fingers turn and clasp themselves tremulously about his own. At last she looked up bravely and met his eyes. The horn was wound again—nearer.

"All the cold was gone from the snows—long ago," she said.

"My beautiful!" he whispered; it was all he could say. "My beautiful!" But she clutched his arm, startled.

"'*Ware the road!*" A wild halloo sounded ahead. The horn wound loudly. "'*Ware the road!*" There sprang up out of the

night a flying thunder of hoof-beats. The gentlemen riding idly in front of the coach scattered to the hedge-sides; and, with drawn swords flashing in the moon, a party of horsemen charged down the highway, their cries blasting the night.

"Barber! Kill the barber!" they screamed. "Barber! Kill the barber!"

Beaucaire had hardly time to draw his sword when they were upon him.

"*À moi!*" his voice rang out clearly as he rose in his stirrups. "*À moi*, François, Louis, Berquin! *À moi*, François!"

The cavaliers came straight at him. He parried the thrust of the first, but the shock of collision hurled his horse against the side of the coach.

"Sacred swine!" he cried bitterly. "To endanger a lady, to make this brawl in a lady's presence! Drive on!" he shouted.

"No!" cried Lady Mary.

The Frenchman's assailants were masked, but they were not highwaymen. "Barber! Barber!" they shouted hoarsely, and closed in on him in a circle.

"See how he use his steel!" laughed M. Beaucaire, as his point passed through a tawdry waistcoat. For a moment he cut through the ring and cleared a space about him, and Lady Mary saw his face shining in the moonlight. "*Canaille!*" he hissed, as his horse sank beneath him; and, though guarding his head from the rain of blows from above, he managed to drag headlong from his saddle the man who had hamstrung the poor brute. The fellow came suddenly to the ground, and lay there.

"Is it not a compliment," said a heavy voice, "to bring six large men to subdue monsieur?"

"Oh, you are there, my frien'! In the rear—a little in the rear, I think. Ha, ha!"

The Frenchman's play with his weapon was a revelation of skill, the more extraordinary as he held in his hand only a light dress sword. But the ring closed about him, and his keen defense could not avail him for more than a few moments. Lady Mary's outriders, the gallants of her escort, rode up close to the coach and encircled it, not interfering.

"Sir Hugh Guilford!" cried Lady Mary wildly, "if you will not help him, give me your sword!" She would have leaped to the ground, but Sir Hugh held the door.

"Sit quiet, madam," he said to her; and, to the man on the box, "Drive on."

"If he does, I'll kill him!" she said fiercely. "Ah, what cowards! Will you see the Duke murdered?"

"The Duke!" laughed Guilford. "They will not kill him, unless—be easy, dear madam, 'twill be explained. Gad's life!" he muttered to Molyneux, "'twere time the varlet had his lashing! D'ye hear her?"

"Barber or no barber," answered Molyneux, "I wish I had warned him. He fights as few gentlemen could. 'S death, sir! Look at that! 'Tis a shame!"

On foot, hatless, his white coat sadly rent and gashed, flecked, too, with red, M. Beaucaire, wary, alert, brilliant, seemed to transform himself into a dozen fencing-masters; and though his skill appeared to be in delicacy and quickness, and his play was mostly with the point, sheer strength failed to beat him down. The young man was laughing like a child.

"Believe me," cried Molyneux, "he's no barber! No, and never was!"

For a moment there was even a chance that M. Beaucaire might have the best of it. Two of his adversaries were prostrate, more than one was groaning, and the indomitable Frenchman had actually almost beat off the ruffians, when, by a trick, he was overcome. One of them, dismounting, ran in suddenly from behind, and seized his blade in a thick leather gauntlet. Before Beaucaire could disengage the weapon, two others threw themselves from their horses and hurled him to the earth. "*À moi! À moi*, François!" he cried as he went down, his sword in fragments, but his voice unbroken and clear.

"Shame!" muttered one or two of the gentlemen about the coach.

"'Twas dastardly to take him so," said Molyneux. "Whatever his deservings, I'm nigh of a mind to offer him a rescue in the Duke's face."

"Truss him up, lads," said the heavy voice. "Clear the way in front of the coach. There sit those whom we avenge upon a presumptuous lackey. Now, Whiffen, you have a fair audience, lay on and baste him."

Two men began to drag M. Beaucaire toward a great oak by the roadside. Another took from his saddle a heavy whip with three thongs.

"*À moi*, François!"

There was borne on the breeze an answer —"*Monseigneur! Monseigneur!*" The cry grew louder suddenly. The clatter of hoofs urged to an anguish of speed sounded on the night. M. Beaucaire's servants had lagged sorely behind, but they made up for it now. Almost before the noise of their own steeds they came riding down the moonlit aisle be-

tween the mists. Chosen men, these servants of Beaucaire, and like a thunderbolt they fell upon the astounded cavaliers.

"Chateaurien! Chateaurien!" they shouted, and smote so swiftly that, through lack of time, they showed no proper judgment and discriminated nothing between non-combatants and their master's foes. They charged first into the group about M. Beaucaire, and broke and routed it utterly. Two of them leaped to the young man's side, while the other four, swerving, scarce losing the momentum of their onset, bore on upon the gentlemen near the coach, who went down beneath the fierceness of the onslaught, cursing manfully.

"Our just deserts," said Mr. Molyneux, his mouth full of dust and philosophy.

Sir Hugh Guilford's horse fell with him, being literally ridden over, and the baronet's leg was pinned under the saddle. In less than ten minutes from the first attack on M. Beaucaire, the attacking party had fled in disorder, and the patrician non-combatants, choking with expletives, consumed with wrath, were prisoners, disarmed by the Frenchman's lackeys.

Guilford's discomfiture had freed the doors of the coach; so it was that when M. Beaucaire, struggling to rise, assisted by his servants, threw out one hand to balance himself, he found it seized between two small, cold palms, and he looked into two warm, dilating eyes, that were doubly beautiful because of the fright and rage that found room in them too.

M. le Duc de Chateaurien sprang to his feet without the aid of his lackeys, and bowed low before Lady Mary.

"I make ten thousan' apology to be the cause of a such *mêlée* in mademoiselle's presence," he said; and then turning to François, he spoke in French: "Ah, thou scoundrel! A little, and it had been too late."

François knelt in the dust before him. "Pardon!" he said. "Monseigneur commanded us to follow far in the rear, to remain unobserved. The wind malignantly blew against monseigneur's voice."

"See what it might have cost, my children," said his master, pointing to the ropes with which they would have bound him and to the whip lying beside them. A shudder passed over the lackey's frame; the utter horror in his face echoed in the eyes of his fellows.

"Oh, monseigneur!" François sprang back, and tossed his arms to heaven.

"But it did not happen," said M. Beaucaire.

"It could not!" exclaimed François.

"No. And you did very well, my children—" the young man smiled benevolently—"very well. And now," he continued, turning to Lady Mary and speaking in English, "let me be asking of your gallants yonder what make' them to be in cabal with highwaymen. One should come to a polite understanding with them, you think? Not so?"

He bowed, offering his hand to conduct her to the coach, where Molyneux and his companions, having drawn Sir Hugh from under his horse, were engaged in reviving and reassuring Lady Rellerton, who had fainted. But Lady Mary stayed Beaucaire with a gesture, and the two stood where they were.

"Monseigneur!" she said, with a note of raillery in her voice, but raillery so tender that he started with happiness. His movement brought him a hot spasm of pain, and he clapped his hand to a red stain on his waistcoat.

"You are hurt."

"It is nothing," smiled M. Beaucaire. Then, that she might not see the stain spreading, he held his handkerchief over the spot. "I am a little—but jus' a trifling—bruise'; 'tis all."

"You shall ride in the coach," she whispered. "Will you be pleased, M. de Chateaurien?"

"Ah, my beautiful!" She seemed to wave before him like a shining mist. "I wish that ride might las' for al—ways! Can you say that, mademoiselle?"

"Monseigneur," she cried in a passion of admiration, "I would what you would have be, should be. What do you not deserve? You are the bravest man in the world!"

"Ha, ha! I am jus' a poor Frenchman."

"Would that a few Englishmen had shown themselves as 'poor' to-night. The vile cowards not to help you!" Then, suddenly possessed by her anger, she swept away from him to the coach.

Sir Hugh, groaning loudly, was being assisted into the vehicle.

"My little poltroons," she said, "what are you doing with your fellow-craven, Sir Hugh Guilford, there?"

"Madam," replied Molyneux humbly, "Sir Hugh's leg is broken. Lady Rellerton graciously permits him to be taken in."

"*I* do not permit it, sir! M. de Chateaurien rides with us."

"But——"

"Sir! Leave the wretch to groan by the roadside," she cried fiercely, "which plight I would were that of all of you! But there

will be a pretty story for the gossips to-morrow! And I could almost find pity for you when I think of the wits when you return to town. Fine gentlemen you; hardy bravoes, by heaven! to leave one man to meet a troop of horse single-handed, while you huddle in shelter until you are overthrown and disarmed by servants! Oh, the wits! Heaven save you from the wits!"

"Madam."

"Address me no more! M. de Chateaurien, Lady Rellerton and I will greatly esteem the honor of your company. Will you get in?"

She leaped into the coach, and was gathering her skirts to make room for the Frenchman, when a heavy voice spoke from the shadows of the tree by the wayside.

"Lady Mary Carlisle will, no doubt, listen to a word of counsel on this point."

The Duke of Winterset rode out into the moonlight, composedly untying a mask from about his head. He had not shared the flight of his followers, but had retired into the shade of the oak, whence he now made his presence known with the utmost coolness.

"Gracious heavens, 'tis Winterset!" exclaimed Lady Rellerton.

"Turned highwayman and cutthroat," cried Lady Mary.

"No, no," laughed M. Beaucaire, somewhat unsteadily, as he stood, swaying slightly, with one hand on the coach-door, the other pressed hard on his side, "he only oversee'; he is jus' a little bashful, sometime'—he is a great man, but he don' want *all* the glory!"

"Barber," replied the Duke, "I must tell you that I gladly descend to bandy words with you; your monstrous impudence is a claim to rank I cannot ignore. But a lackey who has himself followed by six other lackeys——"

"Ha, ha! Has not M. le Duc been busy all this evening to justify me? And I think mine mus' be the bes' six. Ha, ha! You think?"

"M. de Chateaurien," said Lady Mary, "we are waiting for you."

"Pardon," he replied, "he has something to say; maybe it is bes' if mademoiselle hear it now."

"I wish to hear nothing from him—ever!"

"Egad, madam," cried the Duke, "this saucy fellow has paid you the last insult. He is so sure of you he does not fear you will believe the truth. When all is told, if you do not agree he deserved the lashing we planned to——"

"I'll hear no more!"

"You will bitterly repent it, madam. For your own sake I entreat——"

"And I also," broke in M. Beaucaire. "Permit me, mademoiselle; let him speak."

"Then let him be brief," said Lady Mary, "for I am earnest to be quit of him. His explanation of an attack on my friend and on my carriage should be made to my brother."

"Alas that he was not here," said the Duke, "to aid me! Madam, was your carriage threatened? I have endeavored only to expunge a debt I owed to Bath and to avenge an insult offered to yourself through——"

"Sir, sir, my patience will bear little more!"

"A thousan' apology," said M. Beaucaire. "You will listen, I only beg, Lady Mary."

She made an angry gesture of assent.

"Madam, I will be brief as I may. Two months ago there came to Bath a French gambler calling himself Beaucaire, a desperate fellow with the cards or dice, and all the men of fashion went to play at his lodging, where he won considerable sums. He was small, wore a black wig and mustachio. He had the insolence to show himself everywhere until the Master of Ceremonies rebuffed him in the pump-room, as you know, and after that he forbore his visits to the rooms. Mr. Nash explained (and was confirmed, madam, by indubitable information) that this Beaucaire was a man of unspeakable, vile, low birth, being, in fact, no other than a lackey of the French king's ambassador, Victor by name, de Mirepoix's barber. Although his condition was known, the hideous impudence of the fellow did not desert him, and he remained in Bath, where none would speak to him."

"Is your farrago nigh done, sir?"

"A few moments, madam. One evening, three weeks gone, I observed a very elegant equipage draw up to my door, and the Duke of Chateaurien was announced. The young man's manners were worthy—according to the French acceptance—and 'twere idle to deny him the most monstrous assurance. He declared himself a noble traveling for pleasure. He had taken lodgings in Bath for a season, he said, and called at once to pay his respects to me. His tone was so candid (in truth, I am the simplest of men, very easily gulled) and his stroke so bold that I did not for one moment suspect him; and to my poignant regret—though in the humblest spirit I have shown myself eager to atone—that very evening I had the shame of presenting him to yourself."

"The shame, sir!"

"Have patience, pray, madam. Ay, the shame! You know what figure he hath cut in Bath since that evening. All ran merrily with him until several days ago Captain Badger denounced him as an impostor, vowing that Chateaurien was nothing."

"Pardon," interrupted M. Beaucaire. "'Castle Nowhere' would have been so much better. Why did you not make him say it that way, monsieur?"

Lady Mary started; she was looking at the Duke, and her face was white. He continued: "Poor Captain Badger was stabbed that same day——"

"Most befitting poor Captain Badger," muttered Molyneux.

"And his adversary had the marvelous insolence to declare that he fought in *my* quarrel! This afternoon the wounded man sent for me, and imparted the most horrifying intelligence. He had discovered a lackey whom he had seen waiting upon Beaucaire in attendance at the door of this Chateaurien's lodging. Beaucaire had disappeared the day before Chateaurien's arrival. Captain Badger looked closely at Chateaurien at their next meeting, and identified him with the missing Beaucaire beyond the faintest doubt. Overcome with indignation, he immediately proclaimed the impostor. Out of regard for me, he did not charge him with being Beaucaire; the poor soul was unwilling to put upon me the humiliation of having introduced a barber. But the secret weighed upon him till he sent for me and put everything in my hands. I accepted the odium; I thought only of atonement. I went to Sir John Wimpledon's *fête*. I took poor Sir Hugh, there, and those other gentlemen aside, and told them my news. We narrowly observed this man, and were shocked at our simplicity in not having discovered him before. These are men of honor and cool judgment, madam. Mr. Molyneux had acted for him in the affair of Captain Badger, and was strongly prejudiced in his favor; but Mr. Molyneux, Sir Hugh, Mr. Bantison, every one of them, in short, recognized him. In spite of his smooth face and his light hair, the adventurer Beaucaire was writ upon him amazing plain. Look at him, madam, if he will dare the inspection. You saw this Beaucaire well the day of his expulsion from the rooms. Is not this he?"

M. Beaucaire stepped close to her. Her pale face twitched.

"Look!" he said.

"Oh, oh!" she whispered with a dry throat, and fell back in the carriage.

"Is it so?" cried the Duke.

"I do not know—I—cannot—tell."

"One moment more. I begged these gentlemen to allow me to wipe out the insult I had unhappily offered to Bath, but particularly to you. They agreed not to forestall me or to interfere. I left Sir John Wimpledon's early, and arranged to give the sorry rascal a lashing under your own eyes, a satisfaction due the lady into whose presence he had dared to force himself."

"Oh, nation of polish!" observed M. Beaucaire.

"And now, madam," said the Duke, "I will detain you not one second longer. I plead the good purpose of my intentions, begging you to believe that the desire to avenge a hateful outrage, next to the wish to serve you, forms the dearest motive in the heart of Winterset."

"Bravo!" cried Beaucaire softly.

Lady Mary leaned toward him, a thriving terror in her eyes. "It is false?" she faltered.

"Monsieur should not have been born so high. He could have made little book'."

"You mean it is false?" she cried breathlessly.

"'Od's blood, is she not convinced!" broke out Mr. Bantison. "Fellow, were you not the ambassador's barber?"

"It is all false?" she whispered.

"The mos' fine art, mademoiselle. How long you think it take M. de Winterset to learn that speech after he write it out? It is a mix of what is true and the mos' chaste art. Monsieur has become a man of letters. Perhaps he may enjoy that more than the wars. Ha, ha!"

Mr. Bantison burst into a roar of laughter. "Do French gentlemen fight lackeys? Ho, ho, ho! A pretty country! We English do as was done to-night, have our servants beat them."

"And attend ourselves," added M. Beaucaire, looking at the Duke, "somewhat in the background. But, pardon," he mocked, "that remind' me. François, return to Mr. Bantison and these messieurs their weapons."

"Will you answer a question?" said Molyneux mildly.

"Oh, with pleasure, monsieur."

"Were you ever a barber?"

"No, monsieur," laughed the young man.

"Pah!" exclaimed Bantison. "Let me question him. Now, fellow, a confession may save you from jail. Do you deny you are Beaucaire?"

"Deny to a such judge!"

"Ha!" said Bantison. "What more do you want, Molyneux? Fellow, do you deny that you came to London in the ambassador's suite?"

"No, I do not deny."

"He admits it! Didn't you come as his barber?"

"Yes, monsieur, as his barber."

Lady Mary cried out faintly, and, shuddering, put both hands over her eyes.

"I'm sorry," said Molyneux. "You fight like a gentleman."

"I thank you, monsieur."

"You called yourself Beaucaire?"

"Yes, monsieur." He was swaying to and fro; his servants ran to support him.

"I wish—" continued Molyneux awkwardly. "Evil take me!—but I'm sorry you're hurt."

"Assist Sir Hugh into my carriage," said Lady Mary.

"Farewell, mademoiselle!" M. Beaucaire's voice was very faint. His eyes were fixed upon her face. She did not look toward him.

They were propping Sir Hugh on the cushions. The Duke rode up close to Beaucaire. François seized his bridle fiercely, and forced his horse back on its haunches. "The man's servants worship him," said Molyneux.

"Curse your insolence!" exclaimed the Duke. "How much am I to bear from this varlet and his varlets? Beaucaire, if you have not left Bath by to-morrow noon, you will be clapped into jail, and the lashing you escaped to-night shall be given you thrice tenfold!"

"I shall be—in the—Assembly—Rooms at nine—o'clock, one week—from—to-night," answered the young man, smiling jauntily; his lips were colorless. The words cost him nearly all his breath and strength. "You mus' keep—in the—backgroun', monsieur. Ha, ha!"

The door of the coach closed with a slam.

"Mademoiselle—fare—well!"

"Drive on!" said Lady Mary.

M. Beaucaire followed the carriage with his eyes. As the noise of the wheels and the hoof-beats of the accompanying cavalcade grew fainter in the distance, the handkerchief he had held against his side dropped into the white dust, a heavy red splotch. "Only—roses," he gasped, and fell back in the arms of his servants.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE IMPEACHMENT OF ANDREW JOHNSON.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF ONE OF THE MANAGERS OF THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

By George S. Boutwell.

THE nomination of Andrew Johnson to the Vice-Presidency in 1864, by the Republican party, was a repetition of the error committed by the Whig party in 1840, in the nomination of John Tyler for the same office.

In each case the nomination was due to an attempt to secure the support of a body of men who were not in accord in all essential particulars with the party making the nomination.

John Tyler was opposed to the administration of Mr. Van Buren, but he was opposed also to a national bank, which was then an accepted idea and an assured public policy of the Whig party. Hence, it happened that when Mr. Tyler came to the Presidency, he resisted the attempt of Congress to establish a national bank, and by the exercise of the veto power, on two occasions, he defeated the measure. This controversy caused the overthrow of the Whig party, and it ended the contest in behalf of a United States bank.

In the case of John Tyler and in the case of Andrew Johnson there was an application, in dangerous excess, of a policy that prevails in all national conventions. When the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency has been secured, the dominant wing of the party turns to the minority with a tender of the Vice-Presidency. In 1880, when the nomination of General Garfield had been made,

the selection of a candidate for the Vice-Presidency was tendered to the supporters of General Grant, and it was declined by more than one person.

JOHNSON'S POLITICAL OPINIONS AND SYMPATHIES.

Mr. Johnson never identified himself with the Republican party; and neither in June, 1864, nor at any other period of his life, had the Republican party a right to treat him as an associate member. He was, in fact, what he often proclaimed himself to be—a Jacksonian Democrat. He was a Southern Union Democrat. He was an opponent, and a bitter opponent, of the project for the dissolution of the Union, and a vindictive enemy of those who threatened its destruction.

His speeches in the Senate in the Thirty-sixth and the Thirty-seventh Congress were read and much approved throughout the North, and they prepared the way for the acceptance of his nomination as a candidate of the Republican party in 1864.

Mr. Johnson was an earnest supporter of the Crittenden Compromise. That measure originated in the House of Representatives. It was defeated in the Senate by seven votes, and six votes of the seven came from the South. The provisions of the bill were far away from the ideas of Republicans generally, although the measure was sustained by members of the party. By that scheme the Fugitive Slave Law was made less offensive in two particulars, but the United States was to pay for fugitives from slavery whenever a marshal failed to perform his duty. As an important limitation of the powers of Congress, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was to be dependent upon the consent of the States of Maryland and Virginia.

Mr. Johnson gave voice to his indignation when he spoke of the Southern men whose votes contributed to the defeat of the Crittenden Compromise. "Who, then," said he, "has brought these evils upon the country? Whose fault was it? Who is responsible for it? With the help we had from the other side of the chamber, if all those on this side had been true to the Constitution and faithful to their constituents, and had acted with fidelity to the country, the amendment of the Senator from New Hampshire could have been voted down. Whose fault was it? Who did it? Southern traitors, as was said in the speech of the Senator from California. They did it. They wanted no compromise."

These extracts show the style of speech in which Mr. Johnson indulged, and they prove beyond question that in the winter of 1861 he had no sympathy with the Republican party of 1856 and 1860. These facts explain, and in some measure they may palliate, the peculiarities of his career, which provoked criticism and an adverse popular judgment when he came to the Presidency. Nor is there evidence within my knowledge that he ever denied the right of secession. However that may have been, he disapproved of the exercise of the right at all stages of the contest.

In the Thirty-sixth Congress Mr. Johnson proposed amendments to the Constitution which gave him consideration in the North. By his proposition the Fugutive Slave Law was to be repealed, and in its place the respective States were to return fugitives or to pay the value of those that might be retained.

Slavery was to be abolished in the District of Columbia with the consent of Maryland and upon payment of the full value of the slaves emancipated. The Territories were to be divided between freedom and slavery. His scheme contemplated other changes not connected necessarily with the system of slavery. Of these I mention the election of President, Vice-President, senators, and judges of the Supreme Court by the people, coupled with a limitation of the terms of the judges to twelve years.

The Crittenden Resolution contained these declarations of facts and policy:

1. The present deplorable war has been forced upon the country by the disunionists of the Southern States.

2. Congress has no purpose of conquest or subjugation, nor purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the established rights of those States.

Upon a motion to include disunionists of the North under the first charge, Mr. Johnson voted in the negative with Sumner, Wilson, Wade, and other Republicans.

This brief survey of Mr. Johnson's Congressional career at the opening of the war may indicate the characteristics of his mind in controversy and debate, and furnish means for comprehending his actions in the troublous period of his administration.

Some conclusions are deducible from this survey. First of all it is to be said that he never assumed to be a member of the Republican party. Next, I do not find evidence which will justify the statement that he was a disbeliever in the right of a State to secede

from the Union. It is manifest that he was not an advocate of the doctrine of political equality as it came to be taught by the leaders of the Republican party. When he became President, he was an opponent of negro suffrage.

This record, though not concealed, was not understood by the members of the convention that placed him in nomination for the second office in the country.

This analysis prepares the way for an extract from the testimony of Mr. Stanley Matthews, who was afterwards a justice of the Supreme Court, and who was examined by the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives when engaged in investigating the doings of the President previous to his impeachment.

Mr. Johnson was appointed military governor of Tennessee the third day of March, 1862. Colonel Matthews was provost-marshal at Nashville, where Johnson resided during his term as governor. In that term Matthews and Johnson became acquainted.

When Johnson was on his way to Washington to take the oath of office, he stopped at the Burnet House in Cincinnati. Matthews called upon him. Matthews had been a Democrat until the troubles in Kansas. In the conversation at the Burnet House Mr. Johnson made these remarks, after some personal matters had been disposed of. I quote from the testimony of Judge Matthews:

"I inquired as to the state of public feeling on political matters in Tennessee at that time. He remarked that very great changes had taken place since I had been there, that many of those who at first were the best Union men had turned to be the worst rebels, and that many of those who had originally been the worst rebels were now the best Union men. I expressed surprise and regret at what he said in reference to the matter.

"We were sitting near each other on the sofa. He then turned to me and said, 'You and I were old Democrats.' I said, 'Yes.' He then said, '*I will tell you what it is, if the country is ever to be saved, it is to be done through the old Democratic party.*'

"I do not know whether I made any reply to that, or, if I did, what it was; and immediately afterwards I took my leave."

The larger part of this quotation is only important as leading up to the phrase that is emphasized, and which may throw light upon Mr. Johnson's policy and conduct when he came to the Presidency.

This conversation occurred in the month of February, 1865, and it must be accepted as evidence, quite conclusive, that Mr. Johnson was then opposed to the policy of the Republican party, whose honors he had accepted. In a party sense Mr. Johnson was not a Republican: he was a Union Democrat. He was opposed to the dissolution of the Union, but not necessarily upon the ground that the Union had a supreme right to exist in defiance of what is called "State sovereignty." This with the Republican party was a fundamental principle. Under the influence of the principles of the old Democratic party Mr. Johnson advanced to the Vice-Presidency, and while under the influence of the same idea he became President.

When the Republican party came to power, the State of Maryland, that portion of Virginia now known as West Virginia, the State of Kentucky, and the State of Missouri were largely under the influence of sympathizers with the eleven seceding States of the South. It was necessary in Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri to maintain the ascendency of the National Government by the exhibition of physical force, and in some instances by its actual exercise. Mr. Lincoln's policy in regard to the question of slavery was controlled, up to the month of July, 1862, by the purpose to conciliate Union slave-holders in the States mentioned. Of his measures I may refer to the proposition to transfer the free negroes to Central America, for which an appropriation of $25,000 was made by Congress. Next, Congress passed an act for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia upon the payment of three hundred dollars for each slave emancipated.

Without representing in his history or in his person the slave-holding interests of the South, Mr. Johnson was yet a Southern man with Union sentiments. The impression was received therefrom that his influence would be considerable in restraining, if not in conciliating, slave-holders in what were called the "border States." These facts tended to his nomination for the Vice-Presidency. I have no means for forming an opinion that is trustworthy as to the position of Mr. Lincoln in reference to the nomination of Mr. Johnson. His nomination may justify the impression that the Republican party was in doubt as to its ability to reëlect Mr. Lincoln in 1864. From the month of July, 1862, to the nomination in 1864, I had frequent interviews with Mr. Lincoln, and I can only say that, during the period when the result of the election was a subject of thought, he gave no intimation in the conversations that I had

with him that the element of doubt as to the result existed in his mind.

From what has been said, the inference may be drawn that Mr. Johnson came to the Vice-Presidency in the absence of any considerable degree of confidence on the part of the Republican party, although there were no manifestations of serious doubt as to his fitness for the place, or as to his fidelity to the principles of the party.

JOHNSON'S FIRST RECONSTRUCTION MEASURES.

The incidents of the inauguration of Mr. Johnson in the Senate Chamber, and especially his speech on the occasion, which was directed, apparently, to the Diplomatic Corps, excited apprehensions in those who were present, and the confidence of the country was diminished materially concerning his qualifications for the office to which he had been elected. Without delay these apprehensions circulated widely, and they were deepened in the public mind by the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and the elevation of Mr. Johnson to the Presidency.

The public confidence received a further serious shock by his proclamation of May 29, 1865, for the organization of a State government in North Carolina. That proclamation contained provisions in harmony with what has been set forth in this paper concerning the political principles of Mr. Johnson. First of all, he limited the franchise to persons "qualified as prescribed by the constitution and laws of the State of North Carolina in force immediately before the 20th day of May, 1861, the date of the so-called Ordinance of Secession." This provision was a limitation of the suffrage, and it excluded necessarily the negro population of the State. It was also a recognition of the right of the State to reappear as a State in the Union. It was, indeed, an early assertion of the phrase which afterwards became controlling with many persons—"Once a State, always a State." He further recognized the right of the State to reappear as a State in the organization and powers of the convention which was to be called under the proclamation. As to that he said: "The convention when convened, or the legislature which may be thereafter assembled, will prescribe the qualification of electors and the eligibility of persons to hold office under the constitution and laws of the State, a power the people of the several States composing the Union have rightfully exercised from the origin of the government to the present time." There were further instructions given in the proclamation as to the duties of various officers of the United States to aid Governor Holden, who, by the same proclamation, was appointed "provisional governor of the State of North Carolina."

AN INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT JOHNSON REGARDING HIS POLICY.

Upon the publication of this proclamation I was so much disturbed that I proceeded at once to Washington, but without any definite idea as to what could be done to arrest the step which seemed to me a dangerous step towards the reorganization of the government upon an unsound basis. At that time I had had no conversation with Mr. Johnson, either before or after he came to the Presidency, upon any subject whatever. The interview which I secured upon that visit was the sole personal interview that ever occurred between us. I called upon Senator Morrill of Vermont, and together we made a visit to the President. I spoke of the features of the proclamation that seemed to me objectionable. He said that "the measure was tentative" only, and that until the experiment had been tried no other proclamation would be issued. Upon that I said in substance that the Republican party might accept the proclamation as an experiment, but that it was contrary to the ideas of the party, and that a continuance of the policy would work a disruption of the party. He assured us that nothing further would be done until the experiment had been tested. With that assurance we left the Executive Mansion.

On the thirteenth day of June, 1865, a similar proclamation was issued in reference to the State of Mississippi, and on the 17th of June, the 21st and 30th of June, and the thirteenth day of July, corresponding proclamations were issued in reference to the States of Georgia, Texas, Alabama, South Carolina, and Florida. In each State a person was named as provisional governor. This action led to a division of the party and to its subsequent reorganization against the President's policy.

In his letter of acceptance of the nomination made by the Union Convention, Mr. Johnson endorsed, without reserve, the platform that had been adopted. The declarations of the platform did not contain a reference to the reorganization of the government in the event of the success of the Union arms. The declarations were enumerated in this order: the Union was to be

maintained; the war was to be prosecuted upon the basis of an unconditional surrender of the rebels; and slavery, as the cause of the war, was to be abolished. The added resolutions related to the services of the soldiers and sailors, and to the policy of Abraham Lincoln as President. It was further declared that the public credit should be maintained, that there should be a vigorous and just system of taxes, and that the people would view with "extreme jealousy," and as enemies to the peace and independence of the country, the efforts of any power to obtain new footholds for monarchical government on this continent. Such being the character of the platform, it cannot be said that Mr. Johnson challenged its declarations in the policy on which he entered for the reorganization of the government. In Mr. Johnson's letter of acceptance he preserved his relations to the Democrats by the use of this phrase: "I cannot forego the opportunity of saying to my old friends of the Democratic party proper, with whom I have so long and pleasantly been associated, that the hour has come when that great party can justly indicate its devotion to the Democratic policy in measures of expediency."

THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.

The controversy with Mr. Johnson had its origin in the difference of opinion as to the nature of the government. That difference led him to the conclusion that the Rebellion had not worked any change in the legal relations of the seceding States to the National Government. His motto was this: "Once a State, always a State," whatever might be its conduct either of peace or of war. There were, however, differences of opinion among those who adhered to the Republican party. Mr. Stevens, who was a recognized, if not the recognized, leader of the Republican party, advocated the doctrine that the eleven States were to be treated as enemy's territories, and to be governed upon whatever system might be acceptable to the States that had remained true to the Union. Mr. Sumner maintained the doctrine that the eleven States were Territories, and that they were to be subject to the general Government until Congress should admit the several Territories as State organizations. The fourth day of May, 1864, I presented a series of resolutions in the House of Representatives, in which I asserted this doctrine: The communities that have been in rebellion can be organized into States only by the will of the loyal people expressed freely and in the absence of all coercion; that States so organized can become States of the American Union only when they shall have applied for admission and their admission shall have been authorized by the existing National Government. A small number of persons who were identified with the Republican party sustained the policy of Mr. Johnson. Others were of the opinion that the eleven States were out of their proper relation to the Union, as was declared by Mr. Lincoln in his last speech, and that they could become members of the American Union only by the organized action of each, and the concurrent action of the existing National Government. The Government was reorganized without any distinct declaration upon the question whether the States that had been in rebellion were to be treated as enemy's territory, or as Territories according to the usage of former times. The difference of opinion was a vital one with Mr. Johnson. Whatever view may be taken of his moral qualities, it is to be said that he was not deficient in intellectual ability, that his courage passed far beyond the line of obstinacy, and that from first to last he was prepared to resist the claims of the large majority of the Republican party. The issue began with his proclamation of May, 1865, and the contest continued to the end of his term. The nature of the issue explains the character and violence of his speeches, especially that of the twenty-second day of February, 1866, when he spoke of Congress as a "body hanging on the verge of the Government."

In the many speeches which he delivered in his trip through the West, he made distinct charges against Congress. He was accompanied by Mr. Seward, General Grant, Admiral Farragut, and some others. In a speech at Cleveland, Ohio, he said, among other things, "I have called upon your Congress, which has tried to break up the Government." Again, in the same speech, he said, "I tell you, my countrymen, that although the powers of Thad Stevens and his gang were by, they could not turn me from my purpose. There is no power that can turn me, except you and the God who put me into existence." He charged, also, that Congress had taken great pains to poison their constituents against him. "What had Congress done? Had they done anything to restore the Union in those States?

No; on the contrary, they had done everything to prevent it."

In a speech made at St. Louis, Missouri, September 8, 1866, Mr. Johnson discussed the riot at New Orleans.* In that speech he said, "If you will take up the riot in New Orleans, and trace it back to its source, or its immediate cause, you will find out who was responsible for the blood that was shed there. If you will take up the riot at New Orleans and trace it back to the radical Congress, you will find that the riot at New Orleans was substantially planned." After some further observations, he says: "Yes, you will find that another Rebellion was commenced, having its origin in the radical Congress."

These extracts from Mr. Johnson's speeches should be considered in connection with his proclamations of May, June, and July, 1865. They are conclusive to this point: that he had determined to reconstruct the government upon the basis of the return of the States that had been engaged in the Rebellion without the imposition of any conditions whatsoever, except such as he had imposed upon them in his proclamations. In fine, that the government was to be reëstablished without the authority or even the assent of the Congress of the United States. In his proclamations he made provision for the framing of constitutions in the respective States, their ratification by the people, excluding all those who were not voters in April, 1861, and for the election of Senators and Representatives to the Congress of the United States without the assent of the representatives of the existing States.

AN INTERVIEW WITH SECRETARY STANTON.

When I arrived in Washington to attend the meeting of Congress at the December session, 1866, I received a note from Mr. Stanton asking me to meet him at the War Office with as little delay as might be practicable. When I called at the War Office, he beckoned me to retire to his private room, where he soon met me. He then said that he had been more disturbed by the condition of affairs in the preceding weeks and months than he had been at any time during the war. He gave me to understand that orders had been issued to the army of which neither he nor General Grant had any knowledge. He further gave me to understand also that he apprehended an attempt by the President to reorganize the Government by the assembling of a Congress in which the members from the seceding States and the Democratic members from the North might obtain control through the aid of the Executive. He then said that he thought it necessary that some act should be passed by which the power of the President might be limited. Under his dictation, and after such consultation as seemed to be required, I drafted amendments to the Appropriation Bill for the Support of the Army which contained the following provisions: The headquarters of the General of the Army were fixed at Washington, where he was to remain unless transferred to duty elsewhere by his own consent or by the consent of the Senate. Next, it was made a misdemeanor for the President to transmit orders to any officer of the army except through the General of the Army. It was also made a misdemeanor for any officer to obey orders issued in any other way than through the General of the Army, knowing that the same had been so issued. These provisions were taken by me to Mr. Stevens, the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. After some explanation, the measure was accepted by the Committee and incorporated in the Army Appropriation Bill. The bill was approved by the President the second day of March, 1867. His approval was accompanied by a protest on his part that the provision was unconstitutional, and by the statement that he approved the bill only because it was necessary for the support of the army.

JOHNSON'S DIFFICULTIES WITH GRANT AND THE ARMY.

At the time of my interview with Mr. Stanton, I was not informed fully as to the events that had transpired in the preceding months, nor can I now say that everything which had transpired of importance was then known to Mr. Stanton. The statement that I am now to make was derived from conversations with General Grant. At a time previous to the December session of 1866, the President said to General Grant, "I may wish to send you on a mission to Mexico." General Grant replied, "It may not be convenient for me to go to Mexico." Little, if anything, further was said between the President and General Grant. At a subsequent time General Grant was invited to a cabinet meeting. At that meeting Mr. Seward read a paper of instructions to General Grant as Minister of some degree to Mexico. The contents of the paper did not impress General Grant very seriously,

* This was a race riot, which occurred July 30, 1866, and in which many negroes were killed.—EDITOR.

for in the communication that he made to me he said that "the instructions came out very near where they went in." At the end of the reading General Grant said, "You recollect, Mr. President, I said it would not be convenient for me to go to Mexico." Upon that a conversation followed, when the President became heated, and rising from his seat, and striking the table with some force, he said, "Is there an officer of the army who will not obey my instructions?" General Grant took his hat in his hand, and said, "I am an officer of the army, but I am a citizen also; and this is a civil service that you require of me. I decline it." He then left the meeting. It happened also that previous to this conversation the President had ordered General Sherman, who was in command at Fort Leavenworth, to report at Washington. General Sherman obeyed the order, came to Washington, and had a conference with General Grant before he reported to the President. In that situation of affairs General Sherman was sent to Mexico upon the mission which had been prepared for General Grant.

The suggestion that Mr. Johnson contemplated the reorganization of the Government by the admission of the States that had been in rebellion, and by the recognition of senators and representatives that might be assigned from those States, received support from the testimony given by Major-General William H. Emery, and also from the testimony of General Grant. In the latter part of the year 1867 and the first part of the year 1868, General Emery was in command of the Department of Washington. When he entered upon the command, he called upon the President. A conversation, apparently not very important, occurred between them, as to the military forces then in that department. In February, 1868, the President directed his secretary to ask General Emery to call upon him as early as practicable. In obedience to that request General Emery called on the twenty-second day of February. The President referred to the former conversation, and then inquired whether any changes had been made, and especially within the recent days, in the military forces under Emery's command. In the course of the conversation growing out of these requests for information, General Emery referred to an order which had then been recently issued which embodied the provisions of the Act of March, 1867, in regard to the command of the army and the transmission of orders. The President then said to Emery:

"What order do you refer to?"

In reply Emery said:

"Order No. 17 of the Series of 1867."

The order was produced and read by the President, who said:

"This is not in conformity with the Constitution of the United States, that makes me commander-in-chief, or with the terms of your commission."

General Emery said:

"That is the order which you have approved and issued to the army for our government."

The President then said:

"Am I to understand that the President of the United States cannot give an order except through the head of the army, or General Grant?"

In the course of the conversation General Emery informed the President that eminent lawyers had been consulted, that he had consulted Robert J. Walker, and that all of the lawyers consulted had expressed the opinion that the officers of the army were bound by the order whether the statute was constitutional or unconstitutional.

When General Grant was before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives during the impeachment investigation, this question was put to him:

"Have you at any time heard the President make any remark in regard to the admission of members of Congress from rebel States in either House?"

"I cannot say positively what I have heard him say. I have heard him say as much in his public speeches as anywhere else. I have heard him say twice in his speeches that if the North carried the election by members enough to give them, with the Southern members, the majority, why should they not be the Congress of the United States? I have heard him say that several times."

That answer was followed by this question:

"When you say the North, you mean the Democratic party of the North, or, in other words, the party advocating his policy?"

General Grant replied:

"I meant if the North carried enough members in favor of the admission of the South. I did not hear him say that he would recognize them as the Congress, I merely heard him ask the question, 'Why would they not be the Congress?'"

At this point, and without further discussion of the purpose of Mr. Johnson in regard to the reorganization of the Government, I think it may be stated without injustice to

him, that while he was opposed to secession at the time the Confederate Government was organized, and thenceforward and always without change of opinion, yet he was also of opinion that the act of secession by the several States had not disturbed their legal relations to the National Government. Acting upon that opinion, he proceeded to reorganize the State governments, and with the purpose of securing the admission of their senators and representatives without seeking or accepting the judgment of Congress upon the questions involved in the proceeding. On one vital point he erred seriously and fundamentally as to the authority of the President in the matter. From the nature of our government there could be no escape in a legal point of view from the conclusion that, whatever the relations were of the seceding States to the General Government, the method of restoration was to be ascertained and determined by Congress, and not by the President acting as the chief executive authority of the nation. In a legal and constitutional view, that act on his part, although resting upon opinions which he had long entertained, and which were entertained by many others, must be treated as an act of usurpation.

DIFFICULTY IN FRAMING THE CHARGES AGAINST JOHNSON.

The facts embodied in the charges on which Mr. Johnson was impeached by the House and arraigned before the Senate were not open to doubt, but legal proof was wanting in regard to the exact language of his speeches. The charges were in substance these: That he had attacked the integrity and the lawful authority of the Congress of the United States in public speeches made in the presence of the country. The second charge was that he had attempted the removal of Mr. Stanton from the office of Secretary of War, and that without the concurrence of the Senate he had so removed him, contrary to the Act of Congress known as the "Tenure of Office Act." In the first investigation into the conduct of Andrew Johnson, he was described in the resolution as "Vice-President of the United States, discharging at present the duties of President of the United States." The resolution was adopted by the House of Representatives the seventh day of March, 1867. A large amount of testimony was taken, and the report of the Committee, in three parts, by the different members, was submitted to the House the fourth day of the following December. The majority of the Committee, consisting of George S. Boutwell, Francis Thomas, Thomas Williams, William Lawrence, and John C. Churchill, reported a resolution providing for the impeachment of the President of the United States, in these words: "Resolved, that Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors." It will be observed that in the resolution for his impeachment he is described as "President of the United States," while in the resolution authorizing the inquiry into his conduct he is described as "Vice-President, discharging at present the duties of the President of the United States." This question received very careful consideration by the Committee, and the conclusion was reached that he was the President of the United States, although he had been elected only to the office of Vice-President. As that question was not raised at the trial by demurrer or motion, it may now be accepted as the established doctrine that the Vice-President, when he enters upon the duties of President, becomes President of the United States. The extended report that was made by the majority of the Committee was written by Mr. Williams. The summary, which was in the nature of charges, was written by myself. That summary set forth twenty-eight specifications of misconduct on the part of the President, many of which, however, were abandoned when the articles of impeachment were prepared in February, 1868.

In the discussions of the Committee there were serious differences of opinion upon provisions of law. The minority of the Committee, consisting of James F. Wilson, who was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Frederick E. Woodbridge, S. S. Marshall, and Charles A. Eldridge, maintained the doctrine that a civil officer under the Constitution of the United States was not liable to impeachment except for the commission of an indictable offense. This doctrine had very large support in the legal profession, resting on remarks found in Blackstone. On the other hand, Chancellor Kent, in his Commentaries, had given support to the doctrine that a civil officer was liable to impeachment who misdemeaned himself in his office. The provision of the Constitution is in these words:

"The President, Vice-President, and all Civil Officers of the United States shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors."

The majority of the Judiciary Committee, in the controversy which arose in the Committee and in the House of Representatives, maintained that the word "misdemeanors" was used in a political sense, and not in the sense in which it is used in the criminal law. In support of this view attention was called to the fact that the party convicted was liable only to removal from office, and therefore that the object of the process of impeachment was the purification and preservation of the Civil Service. In the opinion of the majority, it was the necessity of the situation that the power of impeachment should extend to acts and offenses that were not indictable by statute nor at common law. The report of the Judiciary Committee, made the twenty-fifth day of November, was rejected by the House of Representatives.

The attempt of the President to remove Mr. Stanton from the office of Secretary for the Department of War revived the question of impeachment, and on Monday, the twenty-fourth day of February, 1868, the House of Representatives "resolved to impeach Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors." The articles of impeachment were acted on by the House of Representatives the second day of March, and on the fourth day of March they were presented to the Senate through Mr. Bingham, Chairman of the Managers, who was designated for that duty.

The articles were directed to the following points, namely: That the President, by his speeches, had attempted "to set aside the rightful authority and powers of Congress;" that he had attempted "to bring into disgrace, ridicule, hatred, contempt, and reproach the Congress of the United States and the several branches thereof;" and "that he had attempted to incite the odium and resentment of all the good people of the United States against Congress and the laws by them duly and constitutionally enacted." Further, it was alleged that he had declared in speeches that the "Thirty-ninth Congress of the United States was not a Congress of the United States authorized by the Constitution of the United States to exercise legislative power in the same."

A further charge, and on which greater reliance was placed, was set forth in these words: "That he had denied and intended to deny the power of the Thirty-ninth Congress to propose amendments to the Constitution of the United States." These articles were in substance the articles that had been rejected by the House of Representatives in 1867. Finally, as the most important averment of all, the President was charged with an "attempt to prevent the execution of the act entitled 'An Act Regulating the Tenure of Certain Civil Offices,' passed March 2, 1867, by unlawfully devising and contriving and attempting to devise and contrive means by which he could prevent Edwin M. Stanton from forthwith resuming the functions of the office of the Secretary for the Department of War, notwithstanding the refusal of the Senate to concur in the suspension theretofore made by said Andrew Johnson of the said Edwin M. Stanton from said office of Secretary for the Department of War." In various forms of language these several charges were set forth in the different articles of impeachment—eleven in all. The eleventh article, which was prepared by Mr. Stevens, embodied the summary of all the charges mentioned. It is to be observed that in the eleventh article there is no allegation that the President had committed an offense that was indictable under any statute of the United States or that would have been indictable in common law. It may be assumed, I think, that for this country, at least, the question that was raised at the beginning and argued with great force, and by which possibly the House of Representatives may have been influenced in the year 1867, has been settled in accord with the report of the majority of the Judiciary Committee. The House decided that the President was impeachable for misdemeanors in office. With stronger reason it may be said that every other civil officer is bound to behave himself well in his office. He cannot do any act which impairs his standing in the place which he holds, or which may bring discredit upon the public, and especially he may not do any act in disregard of his oath to obey the laws and to support the Constitution of the country. The eleventh article was the only article that was submitted to a vote in the Senate. The question raised by that article was this in substance: Is the President of the United States guilty in manner and form as set forth in this article? On that question thirty-five Senators voted that he was guilty, and nineteen Senators voted that he was not guilty. Under the Constitution the President was found not guilty of the offenses charged, but the majority given may be accepted, and probably will be accepted, as the judgment of the Senate that the President of the United States was liable to impeachment and removal from office for acts and conduct that do not subject him to the process of indictment and

trial in the criminal courts. At this point I express the opinion that something has been gained, indeed that much has been gained, by the decision of the House of Representatives, supported by the opinions of a large majority in the Senate.

THE PRESIDENT'S DEFENSE.

The answer of the respondent, considered in connection with the arguments that were made by his counsel, sets forth the ground upon which the Republican members of the Senate may have voted that the President was not guilty of the two principal offenses charged, viz.: that in his speeches he had denounced and brought into contempt, intentionally, the Congress of the United States; and, second, that his attempted removal of Edwin M. Stanton was a violation of the Tenure of Office Act. In the President's answer to article ten, which contained the allegation that in his speech at St. Louis, in the year 1866, he had used certain language in derogation of the authority of the Congress of the United States, it was averred that the extracts did not present his speech or address accurately. Further than that, it was claimed that the allegation under that article was not "cognizable by the court as a high misdemeanor in office." Finally, it was claimed that proof should be made of the "actual" speech and address of the President on that occasion. The managers were not able to meet the demand for proof in a technical sense. The speech was reported in the ordinary way, and the proof was limited to the good faith of the reporters and the general accuracy of the printed report in the newspapers. In this situation as to the charges and the answer, it is not difficult to reach the conclusion that members of the Senate had ground for the vote of not guilty upon the several charges in regard to the speeches that were imputed to the President.

Judge Curtis, in his opening argument, furnished a technical answer to the article in which the President was charged with the violation of the Tenure of Office Act, in his attempt to remove Mr. Stanton from the office of Secretary of the Department of War. Judge Curtis gave to the proviso to that statute an interpretation corresponding to the interpretation given to criminal statutes. Mr. Stanton was appointed to the office in the first term of Mr. Lincoln's administration. The proviso of the statute was in these words: "Provided, that the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of War, etc., shall hold their offices for and during the term of the President by whom they may have been appointed, and for one month thereafter, subject to their removal by and with the advice of the Senate." The proviso contained exceptions to the body of the statute, by which all civil officers who held appointments by and with the advice and consent of the Senate were secure in their places unless the Senate should assent to their removal. It was the object of the proviso to relieve an incoming President of secretaries who had been appointed by his predecessor. The construction of the proviso, as given by Judge Curtis, was fatal to the position taken by the managers. It was claimed by the managers that the sole object of the proviso was the relief of an incoming President from the continuance of a secretary in office beyond thirty days after the commencement of his term, and that it had no reference whatever to the right of the President to remove a secretary during his term.

SOME IMPORTANT INCIDENTS OF THE TRIAL.

There were incidents in the course of the proceedings that possess historical value. By the Constitution the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court is made the presiding officer in the Senate when the President is put upon trial on articles of impeachment. Chief Justice Chase claimed that he was to be addressed as "Chief Justice." That claim was recognized by the counsel for the President and by some members of the Senate. The managers claimed that he was there as the presiding officer, and not in his judicial capacity. He was addressed by the managers and by some of the Senators as "Mr. President."

There was a difference of opinion in the Senate, and a difference between the managers and the counsel for the respondent, as to the right of the presiding officer to rule upon questions of law and evidence arising in the course of the trial. Under the rule of the Senate as adopted, the rulings of the President were to stand unless a Senator should ask for the judgment of the Senate.

Other instances occurred which do not possess historical value, but were incidents unusual in judicial proceedings. When the Judiciary Committee of the House was entering upon the investigation of the conduct of President Johnson, General Butler expressed the opinion that upon the adoption of articles of impeachment by the House the President

would be suspended in his office until the verdict of the Senate. As this view was not accepted by the Committee, I made these remarks in my opening speech to the House after a review of the arguments for and against the proposition:

"I cannot doubt the soundness of the opinion that the President, even when impeached by the House, is entitled to his office until he has been convicted by the Senate."

This view was accepted.

At the first meeting of the managers I was elected chairman by the votes of Mr. Stevens, person. The gentlemen who had given me their votes and support criticised my conduct with considerable freedom, and were by no means reconciled by the statement which I made to them. Having reference to the nature of the contest and the condition of public sentiment, I thought it important that the managers should avoid any controversy before the public, especially as to a matter of premiership in the conduct of the trial. It seemed to be important that the entire force of the House of Representatives should be directed to one object, the conviction of the

James F. Wilson, Iowa. George S. Boutwell, Massachusetts. Gen. John A. Logan, Illinois.

Gen. B. F. Butler, Massachusetts. Thaddeus Stevens, Pennsylvania. Thomas Williams, Michigan. John A. Bingham, Ohio.

THE MANAGERS OF THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL OF ANDREW JOHNSON. THE MANAGERS WERE SPECIALLY APPOINTED FROM ITS OWN MEMBERS BY THE LOWER HOUSE OF CONGRESS.

General Logan, and General Butler. Mr. Bingham received the votes of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Williams. Upon the announcement of the vote, Mr. Bingham made remarks indicating serious disappointment and a purpose to retire from the Board of Managers. I accepted the election, and acted as chairman at the meeting. At the next meeting, and without consultation with my associates, I resigned the place and nominated Mr. Bingham. The nomination was not objected to, and Mr. Bingham took the chair without comment by himself, nor was there any comment by any other accused. Beyond this, Mr. Bingham and Mr. Wilson had been opposed to the impeachment of Mr. Johnson when the attempt was first made in the House of Representatives. I thought it important to combine the strength that they represented in support of the proceeding in which we were then engaged. If Mr. Stevens had been in good health, he would have received my support and the support of General Butler and General Logan. At that time his health was much impaired, but his intellectual faculties were free from any cloud.

Another incident occurred which does not

require explanation, and which may not be open to any explanation. After the report of the Judiciary Committee, and its rejection by the House of Representatives, I was surprised to receive an invitation from the President to dine with him at what is known as a state dinner. I assumed that arrangements had been made for a series of such dinners, and that the invitations had been sent out by a clerk upon a prearranged plan as to the order of invitations. When the matter had passed out of my mind, but before the day named for the dinner, I received a call on the floor of the House from Mr. Cooper, son-in-law of the President and secretary in the Executive Mansion. He asked me if I had received an invitation to dine with the President. I said I had. Next he said, "Have you answered it?" I said, "No, I have not." That was followed by the further question, "Will you answer it?" I said, "No, I shall not." That ended the conversation.

After the decision in the Senate had been made, the managers proceeded under the order of the House to investigate the truthfulness of rumors that were afloat, that money and other valuable considerations had been used to secure the acquittal of the President. That investigation established the fact that money had been in the possession of persons who had been engaged in efforts to secure the acquittal of the President. Those persons, with perhaps a single exception, were persons who had no official connection with the Government, and none of them were connected with the Government at Washington. As to most of them, it appeared that they had no reasons, indeed no good cause, why they should have taken part either for the conviction of the President or in behalf of his acquittal. The sources from which funds were obtained did not appear, nor was there evidence indicating the amounts that had been used, nor the objects to which the money had been applied. It should be said as to Senators, that there was no evidence implicating them in the receipt of money or other valuable consideration. One very important fact not then known to the managers appeared afterwards in the reports of the Treasury Department, showing a very large loss by the Government during the last eighteen months of Mr. Johnson's administration. In that period the total receipts from the duties on spirits amounted to $41,678,-684.34. During the first eighteen months of General Grant's administration, when the rates of duties and taxation remained the same, the total receipts of revenue from spirits amounted to $82,417,419.85, showing a difference of $40,738,735.51. It is not easy to explain in full this money loss in one branch of the public service. Something may be attributed to the fact that persons obtained nominations for office by representations to the President that they were his friends and supporters, and would continue to be so, under all circumstances. When their nominations came to the Senate, they made representations of an opposite character. When they had received their appointments, they very naturally allied themselves with the President's policy, inasmuch as they could not be easily removed except upon an initiative taken by him. This deficiency occurred in the States and districts in which the money should have been collected and through the agents employed there. In other words, no part of the deficiency ever passed into the Treasury of the United States.

It is not improbable that a majority of the people now entertain the opinion that the action of the House of Representatives in the attempt that was made to impeach President Johnson was an error.

It is not for me to engage in a discussion on that point. I end by the expression of the opinion that the vote of the House and the vote of the Senate, by which the doctrine was established that a civil officer is liable to impeachment for misdemeanor in office, is a gain to the public that is full compensation for the undertaking, and that these proceedings against Mr. Johnson were free from any element or quality of injustice.

THEIR SECOND MARRIAGE.

A STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

By Mary Stewart Cutting,

Author of "Fairy Gold" and other stories.

"HENRY, do you know what day Thursday will be?"

"Thursday? The twenty-first."

"Yes, and what will the twenty-first be?"

"Thursday."

"Oh, Henry!" Pretty Mrs. Waring looked tragically across the breakfast-table at her husband, or rather at the newspaper that screened him completely from her view. "Do put down that paper for a moment. I never get a chance to speak to you any more in the morning, and I have to spend the whole day alone. Do you really mean to say that you don't know what the twenty-first is?"

"The twenty-first?" Mr. Waring met his wife's gaze blankly as he hurriedly swallowed his coffee, and then furtively observed the hands of the watch that lay open on the table before him. "What do you mean, Doll? Say it quickly, for I've got to go."

"Henry, have you forgotten that it is the anniversary of our wedding?"

"Oh—oh!" said Mr. Waring, a light dawning on him, and a suspicious note of relief perceptible in his voice. He rose from his chair as he spoke. "Forgotten that? Why, of course not; the day I was married to the sweetest girl in the world! How lovely you did look, to be sure, and what a lucky fellow I was to get you! *Can* you just help me on with my overcoat, dear? The lining of this sleeve— Yes, I know you haven't had time to mend it yet. Now, Doll, I would *like* to stand here and kiss you all day, but the train is whistling across the bridge. By, by, dear; take good care of yourself and the babies!"

His wife watched him fondly as he walked down the path to the gate, strong, alert, and masculine, and waved her hand as he looked back and took off his hat to her with a smile before joining another man hurrying for the train. She could see him almost visibly shut out the little cottage from his mind as he turned away from it, and set his shoulders squarely, as if to brace himself for entering the strenuous whirl of business life that makes up the larger, waking half of a man's life, and in which wife and children have but a sub-existence. But this morning Mrs. Waring did not feel the chill depression that sometimes stole over her as she saw him disappear; her mind was too occupied with his words, which, few and perfunctory as they might sound to the uninitiated, carried deepest meaning to her ears. Her ardent mind conjured up the picture of the girl in bridal attire who had stood beside her lover on their marriage-day, and credited him with the same wealth of imagining and all the tender sentiment connected with it. She fell into a delightful dream of the romantic past, from which she was only aroused by the patter of little feet above and the reminder that she was needed in the nursery.

Mrs. Waring had, unknown to her husband, set her mind for some months past on a celebration of her wedding anniversary, the observance of which had lapsed, for one reason or another, for a couple of years; but she had said to herself firmly that Henry must propose it, and not leave it all to her. If she had to plan it out as she had their moving into the country, or their trip to the seashore last summer, or the Christmas party for the babies—nay, if she even had to suggest it to him, it would be valueless to her. If he did not love her enough, if he did not have her happiness enough at heart to think of pleasing her without being reminded of it—why, she would have no celebration. It was entirely against her resolution that she had spoken of it this morning, but she knew in her soul that he never would remember if she did not, and she could only think that, the date once recalled, the rest must follow.

She herself thought of nothing else all day. She told little Henry all about mamma's pretty wedding "once upon a time," when mamma wore a beautiful white dress with a long white veil, and walked up the aisle in church when the organ played, and the chancel was full of roses and palms; and although the child only asked innocently if there were

any bears or lions there, her small nurse-maid, Beesy, was deeply though respectfully interested, and Mrs. Waring could not help being secretly conscious that, while apparently engaged with her infant audience, she was in reality playing to the gallery. She even got out her wedding jewels to hang around baby Marjorie's neck, to provoke Beesy's awestricken admiration.

It would have taken close study of the influences of the past year to determine why this particular wedding anniversary should have assumed such prominence in young Mrs. Waring's mind. Both she and her husband had been surprised to find that, in face of all preconceived opinions, they had not settled down into the cool, platonic friendship held up to them as the ultimate good of all wedded pairs, but were still honestly and sincerely in love with each other. Yet, in spite of this fact, there had lately been a certain strain. After all the first things are over—the first year, which is seldom the crucial one in spite of its conventional aspect in that light; after the first boy, and the first girl, and the first venture at housekeeping in the suburbs—there comes a long course of secondary living that tugs with its chain at character and sometimes pulls it sharply from its stanchions.

Mrs. Waring greeted her husband that night with a countenance of soulful meaning, and eyes that were uplifted to his in a fervid solemnity that ought to have warned any man of peril ahead. She had a delightful sensation that their most commonplace utterances were fraught with repressed feeling, and when he finally said to her, after dinner, as they sat by the little wood-fire together, "I've a surprise for you, Doll," her heart gave a joyous bound, and she felt how truly he had justified her thought of him.

"What is it, Henry?"

"Mother and Aunt Eliza and Mary Appleton and Nan are coming here to lunch day after to-morrow—Thursday. Of course I said you'd be delighted. It's all right, isn't it?"

"Coming on *Thursday!*"

"Yes. That isn't a washing day or a cleaning day, is it?"

"No."

Mr. Waring looked confounded.

"You've spoken so many times of their not coming out in the whole year we've lived here, I thought you'd be glad, Doll."

"Henry, why do you never call me Ethel any more? You used to say it was the most beautiful name in the world, and now you seem to forget that I have any name. Oh, if you knew how *sick* I get of always being called *Doll!* Such a horrid, common-sounding thing!"

"Why, Doll——"

"There it is again!"

"Ethel, my dear girl, don't cry. If I had had the dimmest idea— I seem always fated to do the wrong thing lately. Why can't you tell me sometimes what you're driving at? If you don't want my mother and the girls, just say so. I can send them word to-morrow, and——"

"If you *do!*" Mrs. Waring stood up tragically with one hand on her husband's shoulder. "I wouldn't have such a thing happen for worlds." She gave a little gasp of horror at the thought. "But, oh, Henry, you nearly kill me sometimes! No, if you don't know why this time, I shall not tell you again." She leaned her head against her husband as if exhausted, and submitted to be drawn down beside him once more. "You never think of me any more."

"But I do think of you, sweetheart." He patted her head persuasively. "Lots of times, when you don't know it. If you'd only tell me what you want, dear. I'm such a bad guesser. And I know you really do wish to see my mother and show her the children."

"It's the fourth time she has sent word that she was coming," said his wife pensively. She was already forecasting the plan of action to be pursued in making ready for the expected guests.

When you are a young housekeeper with infants and only a nurse-maid beside the cook, a day's company means the revolutionizing of the entire domestic machinery. In the city people carelessly come and go, and the household of the entertainer is put to no special preparation for them, but it is an unwritten law in the country that before the advent of the seldom guest "to spend the day" the entire domicile must be swept and garnished from top to bottom.

As Ethel Waring rubbed and polished and dusted she could but remember that she had gone through the process of cleaning three times before for Henry's mother, who had always hitherto disappointed her. She prided herself on being really fond of her mother-in-law, and his sister Nan had been her particular friend, but Aunt Eliza and Mary Appleton were the kind of people—well, the kind of people that belonged to her husband's family, and they always *saw* everything around the house. She cleaned now for the fourth

time magnanimously. Since she had moved into the country, and went to and from the city two or three times a week, it had seemed odd to have her friends and relatives look upon the half-hour's journey in train and ferry-boat as a mighty undertaking, to be planned for weeks ahead; and although she had been in her cottage over a year, she had not yet become used to this point of view, and still expected people to come after they had promised to.

There was something grimly sacrificial in her preparations now that upheld her in her disappointment; her husband could not remember *her* pleasure, but she was working her fingers off for his people. Yes, she had nothing to look forward to but neglect—and the worst of it was that he would not even know that he was neglecting her.

Perhaps, however, he did remember after all. She watched every word and gesture of his up to the very morning of their anniversary. He was so happy and merry and affectionate in his efforts to win her to smiles that she could hardly withstand the infectiousness of it. But she felt after his cheerful good-by as if the tragedy of her future years had begun.

There was, indeed, no time for the luxury of quiet wretchedness. The two children had to be bathed and put to bed for the morning nap, which both she and Beesy prayed might be a long one, so that the last clearing up might be done, and the table set, and the salad-dressing made, and the cream whipped for the jelly, and she herself dressed and in the drawing-room before twelve o'clock.

There was the usual panic when the butcher was late with the chickens, and the discovery was made that the greengrocer had not brought what was ordered, and the usual hurried sending forth of Beesy to the village at the last moment for the missing lettuce, only to be told that "there was none in town this day"—a fact that smites the suburban housekeeper like a blow. But finally everything was ready, the table set to perfection, the drawing-room curtains drawn at their most effective angle, the logs burning on the andirons, the chairs set most cozily, and the vase of crocuses with their long green stalks showing through the clear glass, giving a lovely brightness to the room in their hint of approaching spring. The babies, sweet and fresh, in their whitest of frocks, and hair curled in little damp rings, ran up and down and prattled beside the charmingly dressed, pretty mother, who sat with her embroidery in hand, and who could not help feeling somewhat of a glow of satisfaction through her sadness. But after Harry had peeped out from the curtains some twenty times to see if grandmamma was coming, and little Marjorie had fallen down and raised a large bump on her forehead, and the one-o'clock train had come in, there was a certain change in the situation. The cook sent up word should she put on the oysters, and Mrs. Waring answered no, to wait until the next train, although that did not arrive until two o'clock. She pretended that her guests had missed the earlier train, but in her soul she felt the cold chill of certainty that they would not come.

As she sat eating her luncheon afterward in solitary state, and wishing that she knew any of her neighbors well enough to ask them to join her, she received a belated telegram from her husband: "Nan says party postponed; Aunt Eliza has headache." She read it, and cast it from her scornfully.

And this was her wedding-day, passed in unnecessary work, futile preparation for people who didn't care a scrap for her! Oh, if she had only been going in town that afternoon, as she had dreamed of doing, to have a little dinner with Henry at the Waldorf, or Sherry's, or the St. Denis even—and go to a play afterward—she didn't care where—and have just their own little happy foolish time over it all! She had hardly been anywhere since little Marjorie was born.

She was surprised to have a caller in the afternoon, a Mrs. Livermore. The visitor was a large, stout woman with very blond hair, who lived on the opposite corner. She was dressed in a magnificently florid style, and sat in the little drawing-room a large mass of purple cloth and fur and gleaming jet spangles, surmounted by curving plumes, that quite dwarfed Mrs. Waring's slender elegance. She apologized profusely for not having called before, as illness had prevented her doing so, and sailed at once smoothly off into a sea of medical terms, giving such an intimate and minute account of the many diseases that had ravaged her that poor Mrs. Waring paled. The one bright spot in her existence seemed to have been her husband, whom she described as the most untiring of nurses.

"I really didn't know whether I'd find you at home this afternoon or not," she said. "Your nurse-girl, Beesy, told my cook that this was the anniversary of your wedding. Willie and I always used to go off somewhere for a little treat, but since I've been such an invalid I've had to stay at home. But he

never forgets. What do you think, Mrs. Waring, every Saturday since our marriage, fourteen years ago, he has brought me home a box of flowers! He always says, 'Here are your roses, Baby'—that's his pet name for me. I don't know what I'd do if Willie wasn't so attentive."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Waring.

On her return to the nursery she took occasion to reprove Beesy for gossiping. Beesy was loud in extenuation. In a cottage one is thrown in rather close companionship with one's nurse-maid.

"Ah, I never said but two words to Ellen; but Mrs. Livermore—there's nothing she doesn't find out. And the way she and Mr. Livermore quar'ls!"

"Why, she says he is so devoted to her," said Mrs. Waring incautiously. "He brings her flowers every week." She sighed as she thought of the husband who did not bring them once a year.

"Him! Ah, ma'am, Ellen says they fights like cat and dog, and 'twas only a week ago a-Monday the plates was flyin' that thick in the dinin'-room, Ellen she dassent put her head in at the door to take away the meat. Ellen says 'twould have curdled y'r blood to hear 'em. The neighbors have complained of 'em in the court. He drinks terrible!"

"You must not tell me these things, Beesy," said Mrs. Waring with dignity. "I do not wish to hear them. Come, Marjorie, sweetest, play pat-a-cake with mamma—this way, baby darling. Oh, Beesy, there's the bell again!"

This time it was a neighbor whom Mrs. Waring had met before and rather liked, a gentle, faded, sympathetic woman who had admired the children. Mrs. Waring confided some of the household perplexities to her, and they talked of the village markets and compared notes on prices, gradually reaching even more personal ground. Mrs. Waring finally divulged the fact that this was the anniversary of her wedding, and received her guest's congratulations.

"I had hoped to have celebrated the day in town," she added impulsively, "but Mr. Waring's business arrangements have prevented."

"It must be a *real* disappointment to you," commented her visitor feelingly. "I often think how lonely you must be, knowing so few people. A *man* so seldom realizes what a *woman's* life is! He goes off into the busy world every morning, little thinking of all *she* must endure throughout the day. I often watch you look after your husband when he has left you in the morning; you look so *longingly*, dear. I said to Mr. Morris just the other day, 'I *do* wish Mr. Waring would look back just *once* at that *sweet* young *wife* of his.' Mr. Morris always turns at the corner and waves his hand to me; perhaps you've seen him—dear fellow!"

Mrs. Waring cooled suddenly toward this too sympathetic visitor, who soon left, but the words had left a secret sting. Her voice had a tragic sound when she told Beesy that she would order her meat henceforth from Einstein, as Mrs. Morris said that his prices were lower than O'Reilly's.

"Mrs. Morris, ma'am!" caroled Beesy. "Ah, ma'am, you wouldn't be after eatin' the kind of stuff she does. It's not a roast of beef that does be going in at that house from one week's end to another—nothin' but little weenty scraps that wouldn't keep a dog alive. Mr. Morris, poor man, he's that thin and wake. Oh, 'tis she has all the money, and she keeps him that close! Ellen says 'tis only a quart of milk goes to them for five days, and nobbut one shovelful of coal allowed to be put on the furnace at a time, and him with the cough that's tearing the heart out of him! Ellen says——"

"That will do, Beesy," said Mrs. Waring severely. The gossip of servants, the trivial conversation and fulsome pity of vulgar neighbors, was this all that was left to her?

She went downstairs again, and sat in the drawing-room, inside of the window curtains, and wept. The gathering dusk seemed to prefigure the gloom that was to encompass her future years. If people only wouldn't pity her she might be able to live; the children would love her at any rate. Six years ago how happy she was, how dear his eyes looked when he gave her that first married kiss! She could smell even now the fragrance of the bride roses that she held. She heard the patter of the children's feet overhead, and tried to wipe away the blinding tears.

A quick footstep on the walk outside startled her, and the gate slammed to with a loud noise. Could it be possible? Her husband was running up the piazza steps with something white in his hand—an enormous bunch of white roses. Another moment and he was by her side, beaming down at her. Oh, how handsome he was!

"How soon can you get on your things, Doll? I've tickets for the opera to-night—'Romeo and Juliet'—Emma Fames and Jean de Reszke—does that suit you?"

"Oh, *Henry!*"

"'I SUPPOSE I'LL JUST HAVE TO LOVE YOU AS YOU ARE!'"

"I've brought some flowers, and we'll make a lark of it. I've ordered a cab from the station to be here in twenty minutes, and we'll have to dress and get a bite, too, if we can. I wanted to come out earlier, but I wasn't certain about the tickets until the last moment. We'll have a little supper after the opera, and take the one-ten out. What do you say to that?"

"Oh, Henry! I thought you had forgotten, I thought—" But there was no time to talk.

Could she ever forget that delightful, bewildering, hurried twenty minutes? She spent five of them in trimming over a hat, to the masculine creature's amazement, her deft fingers pulling off bows and feathers and sticking them on again with lightning rapidity. She ate a sandwich in the intervals of dressing and giving directions to Beesy about the babies.

When they finally whirled off in the stuffy little cab to the railway station they were like a couple of children in their happy abandonment to the expected pleasure.

The opera—had they ever gone to any opera before? How inconceivably beautiful and brilliant the house, the lights, the gay assemblage to the erstwhile dwellers of the suburbs! Together they scanned the emblazoned women in the boxes, and pointed out to each other those whom they recognized. And when Gounod's delicious music stole into their hearts, and Mrs. Waring sat with her bride roses in one hand, and the other tucked secretly into Henry's under cover of her wrap, was ever any woman happier? Had ever any girl a lover more devoted or more bubbling over with fun? Romeo and Juliet—what were they to a real married couple of to-day? Then the supper afterward with the gay throng at the Waldorf—the reckless disregard of the midnight train—could there be dizzier heights of revelry?

It was when they stood outside on the ferry-boat coming home that Mrs. Waring spoke at last the thought that had lain nearest her heart all the evening. They were out alone in front, the cold night wind blew refreshingly, the dark water plashed around them, and across its black expanse the colored lights gleamed faintly from the New Jersey shore. Mrs. Waring leaned a little closer to her husband as they stood there in the night and the darkness.

"Dear," she murmured, "I can't tell you how lovely the evening has been; but you know what has made it so to me, that has been making me so *very* happy? The opera and the supper would have been *nothing* without it. Darling, it's because you thought of it all yourself."

A sudden tension in the arm on which she leaned startled Mrs. Waring. She bent forward to look up into her husband's face, with a swift suspicion.

"Henry?"

"Well, Doll."

"*Didn't* you think of it yourself?"

"Nobody could have enjoyed our little fun together more than I have, you know that, Doll; and nobody could want to make you any happier than I do. What's the use of picking the whole thing to pieces now and spoiling it all?"

"Henry Waring, you haven't answered me. Did you remember that this was our wedding-day, or did you not? Who was it told you to take me out to-night?"

"If you will not tell me these things yourself, Ethel—it's mean of you, dear; it puts me at a disadvantage when you remember and I don't. Heaven knows that I oughtn't to forget anything that would give pleasure to you—that's true; but I'm not mean on purpose, and you are. You know— But don't let's quarrel to-night."

"Quarrel!" Mrs. Waring lifted her head indignantly. "As if I wanted to *quarrel!* Who was it told you, Henry?"

"Well, Ethel, if you must know, Nan was in the office to-day to say they couldn't come, and she——"

"Nan—your sister Nan!"

Like a flash Mrs. Waring saw it all. She knew Nan's impetuous, whole-souled way; but— One of Henry's family! Life could have no further joy for her.

She looked at him furtively as he stood beside her gazing ruefully out across the water. *Were* they quarreling—would they get to throwing plates after a while? His attitude was ludicrously dejected. In spite of herself and the tears that had been ready to well up in her eyes the moment before, a sudden sense of the absurdity of it all came over her, and she broke into a refreshingly unexpected peal of laughter. Her husband stared, and then laughed, too, in delighted relief. "Ah," she murmured, with her cheek against his coat sleeve, "I suppose I'll just have to love you as you are!"

"If you only *would*, dear," he assented humbly.

The lights on the New Jersey shore shone brighter and brighter now, yellow and red and green, casting their reflection on the black lapping water below. The boat was nearing the dock. All unbidden with the last words had come a deep joy, a thrill from heart to heart, wonderful in its illuminating power. The warm silence that followed was an instant benediction to unrecorded vows.

The chains clanked in the dock. As they stepped across the gangplank toward the dark, waiting lines of cars beyond, he pressed her hand in his as he bent over her, and whispered in tender playfulness, "Shall we take the train for Washington or Philadelphia?"

A PAYING CONCERN.

A TRUE STORY OF AMERICAN FACTORY LIFE.

By Gertrude Roscoe.

"THIRTY-FIVE cuts ahead of the room. How's that for No. 2 section? I tell you my weavers are hustlers. If it hadn't been for those two snails there in the corner, I would have booked an even forty more than any other fixer in the mill. Confound their lazy bones! I'll see their finish in a week or two, or my name isn't Miles Dent."

"Have you got any new method of making them tired, or is it the same old racket?" asked Delaney of No. 10 section, with a shade of sarcasm that was wasted on Dent.

"No, the regular system will do for a while, I guess. Fan was sniveling all yesterday because she couldn't get the last round of cuts off in time to have them checked on this week's pay-sheet, and all the weavers, except Nell, miles ahead of her. You ought to have seen the smart ones pretending to cry and wringing out their handkerchiefs. They were making it hot for her, I tell you."

"Has it gone so far as that?"

"Yes; and it will go further. There's no premium on lazy weavers here. Fan is about ready to give up. I've noticed that they don't hang on long after they begin to weep. But Nell is tougher. She's capable of making me a pile of trouble; but she'll go just the same."

"Where?" questioned Delaney, quietly.

"Anywhere for all I care. You might take them both over on No. 10. The slow weavers seem to gravitate toward your end of the room naturally. You are always behind the whole procession, and eight or ten cuts a week off your account wouldn't make much difference. I've got a couple of dandy weavers all ready to jump in as soon as there's a vacancy on No. 2."

Delaney looked across the room to the two weavers under discussion, but said nothing, and Miles lapsed into silence. He knew about how far it was safe to go with the fixer of No. 10.

The two men stood by Dent's workbench, in the great weaving shed of Blanton's mill, as they held the conversation partly reported above, and seeing Miles apparently at leisure, one of the girls who had incurred his displeasure approached with a shuttle in her hand. It was greatly worn, and had been irregularly whittled and sand-papered out of all true proportions. It had evidently been splintering for a long time, and when a splintered shuttle is driven through a warp by a power loom, it makes trouble of a serious kind for the weaver.

"This shuttle turns in the warp, and I can't make it run at all. I've had half a dozen bad smashes with it. The other one

is nearly as bad, and I ought to have a pair of new shuttles. I haven't woven ten yards on that loom in two days. Will you come over and see how they work?"

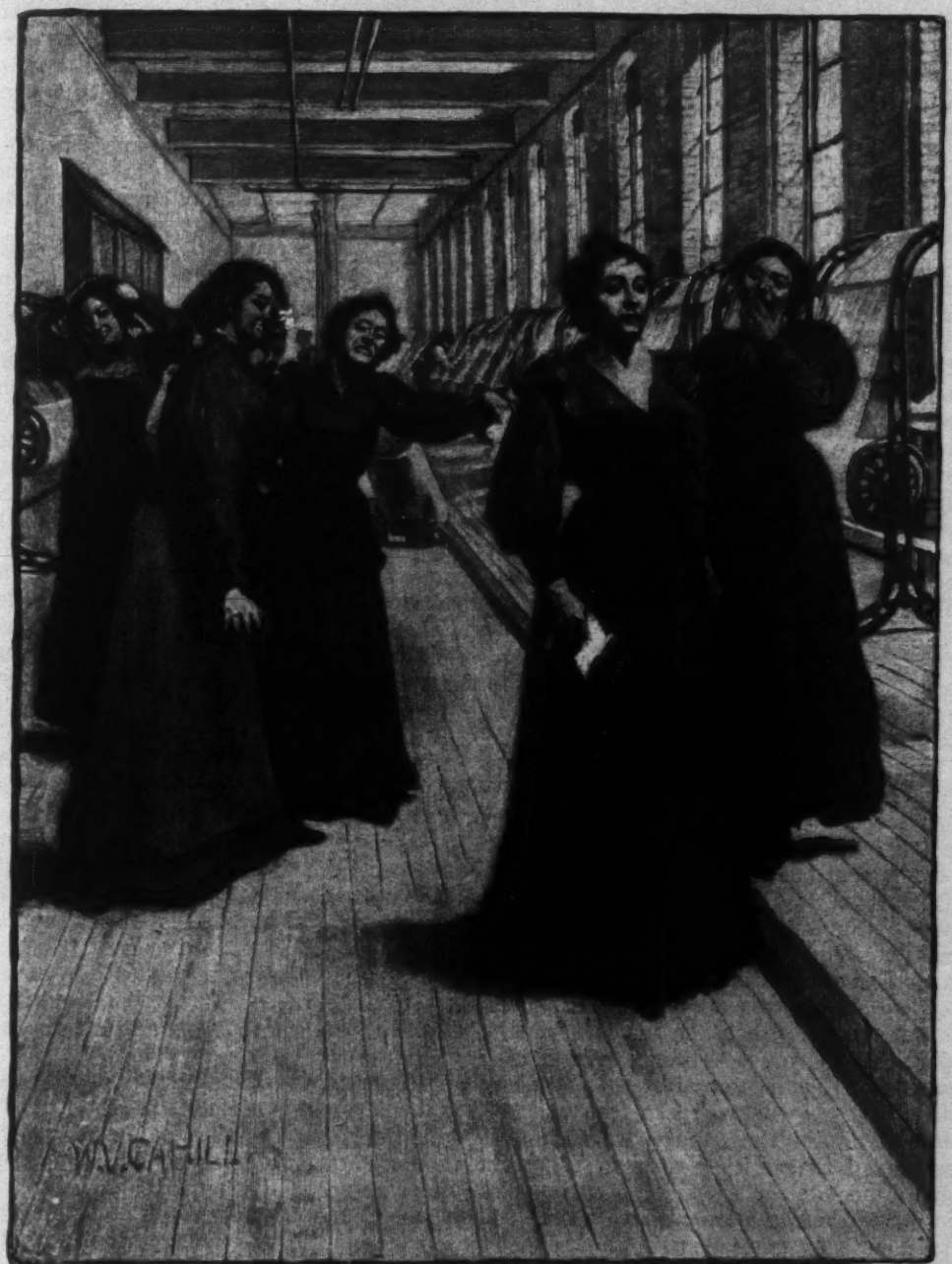
The weaver manifested neither anger nor impatience, but she spoke with a certain effort, as though she would get through with a very disagreeable piece of work that must be done. The fixer took the shuttle, but made no reply whatever, and after a minute or two, Delaney spoke kindly, to relieve the awkward pause.

"I'm away behind all of 'em again this week, Nellie; but we will carry a lot of cloth over on the looms to begin next week with, and we'll do better than some of these extra smart fellows. Miles, here, has peeled every loom bare to make a big show."

Miles turned suddenly toward the bench, and brought the useless old shuttle down across the vise, breaking it in two. Then he turned his back to the weaver with ostentatious rudeness; and making no attempt to reply to Delaney's talk, she went wearily back to her looms.

Blanton's mill had been running behind for several years. There had been long periods of idleness for the help, longer periods of short hours, and frequent reductions of pay. Nobody quite believed those stories of running at a loss and working half-time, just to give the operatives a chance to live through the hard times, that were industriously circulated. The general impression seemed to be that the owners and managers found that these tactics best served their purpose of grinding the help down to the lowest notch of a living wage. It was better policy than to provoke strikes by sudden cut-downs when everything was running smoothly. After the mill had been closed for a few weeks, or for three or four months, the people would be glad to go to work at greatly reduced wages, and the general condition from the manager's point of view was much better than it would have been after a strike and lockout and a bitter labor contest covering the same period. There was no other large employing industry in the place, the business of which consisted largely in supplying the population gathered about the mill. Many of

"MILES TURNED SUDDENLY TOWARD THE BENCH, AND BROUGHT THE . . . SHUTTLE DOWN ACROSS THE VISE, BREAKING IT IN TWO."



"FANNY WAS CRYING AGAIN, AND THE GIRLS ALL AROUND HER WERE HOOTING AND SCREAMING AND PRETENDING TO CRY."

the traders closed their shops after disposing of the perishable goods on hand, and the whole town fell into business lethargy whenever work failed at Blanton's. All but the saloons: these seemed to flourish perennially, whether the people had employment or not.

In the fall and early winter of the year before the time of which I write, the mill had been closed for four months. New machinery had been put in, and extensive repairs made, and then it was rumored that a new agent had come from Connecticut, who announced his intention of making Blanton's a paying concern.

"There will be no more idleness and want in Blantonville," he had said to the rector

of St. John's, who called on him a few days after his arrival. And the good man gave the news to his flock, and rejoiced with them that the long affliction of their enforced idleness would be ended soon.

There was a ten per cent. reduction of wages when the mill started. Everybody expected that, and was prepared for it. But none was prepared for the readjustment of prices on all piece-work as soon as the new patterns were set up. Nominally, the pay was the same by the yard, or thousand, or whatever the unit of value might be for the work; but as the new work was finer, more complicated, and much slower in production, it paid proportionately less to the operative, the difference on some grades amounting to twenty-five and even thirty per cent. The people were helpless, and had to make the best of it. They had been out of work so long that nearly every family was heavily in debt, and there was no other work to be had.

The hand of the new agent was soon felt heavily in every department of the mill. "Tighten up the gears! Tighten up the gears!" was his watchword. "Bring the teeth of the cogs together sharp; you are wasting power. You are putting a premium on laziness and incapacity." And to some of those who felt the inexorable pressure he seemed to have the fiend's own invention and insight in the selection and equipment of his human tools.

One of his first innovations had been the paying of the loom-fixers by the piece. The great weaving-shed was divided crosswise into a dozen or more sections, and a loom-fixer had charge of each of these divisions. His work was to keep the looms in repair, supply the weavers with new warps as they were needed, and look after all the petty details of their work. These men had formerly been paid fixed weekly wages; but it was argued that if they received a certain definite amount for each cut of fifty yards woven on their sections, they would look after their work more sharply, and the looms would not be allowed to stand idle waiting for repairs so frequently or so long. It is with the practical working of this rule that this true story has to do.

The fixers grumbled a good deal at first, and then set resolutely to work to use the power placed in their hands to better their condition. A sharp rivalry soon developed among them, each trying to get the largest amount of cloth to his credit. As some weavers are naturally stronger and more efficient than others, there was soon a considerable shifting about among them. Many of the slower ones got discouraged, and left voluntarily, or were discharged on some frivolous or trumped-up complaint. The fixers carried on this work covertly at first; but after a while, seeing that their superiors took no notice of it, they proceeded with arrogance to weed out the objectionable weavers.

This process had been going on for nearly a year, and Dent of No. 2 section had only two weavers left who were not able to drive through the whole week without once stopping to take breath. These two, Fanny Mace and Eleanor Barnes, were good weavers, doing their work well and performing as much as average weavers ever accomplish under normal conditions. But they could not keep the pace set by Miles Dent's picked crew of men and strong young women, who were foolishly using up five years of their lives in one to "keep solid" with the ambitious fixer. They had no homes, they had not yet gotten clear of the debts contracted during the stopping of the mill, and they steeled themselves resolutely to endure as best they could the petty tyranny to which they were subjected.

"Is your head any better to-day, Fanny?" Eleanor stopped to inquire on her way back from her fruitless attempt to get a new shuttle from Miles.

"O, Nell, you don't know how awfully it aches, and the noise seems different—farther off somehow. Isn't it strange that I don't get hungry? I haven't been near the table since Sunday."

"You ought to eat, whether you have an appetite or not. You'll be sick soon, if you don't. Neither of us can afford to be sick, you know."

"I'm sick now, and my work goes so badly that I never have a minute to rest. If Miles would only fix my looms, I know I could do as much as half of those he brags about. There's something the matter with every one of them, and he just won't do a thing that he can help. Have you got your new shuttles yet?"

"No, and he has broken one of the old ones. Miles is down on both of us, Fanny, and I wish I could find something else to do."

"If he would only let me earn my usual pay for a few weeks, I wouldn't care so much. It seems as though I never should get that back board bill paid. I can't even save a dollar from my last week's pay; and I could have had another cut off of each loom, if he hadn't been so hateful. I can't understand it. I never did anything to injure Miles

in my life, but I believe he hates the sight of me."

Fanny had bound her aching head in a folded strip of wet cloth, and from under it her blue eyes with the dark circles beneath them looked out with such hopeless, puzzled appeal that Eleanor could find no words to reply. She hurried to her own looms, hardly less out of repair and quite as difficult to manage as those of her alley-mate; but she was stronger than Fanny, and knew better how to husband her strength. She found plenty to do, and could not leave her work and wait for strength to lift it and go on up to her room. She bathed in the same way, with frequent and long stops, drinking eagerly of the cold water from time to time, which seemed to revive her failing strength. Robing herself for the night in clean, white things from her trunk, she crept into bed, and almost immediately sank into unconsciousness. That night the boarders were kept awake by her raving in the delirium of brain fever, and in the morning the woman who kept the house entered her room in a fury of indignation, and ordered her to get up and

"THE WOMAN WHO KEPT THE HOUSE ENTERED HER ROOM IN A FURY OF INDIGNATION."

for an instant for the rest of the day. But a little later, she saw that Fanny was crying again, and the girls all around her were hooting and screaming and pretending to cry, evidently following the lead of Dent's wife, whose looms were in the same row.

Fanny went that night to the crowded, noisy boarding-house that served her for a home, feeling that her work in the mill was done. She had made a brave struggle for weeks and weeks, but the limit of her endurance was reached at last. As she carried her pitcher of water up the three long flights of stairs, she found it so heavy that she was obliged to set it down on every third stair pick up her things and find another boarding-place at once, for it had been reported to her that the sick girl was intoxicated. Fanny only muttered incoherently and picked busily at the sheets with aimless hands.

"Let the hussy be till she sleeps it off. I can't beat any sense into her in that condition, but she'll have to pack as soon as she can stagger out of the house," was the final word of the landlady to the chamber girl, who was peering in at the door.

When Eleanor saw that Fanny was absent from her work, she was glad that her friend had concluded to take a much-needed rest. But in a little while the report that she was

howling drunk, and had kept the whole boarding-house awake all night, was circulated through the room, to the uproarious amusement of those who had actively persecuted her. This story alarmed Eleanor, and she applied at once for leave to go out and see herself how it was with Fanny. The report itself was sufficient proof that she must be suffering at the boarding-house for need of attention and care.

The overseer curtly refused her request, on the plea that her work would have to be stopped, as there was no spare hand; and in the afternoon it was the same. Just before the speed went down at night, a heavy casting fell on her foot, bruising it so badly that she had to be carried home in one of the mill wagons, and it was two days before she could hobble about. At noon of the third day, disregarding the pain of her injured foot, she returned to her work, going around by Fanny's house, intending to see her before entering the mill. She had worried incessantly about Fanny, knowing what it was to be sick in a factory boarding-house. But when she reached the corner of the block, she saw that it was forever too late. The undertaker's wagon stood before the door, and his men were bringing out the cheap pine coffin that the town provided for its friendless and penniless dead.

When Eleanor went down the alley to her looms, she had to pick her way around and over a perfect clutter of parts and pieces of the looms that had been Fanny's. Miles was at work on them, and was evidently bent on doing a thorough job. He took them one by one, pulled them to pieces, and seemed fairly to make them over again; and a large, cheerful girl, with many frizzes around her face, and very clean new waist and apron, took charge of those that he repaired as fast as they were in running order, leaving the rest of the set idle till they were fixed. This girl was very friendly with those who had abused Fanny, and Eleanor learned after a while that Dent's wife was her sister.

This very thing had been repeated on the section at least a dozen times within the year, and what was the use of wearing out the remnant of her health and strength in the useless contest? Better leave at once, while she was able to work. So reasoned Eleanor, watching the repairing of the purposely neglected looms. But there was one thing more to be tried. Perhaps she could get transferred to No. 10 section. Delaney was the only fixer in the room who had gone on in his usual way and absolutely refrained from using the power in his hands to favor one or injure another of the weavers whose looms were in his care.

Eleanor found the agent in the overseer's office, and a large, thickset Englishman, with square jaws and cruel little gray eyes, carrying an apron rolled in a towel under his arm. The three were talking affably together. Seeing her employer thus occupied, Eleanor would have retreated, but he called sharply to know what she wanted.

"Think you can run the self-feeders, do you?" he said, when she had preferred her request. "Well, I've got a little bone to pick with Delaney, and you may as well wait a few minutes. Perhaps you will change your mind about wanting to go to work on No. 10."

The overseer seemed in great good spirits, and there was nothing to do but stand aside and wait as he bade her, though she knew there was something dreadful going to be done when the morose man was in this mood of politeness and pleasantry. Through the glass door she saw Delaney coming, with his head a little more erect than usual. He bowed to the agent, and stood silently before the desk, looking quietly from the overseer to the Englishman, who shifted the towel and apron to his other arm, as if to attract attention to these symbols of instant preparation for work.

"How is it, Delaney, that you are so much behind the others with your work?" began the agent, taking the overseer's work out of his hands, to his no small chagrin. Everyone knew that he had reduced the heads of departments to mere automatons, but there was usually some show before the help of allowing them to do their own work.

"This business is all cut and dried," said Delaney, with a glance at the man with the apron. "You might as well give me my time at once. I can fix looms, but I've never yet done some of the work that seems to be expected of the fixers here, and I don't intend to do it. Where's the use of spinning it out?"

"Very well; take this man down to No. 10, and put him in charge of the work. Your bill will be ready as soon as you want it," said the overseer, speaking with great dignity, and the two fixers went out into the shed together. "Now, Barnes," said the overseer, with a disagreeable grin, "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," said Eleanor quietly, "but write me a bill of my time. Miles told me yesterday that a competent weaver was all

"'YOU CAN HAVE NO SUPPER HERE TO-NIGHT, MISS BARNES.'"

ready to take my looms if I was dissatisfied with his work, and she is welcome to the job. I shall be permanently lame if I try to work any more with my foot in its present condition. Delaney would have been a little easy with me for a week or two, and I could have worried along with it till it gets well. But I should have no chance with the man you have hired in his place."

The overseer turned purple in the face at this plain speaking, and fairly shouted a rough command for silence. "If you think this mill is a hospital or charitable institution, you are greatly mistaken. Get out as soon as you can walk. I've no use for cripples. I want able-bodied help, and there's plenty of it waiting three deep around the door any morning."

This speech was embroidered with oaths, and more followed Eleanor out of the office, till they were drowned by the noise of the looms, as she went back into the shed for her hat and shawl. Seeing her gather up her things, the set that had tortured Fanny began hooting and shrieking, and kept it up till the door closed behind her.

When Eleanor entered the dining-room at her boarding-house that night, the landlady followed her closely. Waiting till she had laid her hand on her chair to draw it back from the table, the woman spoke in a loud, distinct voice: "You can have no supper here to-night, Miss Barnes, and I must ask you to vacate your room at once. I have stopped your pay at the office, and it will do you no good to present your bill for payment to-morrow. There's not half enough due you to pay my bill, and I shall keep your trunk till you pay the balance. I will allow you one change of clothing and your working aprons. We might as well attend to it now."

Without a word Eleanor followed her out of the room, where the people remaining, stricken dumb and silent at the first word of the official voice of the landlady, now burst into indiscriminate gabble and laughter, mingled with the clatter of knife and dish.

This landlady had dramatic tastes, and invariably worked up a little scene whenever any opportunity offered, and her audience was always appreciative. She preceded Eleanor to her room, and watched the packing of the

trunk, and also of the hand-satchel that Eleanor was to be permitted to take with her. Then she locked the trunk herself, and put the key in her pocket. Holding the lamp in her hand, she stood aside for the girl to pass out, intending to lock the door of the room before she went away. Then for the first time Eleanor spoke.

"I think I will dress my foot, if you have no objection, Mrs. Haines. The bandage is too tight, and I can walk better if it is loosened."

"Oh, very well, put out the light when you are ready to go. I will come up later, and close the room."

Left alone, Eleanor undressed the injured foot, bathed it in arnica, and replaced the bandage more comfortably. The afternoon's work had made the swelling much worse, and the flesh was purple and ridged into the folds of the bandage; but the pain abated under the treatment, and she found herself able to walk down the stairs and out of the house quite steadily. Pausing on the doorstep, she turned the collar of her jacket up about her neck and drew on her mittens, for a fine snow was sifting down, and the wind drew in from the river in cold gusts. The people from the boarding-houses along the street were coming out from supper, and hurrying by in a jostling crowd. Waiting till the space in front of the house was temporarily clear, Eleanor took up her satchel, stepped carefully down to the icy sidewalk, and walked slowly away.

Two men paused on the steps of a business block to watch the crowd from the mill going by and exchange a few words at parting.

"That's about the last of the hands. There are only a few stragglers now, and we can dodge them," said one. "Look at that face passing under the lamp. Did you ever see such a peculiar color?"

"Often, at the operating-table," replied the other, who was a doctor; "but it's rather unusual on the street. That woman is suffering intense pain. It's lucky for us that we can't see and hear all that is carried behind these masks of faces."

"They've had a hard time for the last few years, but things promise to be better for the hands now employed, as well as for the rest of us. The mill has been running nearly ten months, and they tell me there are advance orders for a year to come. The new agent seems to have kept his word, and made Blanton's a paying concern."

"'LOOK AT THAT FACE PASSING UNDER THE LAMP. DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A PECULIAR COLOR?'"